The Christian Union

The goal of yesterday is but the starting-place of to-day.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

At the end of four years' business management of The Christian Union Mr. S. A. Gilbert retires with the hearty good wishes of all his associates in both the editorial and the business departments. To his marked administrative ability and thorough business methods The Christian Union owes a good share of its steadily increasing prosperity, and all who are interested in the success of the paper are glad to recognize most cordially the value of Mr. Gilbert's services during the last four years.

THE OUTLOOK.

SENATOR SHERMAN has made an address in the Senate at some length attacking the President's message. We have before us only the newspaper report of the speech. From this we judge that Mr. Sherman does not regard a surplus as a serious peril; that he nevertheless thinks a modification of taxation important; that he would make it by taking off the tax on tobacco, while he is non-committal on the question whether he would take it off whisky also. He would not reduce taxes on raw material, but would apply the principle of protection to farmers and miners as well as to the manufacturers. He also impliedly approves of liberal appropriations for National improvements, coast defense, and pension bills, and the expenditure of whatever surplus might still remain in purchase of bonds in the open market, at whatever premium may be necessary. In short, if Mr. Sherman's views are a little less explicitly stated, they are substantially in accord with those of Mr. Blaine. These two leaders of the Republican party are agreed in putting the party upon a platform involving three articles—reduction or abolition of internal taxation, perpetuation of high protective duties, and liberal expenditures in National works of various descriptions. The Democratic platform, as outlined by the President, and as likely to be sustained by a majority of the Democratic party in the House, if we can judge anything from the composition of the Committees, will be a reduction of the tariff, especially on raw materials and articles of necessity, a continuance of the whisky and probably of the tobacco taxes, and economical expenditures in National administration. Thus the issues are shaping themselves for the Presidential election of 1888.

General Armstrong, in his last Hampton Report, declares as his judgment that the time for giving National aid to the education of the people of the South, black and white, has passed. He says: "I do not believe in the Blair bill as a wholesome measure, and, indeed, do not see how the needed aid can now be given, the crying evil remedied, by any National remedy. Every year, however, will brighten the outlook. The educational progressive movement at the South is, I believe, the most marvelous and grandest feature in this century of American life." We have been, as our readers know, an earnest advocate of extending National aid to public education in the States devastated by the war. We are still of the opinion that this aid should have been extended immediately at the close of the war. If this had been done, if the advice of Garfield and Grant and Arthur had been followed, in our judgment the Southern problem would have been far advanced toward its solution by this time. But we suspect that General Armstrong is right; that the time for such a measure has passed; that now education in the Southern States can best be promoted by throwing the responsibility of all primary education upon the States, or, rather, leaving it there, and by pushing forward through Christian and benevolent enterprises the work of normal education, especially of colored teachers and for colored schools, as rapidly and as vigorously as possible. We are still of the opinion, however, that the Nation should assume the responsibility of providing systems of education in all the Territories—systems which should be turned over to the States as fast as the States are organized. If the Nation would adopt this principle, it would solve the Mormon problem in less than a quarter of a century.

We have already indicated the principle on which, in our judgment, the United States Senate should act in determining the question of the confirmation of Mr. Lamar as Supreme Court Judge. The facts that he is a Democrat and a Southerner, and was a defender of slavery and an advocate of secession, constitute no objection to his confirmation. The simple question for the Senate to determine is, whether his record since the war shows him to be a man who thoroughly and heartily accepts the results of the war, and is thoroughly and heartily loyal to the Constitution as interpreted by the war, and to the amendments which have been since incorporated in it. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, in a public letter makes it tolerably clear that Mr. Lamar is, according to this standard, in every way worthy of the Senate's confirmation. Mr. Stewart shows that in February, 1879, Mr. Lamar voted for a resolution in the Senate declaring the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments are as valid and binding as any other part of the Constitution; that in February, 1874, he delivered a eulogy on Charles Sumner, which emphasized the wholly unsectional character of the speaker; that in the Forty-third Congress he publicly declared that the Southern people "fully recognized the fact that their claim to the right of secession from this Union is extinguished and eliminated from the American system, and no longer constitutes a part of the apparatus of the American Government;" and that in his own State he has vigorously and vehemently opposed the organization of the whites in political antagonism to the negro, declaring in the face of a hotly hostile sentiment that "the people of Mississippi have pledged themselves to sustain the three amendments to the Constitution, and have no power or desire to change them. They confer upon the newly enfranchised race the sacred right of free men, and their rights are your duties." That Mr. Lamar is a man of honor and has the courage of his convictions is a fact universally recognized. Such a man, with such convictions, is above all others the one best fitted to represent the South upon the Supreme Court bench. Republican Senators will certainly misrepresent the public sentiment of their own constituency in the North if they act upon the assumption that the South is to have no representative upon that bench, and if they are to reject Mr. Lamar they must make it a great deal clearer than the press which is urging them to such a rejection has yet done, that Mr. Lamar entertains, or has, since the war closed, entertained, any sentiments which unfit him to be an official interpreter of the Constitution.

The Reading strike, so far as it was a strike against the railroad, has substantially come to an end. This was, indeed, as we understand the matter, a strike in aid of a boycott, and never had any promise of permanence or success. The strike of the miners, of which we gave some account last week, has assumed much larger proportions and a much more serious aspect than we supposed at that writing it would do, and presents a much more serious question than we supposed at that writing it presented. Whatever our readers may think of Mr. Raymond's views of this strike, as given in another column, there is no question as to the entire trustworthiness of his figures. The Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company in September last raised the wages eight per cent. until January 1, 1888, agreeing to adopt whatever advance rates should be then agreed upon by "all the other companies;" in case no agreement was reached, wages should return to the previous rate. It appears from Mr. Corbin's statement, on which our Outlook last week was based, that no advance had been made by other companies. This, it now seems, is not strictly true. A majority of the individual collieries in the Schuylkill district have granted the advance of eight per cent. on the former basis. But the strike still continues in the Lehigh district, and the old rates are paid in the Wyoming district. Whether the higher or lower rate is a fair rate of wages only an expert can, probably, judge; we certainly shall not venture to express an opinion on that question. But we are clear that it is a question that should be determined by arbitration, not by a battle and by the relative power of capitalist or workingman to hold out the longest. The existence of such a strike, which already threatens

some districts with a coal famine, and which has already caused a large deputation of merchants and manufacturers to wait upon President Corbin and endeavor in the public interest to secure some adjustment, emphasizes the justice of the position which The Christian Union has so long taken, that the law should provide courts of arbitration to settle disputes between corporations and their employees, and with power, in all cases where public interests are concerned, to enforce their decree upon the corporation, which should be allowed to possess its chartered powers only by consenting to have such questions determined for it by an impartial tribunal.

A brief sensation was made last week by the declaration of Dr. McGlynn in an address that Cardinal Manning had declared that "a starving man had a natural right to his neighbor's bread." The New York "Times" telegraphed to its London correspondent to verify Dr. McGlynn's citation, and received in reply the following passage from an article in the January "Fortnightly:" "I answer that the obligation to feed the hungry springs from the natural right of every man to life and to the food necessary for the sustenance of life. So strict is this natural right that it prevails over all positive laws of property. Necessity has no law, and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread." Our readers may remember a somewhat analogous statement made by Dr. Parkhurst, of this city, in an article in the "Forum," if we recollect aright, something like a year ago. It is certain that no man would be inclined very severely to condemn the farmers of Kansas for stopping coal trains and providing themselves with coal enough to prevent their families from freezing to death. In any concrete case we suspect the Cardinal's ethics would be acted upon by most men. But, if so it would be because "necessity knows no law," and the right of existence takes precedence over the right of property. There are, however, some questions in ethics that cannot be advantageously discussed in public; whether it is ever right to tell a lie is such a question. If it is ever right, it is certain that the duty of lying in any particular exigency will be discovered and acted upon without pious exhortation thereto. So, if it is ever right to take another man's property, the circumstances which justify such a taking will be quickly enough recognized. Unless a discussion of this principle is going to make clearer the law of truth and honesty, it is worse than valueless, because if men once come to think that under a stress of necessity they may plunder their neighbor, they will not try to avoid the stress of necessity by great toil themselves, always holding in mental reservation the possibility that they may escape the pangs of hunger by a process which they mistakenly suppose to be easier than that of earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. We have not seen Cardinal Manning's paper, only the brief extract from it; but it is certainly wise, in the present condition of affairs, to strengthen rather than to weaken respect for property rights, and the courageous determination to earn one's living and to bear with every privation rather than to resort to any form of thievery to escape from it.

We hardly see how Father McGlynn can any longer call himself a priest, or even a Roman Catholic, unless his address last Sunday night in Cooper Union is entirely misreported in the morning papers. He denounces the papacy with vehemence, justifies the Reformation as a necessity, and personally and bitterly inveighs against the Pope. He declares, what is undoubtedly true, that the Pope was for years simply Bishop of Rome, and for centuries was elected by the other bishops and clergy. He scoffs at the notion that the Pope is either infallible or impeccable. "The Pope in politics—infallible? The most fallible of men. Impeccable? He cannot take a step in politics without making a blunder that is worse than a crime. Every man should stick to his own business, and every ecclesiastical cobbler should stick to his last." While in its doctrine his address is not only fundamentally Protestant, but radical Protestantism, the power is marred, if not destroyed, by a bitterness of tone and a personality which is unworthy a great subject and a Christian teacher. To call a distinguished diplomat, who occupies a papal chair, a "bag of bones" is to introduce into serious discussion a spirit which ought not to find its way from political into religious discussion.

The Boston Sunday "Globe" publishes nearly a page of letters from prominent men on pugilism, in answer to three questions sent out; namely, What is the reason for the public interest in pugilism? what the moral effect of it upon young men? what its value as a means of physical training? It is difficult to classify the replies, though there is a general agreement that the newspapers have exaggerated the public interest in pugilism and that the moral effect of it is largely, if not wholly, bad. Colonel Higginson thinks that it is of small value as an educator of courage. "If," he says, "I were recruiting a company or a regiment, as in 1862, I should rather enlist ten sober, steady young men from Mr. Baldwin's Christian Union or Father Scully's gymnasium than twenty professional pugilists; and any man of actual experience would say the same." George William Curtis attributes the interest in pugilism to the savage which remains in civilized man, and regards the moral effect of it as altogether debasing. George W. Cable thinks it wholly bad, and believes that "any skillful gymnastic trainer can find forms of exercise to supply" the place of boxing. Robert Collyer, while condemning pugilism, thinks the art of boxing may be cultivated to advantage, and says, "I have more than once wished I could use my fists as well as I can use my tongue." Minot J. Savage is of the same opinion: "Now and then we all meet a man who has no immediate use for the Testament, and who can be really benefited only by being knocked down."

The general result of these interviews, so far as a general result can be deduced from them, is this—though in this statement we are interweaving perhaps our own conviction: The proper development of the body is an essential part of the development of the man, and the proper development of the muscular system is an important part of the proper development of the body; and though there are other gymnastic exercises which may do all for a man that boxing can do, there is no other one exercise which on the whole will do more for an even muscular development than boxing with gloves. The difficulty with such boxing is the difficulty with every other form of sport, or, for that matter, with every form of activity: men grow interested, then excited, then almost fanatic, lose their heads, cease to consider what is the end to be sought, and turn a healthful exercise into one that is demoralizing and even physically injurious. A man may be able to strike or receive a heavy blow and yet be far from possessing an evenly developed physical frame. He may have a muscle in the arm that is like a whipcord and yet a body that is a very poor organ for the soul that is within. He may be a finely developed animal and a dwarf or monstrosity as a man. One thing is always to be kept in mind: that physical athletics ought to be subordinate to intellectual and moral athletics, and that no one is really a man who does not practice on the little girl's rendition of Paul's counsel and "keep his soul on top."

We are rather surprised to find opposition to the substitution of a more humane method of capital punishment than the brutal one of hanging coming from such journals as the "Christian Advocate" and the "New York Observer." We should have supposed that by this time the course of history had abundantly demonstrated that brutal and painful methods of executing the death penalty promote instead of deter crime, because they harden the sensibility, and it is to the sensibility we must primarily look for the influences which deter from crime. We do not here discuss the question of the legitimacy of capital punishment, though, in our judgment, in highly civilized communities like those of most of the States of the Union there should be some better way of guarding against a criminal than that of putting him out of existence. But if no other way can be found, if the criminal is to be killed because he is a constant menace to others, he certainly should be killed in the easiest, simplest, speediest, and most humane method possible. A report will be made to the Legislature of New York State on this subject, and we have reason to believe that it will recommend the substitution of death by electricity for that of hanging. A very careful examination has been made by this committee into the history of capital punishment in all ages and countries, as well as a very careful inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining what method of inflicting death is the most painless and speedy.

On the Continent there is less tension of feeling than existed two or three weeks ago, but there is no real relief from the apprehensions of war. It seems to be the general opinion of those best informed that war is inevitable in the early spring. But there have been so many rumors of war, and the suspense has now continued so long, that predictions are not to be trusted even from official quarters. So many reports of the increasing infirmity of the Emperor of Germany have lately been sent from Berlin that, notwithstanding the prompt denials which always follow such reports, the impression gains ground that the Emperor is really failing. On the other hand, the latest reports of the condition of the Crown Prince are more favorable. In England there is a lull in the political tempest. During the past year the Liberals have won ten seats in the House at by-elections. Last week, however, there was a turn, or at least an eddy, in the tide. Winchester is naturally a conservative old town, and at the last regular election the Tory candidate for Parliament received a majority of 336. Before the election which took place last week there was a very vigorous contest, and, although the Liberals had no hope of returning their candidate, they were hopeful of reducing the majority of the Tory candidate. One reason for their confidence was the fact that this candidate was a brewer, and that the temperance people might therefore be expected to vote with the Liberals. These expectations, however, were disappointed by the election of the Tory candidate by a majority of 514. This result is a victory for the Conservatives, but it does not seem to be regarded in England as significant of any change of public sentiment, but rather as due to local causes.

If the special dispatch to the New York "Tribune" respecting the latest phase of the antagonism to Professor Woodrow, of Columbia, S. C., is to be trusted, theological intolerance has shown a new phase, and one rather worse than any which we have hitherto had to report. Professor Woodrow, it will be remembered, was turned out of his chair in the Theological Seminary for teaching that it was not inconsistent with the Bible to hold that the animal man is the product of evolution from a lower order, and that the spiritual man was breathed into him by the Spirit of God, when by this evolutionary process the body was fitted for its tenant. This is a far less radical form of evolutionism than is held by some eminent divines both in England and America. Professor Woodrow accepted the dismissal, and has since gone on quietly with his work as a Professor in the University of South Carolina. The rest of the story we will tell in the words of the "Tribune's" dispatch:

"One of the inducements offered to the students of the Seminary is that they can attend the lectures of the University professors. Some of the Seminary students applied to Dr. Woodrow for private instruction. He refused. They then matriculated in the University in order to hear Woodrow's lectures, which he could not prevent. When the Seminary faculty ascertained this, a boycott was determined upon. The students were visited and told that attendance upon Woodrow's lectures was injuring the Seminary; that outside friends would withhold contributions; that the support of those who persisted in attending would be cut off; and that the attendance upon the lectures of Dr. Woodrow was in direct opposition to the will of the Church. The boycott was for a time complete, but some of the Seminary students have informed the faculty that they purpose to continue attending the Woodrow lectures. No other action has been taken by the faculty."

We have no comment to make on this new application of the boycott except this: Professor LeConte, of the University of California, a Christian man as well as a scientist, says in his forthcoming volume on evolution and religion that "the day is past when evolution might be regarded as a school of thought. We might as well talk of gravitationists as of evolutionists." If the New York "Tribune's" report can be trusted, the students of Columbia Theological Seminary are not permitted, if professorial influence can prevent, to even *know* what, according to such Christian testimony, is the accepted philosophy of modern science.

A correspondent calls our attention to an article in the New York "Tablet" which, under the guise of defending Dr. Joseph Parker, makes a bitter attack upon Plymouth Church for its supposed treatment of its guest:

"As the Rev. Joseph Parker is a man, with the necessities and duties and responsibilities of a man, it was clearly absurd to expect him to construct wings for his spirit, send it over here, and make it deliver the eulogy without imposing steamship, railway, or hotel bills upon Plymouth Church. The latter appears to have expected Mr. Parker to do something of the kind. There has been from the beginning a singular lack of common sense, of sound and

sane business method, if not of common decency, in the proceeding of the Plymouth committee. Bungle, bungle, bungle; that was the mode. . . . Dr. Parker is certainly innocent of any and every offense against rectitude. He has been as wantonly and brutally assailed as if he were Herr Most. The people primarily to blame are the Plymouth Church Committee. After starting the buffeting of their own guest, whose services in honor of their dead pastor they undertook to deadbeat, they finally passed proxy resolutions that, after all, there was nothing whatever wrong with him. It was too late to repair the wrong they had done."

"Bungle, bungle, bungle," is the mode of the New York "Tablet" in this extraordinary article. Plymouth Church had nothing more to do with inviting Dr. Parker to deliver the memorial address than had the New York "Tablet," and is no more responsible for the newspaper criticisms of his course than was the Pope of Rome. Plymouth Church invited Dr. Parker to supply its pulpit for two Sabbaths, and paid him what it usually pays for pulpit supply, adding provision for his entertainment while in the city. This was the beginning, middle, and end of all relations between Plymouth Church and Dr. Parker. The Memorial Committee, which invited Dr. Parker to deliver the address on Mr. Beecher, was not a committee of Plymouth Church, had nothing whatever, either directly or indirectly, to do with this appointment, and it so happens that not a single member of Plymouth Church was upon that Committee. Moreover, neither Plymouth Church nor that Committee ever criticised the course of Dr. Parker. The criticisms came from the daily press. When at length they assumed such proportions as to deserve attention, the Memorial Committee investigated the whole matter and passed resolutions approving the course of Dr. Parker, and Plymouth Church, on the strength of those resolutions, reiterated the approval. One member of Plymouth Church, to put an end to the unseemly controversy, paid out of his own pocket the entire expenses of Dr. Parker, in order that the memorial fund might have the gross proceeds arising from the address. But even this creditable act was the act, not of Plymouth Church, but of one of its individual members. Will the "Tablet" have the honor to correct its false witness against its neighbor?

GENERAL NEWS.—Congress has been in session a month. We shall resume our "Congressional Proceedings" when it begins to do something ——Senator Brown, of Georgia, made an argument in favor of abolishing internal revenue taxes last Monday.—— Eight Nihilists were hanged in St. Petersburg on January 2. They were charged with a plot against the Tsar's life. Their trial was secret.——Secretary Litchman, of the Knights of Labor, says that the order now has over 500,000 members.——The remains of Napoleon III and his son, the Prince Imperial, have been removed from Chislehurst to Farnborough.——Secretary Lamar has resigned his Cabinet portfolio.——Superintendent Willis S. Paine, of the State Banking Department, has made a report containing a strong argument against the Saturday Half-Holiday law.——King Kalakaua has yielded in the matter of certain appointments to his Cabinet.——The Russian University troubles continue, and over two hundred students have been expelled.——Bonamy Price, the famous English writer on finance and political economy, is dead. He was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.

CONCERNING PROFIT-SHARING.

WE are not inclined to enter into any controversy with Mr. George or the "Standard," but we should like to have the "Standard," and the constituency which the "Standard" represents, understand the position of The Christian Union, and that portion of our constituency which agrees with the views of The Christian Union, on the so-called labor question. This is by no means the whole of our constituency; it is only a fraction of it. How large a fraction we have no means of adequately judging.

The "Standard" and The Christian Union agree in believing that there is a labor problem; that the laborer is worthy of his hire; that he does not get full compensation for his services; that there is a concentration of wealth going on under the modern system of industry; and that this concentration of wealth is dangerous both to the so-called upper and the so-called lower classes, and has in it the possibility of serious disaster. The "Standard" looks for remedy, if we understand its position, to a change in the system of taxation. This change is based on the doctrine that land is not a proper subject for private ownership; that, in strictness of speech, it belongs not to the individual, but to the community. Accordingly, the "Standard" would levy a tax upon land, which would amount to a fair rent paid by the user or tenant to the community, which would be the landlord and the owner. If this change of taxation could be brought about, the "Standard" believes that the labor problem would be solved, and all other difficulties would adjust themselves.

In this view of remedy we are not able to concur. Whatever force or justice there may be in the proposition to increase the taxes upon land and take it off of other things—and we are inclined to think there is a measure of force and justice in this proposition—we do not believe that any readjustment of taxation whatever will solve the relations between labor and capital. Nor do we for a moment suppose that they can be solved by mere individual benefactions, whether by charity doled out to the poor, however generously, or by increase of wages, however equitable, or even by participation of profits in individual concerns here and there. This last is not what we mean by profit-sharing.

But the essence of the wages system, by which the industries of to-day are carried on, consists in this: That a small number of men called capitalists own, and therefore control, all tools and implements of industry—all mills, manufactories, organized machinery, railroads, telegraphs, and, more and more, the land—while a large number of men called laborers are employed by the few to use these tools and implements, and are paid wages for their work, the amount of wages being determined, sometimes by mutual agreement between the wage-earner and the wage-payer, sometimes by a hot battle between them. As formerly all political power was in the hands of a few men, and the great mass of men did politically what they were bid, so now pretty much all money power is in the hands of a comparatively few men, and the great mass of men do industrially what they are bid. Democracy has been established in politics. Political power is now in the hands of the many; and the few, though they are men of genius and leadership, are nevertheless the servants of the many. In our judgment we are entering upon a transition industrially, analogous to that through which England passed politically in the seventeenth century. Political power has passed from the hands of the few into the hands of the many. The wealth power must also pass from the hands of the few into the hands of the many. The employers and the employed must become partners in a common enterprise. The term "boss" must drop from the workshop as the term king has dropped from the State. The tools and implements of industry must become property of the many, not of the few; and the proceeds of industry must come to be equitably shared. This involves nothing less than a radical revolution; but we believe that it will be wrought peacefully, not by bloodshed. The Christian Union is, if you please, far more radical than the "Standard," in that it does not believe that any modification whatever of the tax system will solve the industrial problem of the nineteenth century. That problem will only be solved when, by process of education, of Christian culture, of diffused thrift, of victorious temperance, the great masses of the people have learned how to receive, to utilize, to save, the profits of industry, and so have learned how to be the just and rightful owners of the world's capital. When all capitalists are workingmen and all workingmen are capitalists, there will no longer be a problem of relationship between capitalist and laborer to be solved. And we have gone further in America toward this consummation in this nineteenth century, though it lies still in the future, than any other country has gone in this or any other epoch.

This is what we mean by profit-sharing.

BOOK DISTRIBUTION.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has lately said, in connection with the copyright question, that the only two peoples who have delicacy enough to appreciate the rights of authors are the French and the Italian. By this he means that the average Italian and the average Frenchman has a keener sense of the rights involved in the making of a book than the average man of any other race. Whether this be true or not is a question which can be settled only by those who are familiar with these peoples. It is certain, however, that the average man differs greatly in his sensibilities among different races, and that this is due generally to some fortunate environment which has exercised a distinctly educational influence. The average Athenian, for instance, was probably quite as good a judge in matters of art as the most thoroughly trained modern man. He lived in an atmosphere full of the art spirit, among a people trained to critical judgment, and in the presence of the noblest standards of artistic conception and workmanship. The commonest man in Athens knew good art work when he saw it; and that is more than can be said, probably, of most educated men in any modern country. In Italy, for very much the same reasons, the art instinct has been highly developed. Michael Angelo discloses his respect for the popular taste in matters of art when he declared that the true test of a statue was the judgment of the public square. The presence of noble works of architecture and sculpture and of the great paintings of the Italian school have trained even the uneducated Italian to a clear and intelligent perception of the essentials of a true work of art. In other countries even educated people lack this sort of training, and have very vague and untrustworthy notions of art work. If the art instinct were at all generally developed in New York or Boston, such monstrosities in the way of statues as now disfigure our public squares and parks would not be tolerated.

The secret of the possession of any uncommon gift or faculty of this sort by a people at large is quite as much a matter of training as of inheritance. The Germans, for instance, have never possessed in any great measure the artistic instinct, but they have to a very large degree possessed the scholarly instinct; and scholarship has been so widely diffused that the German people as a whole represent probably the largest body of expert opinion to be found in any country. This result has been due, not only to the hospitality with which the universities have welcomed students of every social class, but also to the facility with which German readers everywhere have been able to possess themselves of the latest contributions to the different departments of knowledge. There has long existed in Germany a system by which the freshest books have been practically within reach of every one who cared to examine them. The German publishers conduct a great loan business as a part of their general scheme for the sale of books, and a German scholar or student living in a remote country town has only to give his local bookseller the name of the volume which he desires and it is in his possession by return mail. He may retain it for weeks, or even months, master its contents, make copious extracts, and return it without any expense whatever to himself. The publisher finds his compensation in the fact that this system results in the sale of a great many volumes in the course of a year. Incidentally it puts the most secluded scholar in the position of a resident in Berlin, so far as access to the latest books is concerned. The advantages of this system in the way of extending scholarly interest and scholarly standards are apparent. Unfortunately, there are some indications that it is about to give way to newer business methods. A correspondent of the "Nation" comments on the change which has been going on in German booksellers' methods during the last few years. Some time ago certain booksellers began purchasing from publishers large numbers of books of the sale of which they felt assured, demanding in return an increase of fifteen or twenty per cent. in the discount. This large discount made it possible for these dealers to undersell the old-fashioned retail bookseller, and this important functionary in the book distributive system has been coming to grief, and with him has come to grief also the old method of loaning books. Two years ago the publishers discovered that this change of arrangements was disastrous to themselves, and they are now endeavoring by co operation to stop the giving of these large discounts and to secure the revival of the old method. The "Nation's" correspondent thinks, however, that, in spite of these precautions, the local bookseller in Germany will soon be a person of the past. There may be certain advantages from the substitution of newer business methods, but it will be a misfortune to German scholarship if the new method breaks up this system of inexpensive and constant connection between the great publishing and literary centers and the remote villages where German scholarship, with indomitable patience and marvelous intellectual unselfishness, devotes itself to the great problems of modern knowledge. A free interchange of opinion and knowledge is one of the highest achievements of civilization, and ought to be sought for as an invaluable adjunct in the development of national life.

THE SWADDLING-CLOTHES.

THE swaddling or swathing band was a long piece of linen cloth in which the new-born babe was wrapped from head to foot, fastening the limbs together and clasping the arms tightly to the body. Thus the new-born babe entering life was clothed much as the mummy after death. For the ancients did not believe in the free play of the child's powers and their natural development by natural exercise. And the swathing-bands were a symbol of the bondage from which childhood, youth, manhood, and old age were never free. The chief, at least a chief, duty of both State and Church has ever been to see that the swathing-bands are put on strong and fast, and not allowed to become destroyed or loosened. We no longer wrap our babes in swaddling bands; but as soon as their childish activities begin to become inconvenient to us, we begin to put swaddling-bands on. From babyhood to old age, who is wholly free from them? Christ's first words when Lazarus came forth from the grave, still entangled in the wrappings of the burial, were, "Loose him, and let him go." This is still the command which the Emancipator gives to each individual soul. But it is the last word that ever his church hears. We dare not obey it. And still we wrap ourselves and each other round with restrictions, and laws, and regulations, and prohibitions, and rituals—all grave-clothes, all swaddling clothes, all worse than useless entanglements and restraints, forbidding the free play of every faculty in which there is the highest safety because the speediest and the largest development. Life is one long battle with bondage, from the cradle to the coffin. We are never free from life's impediments; we never get quite clear of our swaddling-bands till death sets us free from them.

Now, it was the sign of Christ's Messiahship that he voluntarily took upon himself the very bondage from which we all our life restlessly seek escape. Not only he did this, but that he did this was and is the evidence that he is indeed the Christ. "And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes."

He took upon him the weakness of a bodily organization which, if not exceptionally weak, was certainly not exceptionally strong. The perfect physique of the Greek demi-god was not his. The prophet declared of him that when men saw him they saw in him no beauty that they should desire him. He wearied of the walk sooner than his disciples, and sat on the well-curb to rest while they went on into the city to buy food. He succumbed to the lingering pains of the crucifixion after three hours of endurance; while the two robust robbers still lingered in life. His ministries of mercy were at the cost of great drafts on his physical and nervous resources; so that at the end of a day spent in teaching and in healing, men looked upon his weary and worn face and said, He hath himself taken our infirmities and is bearing in himself our sicknesses. His zeal was seen and felt to be one too great for his physical frame; and when they saw his passionate eagerness and how it consumed him they remembered the prophetic words, The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up. Who has not sometimes wished that he might be furnished with relays of bodies, as in past days men were furnished with relays of horses, and, having tired out one set of physical organs, might continue his work with new and fresh ones? What is the body, after all, but a kind of swathing-band of the spirit, keeping it in restraint till the time of its nesting is over and it gets its wings and may fly forth free and unencumbered into the blue? This Christ took upon himself in taking on himself the form of a servant.

Along with it go—necessarily go—all the impediments of our imperfect human condition: limited knowledge; limited power; limited understanding of self; limited area of beneficent activity; and imperfect tools and instruments. Christ entered in these respects into all the conditions of humanity; emptied himself—to use Paul's expressive phrase; became a man, and, becoming one, took on man's swaddling-bands. The future was hid from him, or seen at best but dimly and as through clouds. He could not tell his disciples when they might expect his return and the consummation of his kingdom. He stilled the tempest and multiplied the loaves of bread; but the greater his power the greater the cross of not using it on a scale commensurate with its real but hampered forcefulness. He could not award places in his future kingdom to his disciples; nor with one great miracle, as throwing himself from the terrible height, usher in the kingdom of God on the earth. He must wait; wait the long centuries for its slow development. There are abundant indications that with him, as with us, the knowledge of himself came gradually, and with many a doubt and uncertainty. He no more walked constantly in the full consciousness of his divinity than the man of genius in the full inspiring power of his genius. He had his doubts, fears, struggles, hesitations. His questionings of the future: When the Son of man comes, shall he find faith on the earth? His burden, which only patience urgently summoned to recruit his hope could endure: How long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? His struggle to escape the inevitable anguish of a seemingly needless suffering: Father, let this cup pass from me. The dreadful sense of isolation which sometimes comes upon a soul in its direst need, struggling to find solace for the abandonment of friends in the companionship of God: Ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me. The far more dreadful sense of even desertion by the divine Father, which sometimes tries the courage and fidelity of the truest children of God: My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me? These are not the experiences of a Samson who knew that he could at any moment break the withes that bound him; they are the experiences of a divinely inspired soul in captivity, doing his work in chains, and ever saying, with Paul, I would that ye were altogether as I am, save for these bonds.

He knew, too, the limitations, and if he had not kept his soul in that perfect peace of one whose heart is stayed in God he would have known the perpetual fret, of a soul whose conscious power is far greater than his apparent opportunity. His area was limited. His whole ministry was confined to a province no larger than the State of Vermont. His congregations were insignificant in comparison with those which have been addressed in our own time by Dwight L. Moody, John B. Gough, or Henry Ward Beecher. He saw all Greece and Rome involved in a night of darkness, and could bear them no measure of God's love. He could only wait, and in those long nights of prayer lay the burden of humanity at his Father's feet, and so find rest in the patient expectation of a divinely inspired yet long deferred hope. And for instruments to carry on his work after he had gone, he was dependent on men of a very common mold: ambitious, self-seeking, narrow, prejudiced, prosaic—on a James and John who wanted the best places in his kingdom; on a Peter who boasted of his self-sacrifice and asked what he should get for it; on a Thomas who would believe nothing that he could not see; on men who, warned against the leaven of the Pharisees, thought Christ cautioned them against eating bread of Pharisaic baking, and, admonished to buy swords for the spiritual conflict impending, praised their own foresight in having two swords ready at hand.

And ever since his resurrection Christ has been in the world as it were in swathing-bands. He has been in his body the church; and the church has been a very infirm body: sometimes crazed with the fever of fanaticism; sometimes intoxicated with the strong drink of worldliness; sometimes comatose with the stupor of spiritual indifference. Christ has even had to do his work with tools which are imperfect: a ministry proclaiming a gospel of God's love that had hardly become emancipated from the pagan religion of law and of terror. The missionary has been but a neophyte; the catechumen who has not yet learned has been the only one to teach. The leaders of Christian life and thought, the captains of the Lord's host, have marched only a little way before the army which followed them; not only breasting the same darkness and storm, but wading through the same miry clay. The ministers of Christ's grace have been half-saved sinners; the teachers of his truth, half-taught pupils.

If, reader, you ever weary of life's swaddling-clothes, or grow impatient of them, remember that Christ wore them, and wears them yet; that they were the sign of his Messiahship; that they are the insignia of your ordination; that no one can truly do Christ's work of emancipating others from life's burden and bondage who does not enter into and become subject to it himself. Be not impatient of life's swaddling-clothes.

Let this mind, then, be in you which was in Christ Jesus, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet emptied himself.

THE MARK HOPKIN'S MEMORIAL.

There ought to be no trouble in raising the sum of $100,000 for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a building on the college grounds at Williamstown, to be known as the Mark Hopkins Memorial. A committee was appointed by the alumni of the college last summer for the purpose of raising funds and taking the necessary steps for the completion of such a memorial. That committee has now issued a circular, and subscriptions are invited from all those who desire to honor the memory of one of the greatest teachers of the century. A considerable sum has already been pledged, and there is no doubt that the balance will be secured. Such a memorial ought to represent, not only the large donors, but the great mass of those who received the highest impulses from the teaching of Mark Hopkins. Such a building as that which it is proposed to erect at Williamstown ought to be the joint investment of a multitude of doners. Such we hope it will be. The country at large owes a debt to Dr. Hopkins which can never be paid. We should be glad, not only to see the specific amount named secured, but a very large addition to it. It is an admirable plan to build a memorial which shall speak to the eye, and by its beauty and solidity constantly recall the memory of the great man whose name it will bear. But there ought to be added to this another memorial, in the form of the generous endowment of the philosophical department in the college This would be a most appropriate and fitting way of perpetuating the work and influence of the teacher who gave Williams College a great place in the educational history of the country. By all means let the $100,000 be raised, and raised quickly. But we are confident that the friends of Mark Hopkins will not stop with such an expression of their gratitude and reverence. The committee has appointed the Rev. Charles H. Burr as its Secretary, and has authorized him to conduct the practical work of securing the necessary funds. His office is at No. 1 Broadway.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AT the annual meeting in Boston last week of the National Divorce Reform League reports showed the most prosperous year's work of its history. Financially the League has made good gains, although there is still a small debt and the work of the Secretary is hampered by the smallness of the funds. Several gentlemen now pay $100 a year into its treasury. It would seem that the number might be increased so as to easily bring the receipts the coming season above the minimum of $3,000 called for by the directors. The League adopted the new policy of offering opportunity to both men and women to become associate members by paying five dollars each. In this way persons interested may place themselves in position to receive constant information of the doings, at the same time financially aiding one of the most useful reforms of the day. The report of Secretary Dike will be printed in full. It is a paper which should be read by all earnest people who desire to see the family rise to its true place in civilization. As I have studied the work of the League year by year, I am impressed with the grasp it has already upon educators, legislators State and National, and upon literature. In his quiet, philosophic way, the Secretary, as a student of sociology, has not only brought valuable information before the public, but has so taken his departure from the family as the constructive point from which to work out the social problems that a new feature of political science is presenting itself to economists. A specially valuable piece of work by the Secretary is his success before Congress, after patient efforts, in getting an appropriation of $10,000 to be expended by the Commissioner of Labor in gathering marriage and divorce statistics in the United States, the plan being to cover the last twenty years and to uncover the doings of 2,700 divorce courts. This process has attracted attention from abroad, Archbishop Benson and others having requested in advance the report as soon as it shall be published. The Secretary, in calling attention to the work, as a lecturer before women, of Mrs. Maria Upham Drake, of Newton, emphasized the utility of organizing societies of women to study the problem of the family as it is presented in the newer literature. In the vicinity of Boston this is being done, and if the movement should extend through New England it would kindle to a flame the zeal and efficiency of women.

Civil Service Reform in Massachusetts has been set clearly before the public by an admirable address issued by its Secretary, R. H. Dana. This document shows that the examination system is working satisfactorily, the selections being from the three highest on the roll. Questions are adapted to the kind of service required. The Secretary, combating the popular sneer that it is a "schoolboy" scheme, and that recent graduates from the schools will get the places, observes: "With nearly three years' experience in Massachusetts, it has been found that the average age of those who have passed is not that of the schoolboy, but of persons with practical experience. For the clerical service it is over thirty years, and for prison service thirty-six years, while ninety-eight per cent. have had only a com-

mon-school education." The bearing on politics is stated tersely: "Where the reform has been tried, it has, to be sure, diminished the great struggle for appointments, but by lessening the power of political rings it has given the great mass of citizens more weight in the selections of their representatives, and has greatly increased the general interest in the political questions of the day." For Massachusetts the non-elective civil service officers call for salaries (including the cities) of over $5 000,000 a year, while in the nation these salaries rise to the aggregate of about $200,000,000 a year.

Dr. J. P. Langworthy, who might appropriately be called the father of the Congregational House, and who for many years has been at the head of the library and had charge of the building, passed away the past week, at the advanced age of over eighty. It is but a month or two since he was released from service by the choice of his successor, the Rev. Mr. Cobb, of Uxbridge. At the funeral appropriate and tender tributes were paid to his memory in the First Church in Chelsea, of which he was formerly pastor, by Dr. A. H Plumb, his immediate successor, by Dr. A. P. Foster, who was successor to Dr. Plumb, and by the present pastor, the Rev. F.W. Baldwin; also by Dr. Quint and others. OBSERVER.

IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IF any of our Puritan ancestors really thought that the observance of church festivals was a long step toward Rome, they would surely have groaned to perceive how universally their degenerate descendants nowadays make Christmas not only a social but a religious festival. Evergreen decorations are not confined to the Episcopal church, and this year the services, including the sermon, in churches of every name were directed to making real the glad truths that the day commemorates. It is doubtful, however, if the children of Puritanical training did not find a Sunday Christmas a very severe trial to their patience. The fact that the New Year came on Sunday seemed to give an unwonted seriousness to the religious gatherings and addresses of that day, and made especially appropriate the communion services and large additions to the churches. The succeeding holiday was as bright and cold as the ideal January 1st ought to be, and the winter sports of sleighing, tobogganing, and skating were to be had in perfection. The calling custom of former years, with the accompaniments which had brought them into disrepute, were relegated almost entirely to "innocuous desuetude, but instead there was a good deal of informal visiting of friends, who were as informally received. Several pastors held receptions for their congregations on that day, while others employed it in carrying greetings to as many as possible in their parishes.

The past year in Chicago has been noteworthy in several respects. Besides the usual and steady growth of the city, there has been an addition to the population of about 75,000 by the annexation of suburbs. The dangers that threatened through the Anarchists have been averted, and, as it seems, thoroughly. The city government has been revolutionized under the new election law. The long-continued system of stealing by the County Commissioners has been broken up by the conviction of the boodlers. The clearings of the Chicago banks are about three times as great as they were ten years ago, and $365 000,000 more than last year. Real estate transfers amounted to 95 millions, which is 27 millions more than last year. Building permits representing the value of 20 millions were issued. The newspapers report the year's business as remarkably prosperous, in spite of the speculations which culminated in the great fall of wheat last spring, when twenty-two firms belonging to the Board of Trade suspended, and in spite of the famous strikes

After years of freezing in winter, and being very uncomfortable at all other times of the year, because of a poor horse-car service, the people of the West Side have lately been nourishing a spark of hope that a day of better things was dawning for them. They do not dare to become very jubilant just yet. Occasionally, for several years, there has been a mild agitation of the subject of rapid transit, but it has been succeeded by a great calm, and the one company which controls all the lines has gone on absorbing every rival as soon as it became established, and furnishing accommodations both poor and scanty. Now a new company has bought out the old horse-car corporation, and is ready to run a cable road through the tunnel If this is not all that is desirable, it will at least be as rapid as the present system, and furnish a train in which tired men and women can sit instead of standing, and be comfortable instead of freezing on the platform or being packed too closely to move inside. Just at present the chief obstacle is with the City Council, who said nothing so long as the old company simply held the tunnel as a guard against competition, but who, as soon as a new company desires to use the old right of way for the convenience of the public, begin to object, or haggle over rates, or append such conditions to their consent as to make it worth very little. Other parties also are ready to build an elevated railway, and are seeking to get the right to do so. Meetings of citizens in favor of and opposed to such a scheme are of frequent occurrence. It may be, therefore, that the west side of Chicago will in time be as well provided with means of transportation as other and smaller cities which make no claims to be especially enterprising.

The law by which matters become worse and worse until a long-suffering public can stand them no longer, and rises up to demand something better, is one which brought forth vigilance committees in California, and which belongs rather to barbarism than to civilization, but it is one by which most of our reforms come. Many are thinking that it is time for some tremendous protest to rise, according to this law, against the carelessness which has resulted in so many railroad accidents within the past two weeks. If it be true that we regard human life as very cheap, and the sacrifice of it as not worth making a fuss about, still we hardly like to confess it. It is refreshing, therefore, to know that an engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio road who recently ran his engine rapidly through a crowd of people who were boarding a suburban train, thereby seriously injuring one woman, is in a fair way to receive some punishment. There is hope also in the fact that the City Council has just passed an ordinance requiring the steam railroad companies to construct viaducts over the streets which they pass, and their approaches, and also fences on both sides of the track between the viaducts When this is done, trains may run at a high rate of speed When it is not done, they must not exceed six miles an hour. Such an ordinance, if enforced, will not only be a measure of public safety, but will probably make suburban life much more desirable.

A brewing company on the South Side astonished the city the other day by accidentally striking what seemed to be a flowing gas well The phenomenon was discovered by a search to find what clogged the pipe by which water was brought to the boiler of the engine, and it was found that the gas interfered with the action of the pump Experts declare that the gas is the genuine article, and arises from the decomposition at the bottom of the lake If it is not abundant enough to revolutionize manufactures, everybody wishes that it might be abundant enough to furnish some competition to the Chicago city gas, which is of phenomenal poorness.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LABOR QUESTION.[1]

BY ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, PH.D.

THE first part of the address, the latter portion of which we reproduce in full, was devoted to a discussion of the pending strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania Mr. Raymond is a director of one of the companies whose men have been on a strike since September last, and gave facts and figures respecting the wages of the men and the profits of the company in detail. A detailed analysis of the pay-rolls of the Lehigh Company for eighteen months (January 1, 1886–June 30, 1887) shows that every miner, good, bad, or indifferent, skillful or unskillful, working by contract for the company during that period, averaged $2 72 for every day worked. During the year ending June 30, 1887, their average net receipts over and above expenditures he states to have been at least $660, the hours of labor not exceeding ten. The arrangement between the miners and the operators is such that wages go up and down with the price of coal at New York, thus giving the miners in a certain form a certain rate or share in the profits. The employees of the Lehigh Company have during the last five years paid $86,505 for building lots, and own 1,173 private houses. He declares that the strike of last fall, which has now extended from the Lehigh into the Schuylkill region, did not originate in any distress of the mining population. "It was part of a deliberate plan to conquer once for all the anthracite business, and this was part of a wider and wilder plan to rule the country, in spite of law and justice, by a comparatively small minority of its laborers, arrogating to themselves the credit of representing labor." This plan he thus describes:

The plan was to make a sudden demand upon the operators of the Lehigh region and enforce it with a strike, to the support of which the miners of the other regions were expected to contribute. Then, after the Lehigh collieries had been forced to yield, the Schuylkill and the Wyoming regions were to be attacked in succession in the same fashion. The Wyoming miners did not heartily co operate with their contributions, and the strike was apparently doomed to swift failure. For the Lehigh operators, knowing that to yield was ruin, resolved unanimously to resist. But, unfortunately, the great Reading Company, occupying the Schuylkill region, was just in the throes of reorganization after previous disasters, and could not afford to imperil its existence by the complications of a labor conflict. Accordingly, Mr. Corbin made a written agreement with the organization to which his miners belonged, that the Reading Company would grant the advance of wages demanded until January 1, on condition that if no similar advance should be given before that time in the other coal regions, the men should return to the former scale of wages with the New Year This unfortunate bargain made it directly the interest of the Schuylkill miners to support the Lehigh strike; and it was evident at once that no settlement could be reached before the end of the year. That period has now passed: the Reading miners have repudiated their solemn contract, after enjoying all the benefits of it; and public sympathy is again invoked for the causeless and fruitless suffering which will result.

Passing over the miners' strike to a general consideration of the labor question, Mr. Raymond proceeded to discuss this question as follows:

The permanent truth underlying the Saviour's utterance, "The poor ye have always with you," is this: That in every generation, under every system of government or industry, there will be those who suffer hardship. The spirit of Jesus Christ, imperfectly expressed by his visible church, and potent far beyond its limits, has wrought a mighty change in mankind already, and is yet working mightily for the removal of many causes of suffering. The public sentiment of the world cries out against oppression and fraud They exist, but they are no longer unchallenged, no longer fashionable. The laws of civilized States condemn injustice and violence, and repress or discourage vice; and even the organized charities of Christendom are more and more so shaped and directed as not to perpetuate the causes of the misery they relieve. But even when public sentiment and law and benevolence shall have done their utmost, there will be no progress without pain; for there will still be change, and change is pain. There will be organization; and organization means social machinery; and machinery means friction; and the more complex the machinery, the more points of friction. The part of Christianity is not to set itself against progress, which is the fruit of its own loins; not to destroy the social machinery which has been built up at so much cost; but to oil the joints and bearings with love, diminish the friction as much as possible, and seek and prove and accept all modifications of it which are real improvements. But Christianity is especially set to guard the principles on which all progress toward the elevation of mankind is founded.

These principles have been admirably stated by one of our most thoughtful and earnest Christian citizens, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, now Mayor of New York, in a paper read at the Church Congress in Cincinnati, in October, 1878, as follows:

"The three cardinal and unchangeable facts of humanity are the individual, the family, and society. There is and can be no other basis for government or religion. The fundamental characteristic of the individual is personal liberty; of the family, love; and of society, justice."

Liberty, love, and justice! These three abide; and we might add, the greatest of these is love, for it really includes the other two. The philanthropy which destroys liberty on the one hand, or distorts justice on the other, is spurious. For love must seek, not the temporary pleasure, but the highest good, of its objects.

The liberty of every man is bounded by the liberty of every other. Within these boundaries it is sacred. To protect it is the highest function of government. This protection involves the maintenance of order. But order may be maintained by tyranny. Hence we must go a step further, and require that kind of order which secures liberty—namely, justice. Justice comprises the protection of the individual, and hence of the community, against violence and against fraud. In the sphere of justice all men should be equal—equally entitled to protection, equally bound to keep their word, equally able to invoke the aid of the law to exact the keeping of promises made for due consideration to them.

That these principles are fundamental our Constitution expressly declares in the safeguards which it provides for personal liberty, the rights of property, and the obligation of contracts. Unless civilization be a failure, and all progress a chimera, then this much is settled: that anything which proposes to remedy real or supposed evils by impairing either liberty or justice is a step backward, not forward.

Now, such proposals are rife in our day. It is seriously declared that the so-called laboring classes are to be elevated *en masse* by destroying the freedom of the individual to work where, for whom, and at what rate he pleases. Workingmen are exhorted to make a voluntary abdication of this liberty; those who will not do so are terrorized or assaulted; employers who assert their corresponding rights as free men to make contracts

[1] Being part of an address delivered before the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Churches, Brooklyn, January 10, 1888.

with free men are "boycotted." The violation by the laborer of a contract so made is lauded as a resistance to oppression. It is even declared to be his duty to inflict violence and loss upon parties in no way connected with his dispute, to spread distress throughout the community, by way of coercing a summary concession of his claims; nay, even when he has no complaints he is urged to use all these terrible forces for the simple purpose of punishing those of his fellow-laborers who will not become subjects of the central, secret, irresponsible tyranny he has set up, or who, having once sworn allegiance to it, fail to pay their dues, upon which its salaried officers live.

Along with this voluntary suicide or violent assassination of liberty, we hear noisy assaults upon the existing forms of justice. All property is robbery; wage-receiving is slavery; the police are not the ministers of order, but the myrmidons of despotism. We must have socialism, communism, anarchy, beginning with impartial, indiscriminate murder, that the reign of true brotherly love may begin.

Now, is there no special reason at this time for such outcry? Are all these labor troubles imaginary, the result of wild harangues and criminal conspiracies? Certainly not. There is hardship, though mostly not where the greatest tumult appears.

There has been from 1873 to the present time, with but slight and temporary relief, a peculiar commercial depression throughout the civilized world. The tariff, too many silver dollars, too few silver dollars, intemperance, taxation, the surplus, the banks, the extortions of capital, the extortions of labor, superabundant harvests, deficient harvests, Republican mismanagement, Democratic mismanagement—do not explain it. It has affected most severely the most enterprising nations And it is unquestionably the result of one chief cause—namely, the sudden destruction of some occupations and the sudden revolution in nearly all, produced by the cheapening of production and transportation, the opening of new sources of supply, the substitution of new materials and new processes and machinery for old—all resulting from the rapid extension of labor-saving inventions. An admirable summary of this great change will be found in the series of articles by the Hon David A Wells in the "Popular Science Monthly," particularly the second of the series, published last August. I will give but a few typical examples.

The Suez Canal, opened in 1869 gave "the death-blow to sailing vessels." According to some authorities, 2 000,000 tons of shipping previously employed in the East Indian trade was virtually destroyed at once. The work of commerce with India began to be carried on by steamers, a great number of which were built in 1870–'73 But these were nearly all made useless within three years by improvements in marine engines; and since 1876 these improved steamships have been discarded in favor of still better ones, saving some twenty per cent. in fuel-consumption. All these changes ruined many capitalists, and threw many employees out of work.

Again, the reduction of the voyage to India from six or eight months to less than thirty days, and the establishment of telegraphic lines to the East, have destroyed completely the warehousing and distributing system which made London the center of the commercial world. Similar effects have been produced, or are in progress, upon the Australian wool crop, which was formerly shipped to England, and even upon the foreign market for American wheat.

Before 1875 steamships did not compete seriously with sailing vessels for bulky freights. They had to carry too much coal. Now they are larger, run more cheaply, and are fast monopolizing the sea The number of men employed in ocean commerce has been reduced more than one-half per weight carried, and ocean freights.

The extension of railways, and the introduction of the Bessemer process by which steel rails can be cheaply made, has cheapened land transportation to a still greater extent, so that the rich fields of Dakota and Manitoba and the cattle on the plains of the West have come into the markets of the world. The land question, which underlies all other troublesome questions of the day in England, has been raised by the invention of Sir Henry Bessemer more than by any other one cause.

But cheap steel and steam have had much wider effects than this The most stable measure of value known to mankind for centuries had been, that a day's labor was worth a bushel of wheat. To-day, on the plains of Dakota, machinery is applied to agriculture to such an extent that one day's labor of one man produces more than fifteen bushels of wheat. All industries show a similar, though a smaller, increase. In short, the average amount of labor required in civilized countries to produce a given product is less to-day by at least forty per cent. than it was a score of years ago.

I might go further, and show how petroleum has destroyed the former manufacture of illuminating liquids, from whale oil up; how the former cultivation of madder has been killed by the production of an artificial substitute, and so on. But I have said enough to show what a stupendous series of changes has taken place.

These changes have come suddenly and all together. It is indeed a marvel that they have not produced greater disturbance. For the world is poor, as a whole It has hitherto eaten and worn and used up nearly all that it annually produced. It could not, we might infer afford to have its ships, buildings, machines, and business arrangements swept away, and to be practically ordered to begin again.

Yet society has endured this revolution, and found it beneficial on the whole. Nothing is more certain than this, that the wages of labor have increased, while the cost of living has decreased. Moreover, the rate of interest has fallen—a sure sign that the profits of capital are not greater than formerly.

The chief attendant hardships have been so-called overproduction, and consequent dullness of trade, and the presence of surplus labor, unemployed. Mr Wells shows clearly that these and other evils often cited as causes of depression are in reality results of the overwhelming cause outlined above. They are incidental to the process of readjustment which must go on No device of legislation or organization will evade this necessity; most of them simply enhance and prolong the trouble. For if capital must engage in new enterprises and men must find new employments, the imposition of fresh burdens upon capital and of fetters upon individual men must directly hinder the process. Legislative remedies are worse than useless When the surface of water has been disturbed and is seeking its level again, you cannot hurry or help it with a paddle

We hear sometimes that the next step of progress will be the ownership by the laborer of the tools, machinery, and plant of manufactures and trade This would be a good thing in many occupations, and a bad thing in others. But it is, in any event, not a thing to be forced upon the laborer against his will. If "labor" had owned the property destroyed within the past fifteen years by the progress of the arts, the world would be full of outcry about its wrongs. And if a laborer, fearing such changes and losses yet to come, prefers to make a bargain which gives him definite wages and relieves him from the risks of losses, he should be free to make it, and bound to keep it.

The best way in which a poor man can become an owner in a large business is through the principle of incorporation, with limited liability. This has been done to an immense extent. Stocks of our great corporations are held by hundreds of thousands of small owners, who have invested in them their savings. But the fashionable philanthropy of the day denounces corporations as iniquitous; and no officer of a corporation, striving to discharge his duty to its stockholders, is exempt from fierce and slanderous attack.

The principle of association, whether of capital or of labor, is good and necessary; but it is a power in the State which needs to be closely watched Associated capital we do watch, restraining it by law and by public opinion. But associated labor may also become a menace to liberty and justice. *All associations must be voluntary, open, and responsible.* And no association, whether of capital or of labor, should be allowed for one moment to stand beyond the reach of law. The most pressing problem of the hour is to make the laborer's contract free, and then to make it binding. Solve this, and time will solve the rest. Neglect this, and your social reform, founded upon iniquity, will topple into chaos.

Perhaps it is not difficult for you and me to see that all these turbulent movements are essentially retrogressive and barbaric; that they are bound to fail, and would bring ruin if they could succeed, because they contravene both liberty and justice. But what is easy for us is not so easy for the ignorant, the half educated, the just-awakened, eager souls of those who become the victims of doctrinaires and demagogues. Hence it is most unfortunate that, besides men of selfish design, there are men of high character and benevolent purpose, who inflame the minds of the less intelligent by their loose sympathy and mistaken encouragement. Above all, Christian ministers, half informed or reckless as to the facts, are denouncing the oppression of labor which they assume to exist, and which they say causes such unfortunate outbreaks, and must have speedy and radical remedy. Men who would not give a quarter to a street tramp who said he was hungry, because they know that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is an impostor and would spend their alms in drink, will accept the sensational story of an irresponsible newspaper reporter, and lavish forthwith upon an unworthy case, not money to buy intoxication withal, but words that are themselves intoxicating. Now, the first duty of a Christian to his fellow-man under such circumstances is to tell him the truth; and I hold those who, without taking pains to ascertain the truth, pour "the oil of sympathy" upon the fires of passion, to be dangerous incendiaries. If they go further, and with reckless tongues denounce what they call wickedness in high places, taking the wickedness for granted because the places are high, attacking by name individuals and corporations, juries and judges, undermining the confidence of the employed in the good faith of their employers, swallowing open-mouthed all manner of monstrous statistics brewed by sensation-mongers, and ranging themselves as apostles of labor alongside of that incarnation of mischief-making idleness, the Walking Delegate, then I say they are guilty of a crime against truth and liberty and justice and man and God, for which good intentions are no excuse.

Some, fearing to speak amiss, are dumb At least, they are not drawn by a maudlin sentimentalism into virtual slander and complicity with crime. But is not more than this to be expected? Brethren and fathers, *we* ask more: we Christian men, bearing the burdens of great trusts, administering as the officers of corporations the property of thousands of the industrious poor, striving with anxious study both to give to the great consuming public cheap transportation, cheap fuel, cheap necessaries of life, and to secure to our employees steady employment, fair wages, inducements to industry, self-elevation, and manliness—struggling to respect liberty and maintain justice, and to help without pauperizing our fellows—*we* ask, not merely that the flippant libels of the press shall not be reinforced with the red hot rhetoric of the pulpit, but that the representatives of Christ shall speak out for his cause betrayed and belied. We do not ask that ministers shall understand business, but that they shall perceive when the eternal principles of right are endangered, and shall cry aloud and not spare—even the "workingman!"

COMMEMORATION OF THE CENTENARY OF TOLERATION IN FRANCE.

By Professor Henry M. Baird, D.D., LL.D

THE one hundredth anniversary of the Edict of Toleration last month called forth, as was anticipated, a goodly amount of enthusiasm and the expression of a great deal of heartfelt gratitude to heaven on the part of the French Protestants. There seems to be scarcely a corner of the Republic in which the Huguenots are still represented by their descendants where the occasion was not commemorated in some public manner. A score of newspapers lying before us at the moment of writing indicate in one way and another the widespread interest. Among them are journals from Chateau Cambrésis, on the Belgian frontier, which we associate mentally with the disastrous treaty of Henry II. and the Spanish King Philip, and from Orthez, in the old province of Bearn at the foot of the Pyrenees; from Saintes and Rochefort, on the western seaboard, where the Reformation once counted its adherents by tens of thousands, and from Nice, on the Mediterranean. Sainte-Foy, in ancient Guyenne, and Anduze, in Languedoc, are represented by sheets both of which bear the historic title "Le Huguenot," and Saint Jean de Gard calls up memories of Cavalier and Rolland and the other dauntless Camisard chiefs by its Protestant publication, "La Cévenole." Paris itself is here, both with the daily paper and with the more stately magazine; and the pens of such able writers as Eugène Réveillaud, Ariste Viguié, Charles Dardier, and D. Benoit have been employed in rehearsing a story which the multitude know scarcely if at all. It is significant of the times in which we live that the great political daily of the capital, the "Journal des Débats," has given nearly four of its large columns to the discussion of the history of the great law of Louis XVI; and that the author of its article is the first of the gentlemen named above, well remembered by many of the readers of The Christian Union because of his visit to the United States seven years ago, in company with the lamented Theophilus Dodds

Some of the public celebrations were of exceptional interest. Most dramatic was undoubtedly that which was first held. A year since, the idea of marking the advent of the centenary by a memorial column, to be erected on the very scene of the exploits of the dauntless Camisards, was suggested at a meeting of laymen and ministers held in one of the churches of the Cévennes. The project was received with favor, and on the 14th of August, 1887, a large throng of Protestants from far and near met at Font-Morte to witness the solemn dedication of the monument which had been reared The number of persons present was estimated at between five and six thousand, including some twenty-six pastors, all wearing the Genevan gown which is still used by French Protestant ministers in the pulpit on solemn occasions The spot where they were gathered was a wild mountain plateau, fully 2 500 feet above the sea, and on the very watershed that separates the tributaries of the ocean from those of the Mediterranean. So lonely a place, far removed from the habitations of men, might well be supposed to have been exempt from the clash of arms and the din of battle. Instead of this, however, Font-Morte witnessed not less than three

sanguinary engagements in the memorable years of the Camisard revolt—1702 1703, and 1704. In the last two of these engagements the insurgents were signally victorious. It was appropriate, therefore, that upon the stone just set up these words should be inscribed: "On the occasion of the centenary of the Edict of Toleration the sons of the Huguenots have, on the theater of ancient combats erected this monument to religious peace and to the memory of the martyrs." Such a gathering as met at the dedicatory exercises would, only a little more than a century ago, have called down upon all present the most severe penalties of the French law. For no greater offense than that of attending such a meeting many a man, many a woman and child, were fired upon and killed by the royal troops sent to break it up. Many a man taken prisoner was sent to the galleys for life, while his mother or his wife was immured in prison or convent. It was something to be able even now to join in the repetition of Calvin's famous Confession of Sins, and in singing the grand old psalms of Marot and Beza, and to listen to a stirring historical address by Professor Viguié of the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris, without fear of hostile interference.

For some years the French Protestants have been in the habit of celebrating, on the first Sunday of November, the "Festival of the Reformation." In many towns and villages this day was observed the present year with special reference to the centenary. In other places a second service was held on Sunday, the 20th of November, being the nearest Lord's day to the anniversary of the Edict, which, though bearing no day of the month, is known to have been signed on the 17th and to have been brought to the Parliament to be registered two days later. At Beaumont, not far from the city of Valence, the celebration took place on Tuesday, November 1, and occupied the entire day. In the morning Pastor Fages delivered a spirited address on the distinctive traits of the Huguenots, and in the afternoon M. Benoit, of Montauban, spoke of the Edict of Toleration itself. The occasion was interesting for more than one reason. The Protestant "temple," which has recently been very tastefully restored and decorated is one half of an old church; the other half still serves the Roman Catholics of the place for their worship. So it was that, the day being the Roman Catholic feast of All Saints, the Protestants while listening to Pastor Fages's excellent speech, could from time to time hear the monotonous chant of the mass from the other part of the sacred edifice.

It may be noted as a gratifying circumstance that the public addresses, as well as the articles in the French Protestant press, on the occasion of the centenary, are generally not merely historical and congratulatory in character, but aim at producing a salutary effect. The chronicle of the past century—the century since Protestantism has had more or less opportunity to exert itself—is not one of which its adherents may justly be proud. Coldness and indifference have taken the place of the ardent zeal for the truth which distinguished the Huguenots in an age of persecution and proscription. If the Protestantism of France is to be of any value, it must arouse itself from its torpor. This is a fact which many of those who recently spoke or wrote did not overlook. "Court de Gébelin," writes Elie Caris in the Bulletin Evangélique of Saintes, "in a tabular view drawn up in 1783 estimated that the number of Protestants in France was about fifteen hundred thousand out of the sixteen millions which the kingdom contained at that time. We stand in amazement before such a figure. After a century of persecution, the Protestant population, whose extermination had been undertaken, is discovered to be large, having lost none of its energy, none of its moral elasticity, because it has kept the faith. But what sad reflections should we not be called upon to make if we were to cast a glance on the present state of Protestantism after a century of liberty? Let us take heed lest indifference and infidelity, which are making such advance among us, should succeed in an undertaking in which the dragoons of Louis the Fourteenth, the most cruel punishments, and one hundred years of horrible vexations, utterly failed." Other writers are not less explicit and candid in discussing this theme. M. Benoit does not hesitate to admit that, if Court de Gébelin was correct in his census, the Protestants of France are scarcely one-half as numerous as they were a century ago. And M. Draussin concludes an able article with these mournful sentences: "Perhaps, in celebrating the centenary of the Edict of Toleration, we have more reason to humble ourselves than to rejoice, if it is true that we have been less faithful, less alive, in a time of peace than our ancestors were in a time of tribulation, and if, by spiritual apathy, our Protestantism of the nineteenth century has lost more members than it gained in the last century. May the Lord make us more worthy of freedom, and, after having built the Church of the Desert on the ruins of the 'temples,' may he preserve us from the ruin of the churches in the deserted 'temples'!

Yet all is not dark in the present condition of French Protestantism. There is a growing spirituality and an increasing activity. If the Christians of France are far from being so consecrated in life as they should be, they are also far from the lethargy of the beginning and early part of the present century. Better and more Biblical views prevail. The Protestant ministry, which seventy-five years ago was predominantly unsound on some of the most vital points of the Christian faith, is now as decidedly ranged on the side of revealed truth. The so-called "liberal" party acknowledges defeat by using its influence with the Government to prevent the convocation of the official synods of the church, in which the evangelical wing would certainly have an overwhelming majority. For this lack of official synods the evangelical wing makes up, so far as possible, by the "unofficial" synods which it regularly holds. Taking everything into consideration, the French Protestants have never before been in so promising a position. This is brought out very strikingly by a writer in the "Huguenot" of Sainte Foy, who has briefly reviewed the successive steps of the legislation of France since the issue of the law of Louis the Sixteenth which granted the Protestants a mere right to a civil existence. Certainly it should not be forgotten, in estimating the religious condition of the country during the interval that has elapsed since the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration, that for ninety-four years of the century the Protestants were constantly interfered with whenever they attempted to hold meetings outside of their regular churches. It was not until the publication of the law of June 30–July 1 1881 that the work of evangelization everywhere and at all times became possible; for its first article declared that public meetings might be held "without any authorization previously obtained."

That the Roman Catholic clergy was the persistent and implacable enemy of toleration during the long and dreary period of one hundred and two years succeeding the Revocation is a fact which Eugène Réveillaud brings out with great effect in the masterly article to which reference has already been made. M. Weiss has corroborated his statements in an exhaustive paper published in the Bulletin of the French Protestant Historical Society. In each one of its successive assemblies the clergy, as M. Réveillaud shows, uttered cries of alarm at the bare possibility that some measure of toleration might be extended to the Protestants. "Up to the last minute it fought without wavering. Only when it saw that the game was lost did it alter its tone and seem to concede toleration, but only in order to prepare the better to combat liberty." In the Assembly of Notables the clergy had an important coadjutor in the person of the Count of Artois, afterwards King under the name of Charles the Tenth. Even after the edict had been passed which recognized the rights of the Protestants as citizens, allowed them to make their marriages valid in the sight of the law, and removed from the offspring of those marriages the stigma of illegitimacy, the clergy strenuously endeavored to prevent the Parliament from approving this scant concession of justice to the unfortunate Huguenots. Despite this opposition, the Parliament registered the edict on the 27th of January, 1788. "I have said," remarks M. Réveillaud, "that immediately the clergy changed its tone. On the 27th of July, the Archbishop of Narbonne, speaking to the King in its name, expressed himself thus: 'In rendering thanks to your Majesty for having removed from our altars the danger of falsehood and perjury, we shall never envy our erring brethren the sweet names of father and husband. We shall see with satisfaction children born without shame partaking, under the law's protection, the heritage of those who gave them birth. We bless your Majesty for having at length re-established the precious harmony that should always reign between the law and the rights of nature. Remove, Sire, from your ordinances (it is the bishops of your realm that conjure you in the name of religion)—remove the rigorous penalties which reason, justice, and humanity alike disown.' It is a pity that this pathetic language was heard then for the first time. For a century the assemblies of the clergy had not spoken a single word of protest against the atrocious ordinances that shocked men's consciences. They had always encouraged the King to place his subjects, according to the elegant euphemism of the orator of the Assembly of 1675 'in the blessed necessity of being always faithful.' Now they found themselves compelled to speak the language of nature. But it was too late."

A single fact may be added to indicate the present attitude of the Government and people of France in respect to the great names of Huguenot history. On the 26th of May, 1887 official report was made by the municipal architect of Paris that, in accordance with a resolution of the Municipal Council, approved by the prefect of the department, he had had a commemorative inscription placed upon the front wall of No. 144 Rue de Rivoli, to the following effect: "On this spot stood the mansion where Admiral Coligny perished, assassinated on the night of Saint Bartholomew, the 24th of August, 1572."

SUNDAY AND THE THEATERS.

By George J. Manson.

THE readers of The Christian Union are probably aware that our theaters give eight performances a week—nightly performances from Monday to Saturday, inclusive, and matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The readers will probably be surprised to learn that performances are also regularly given, in some large cities, on Sunday nights.

The first city to give Sunday night performances was New Orleans, where there is a large French population, and where, theatrically speaking, Sunday night is the best night in the week. In San Francisco they have had Sunday night performances since 1865; in Cincinnati and St. Louis for about ten years past, in Chicago for the same length of time in Milwaukee for about six years, in San Antonio, Texas, for two years, and in Minneapolis the custom of Sunday night performances has been introduced this season. In New York we do not have Sunday night dramatic performances, but Sunday night "sacred" concerts, of high and low degree, are plentiful. In Cincinnati the Law and Order League has lately made a special effort to prevent dramatic performances on Sunday. Theatrical managers in that city, it is said, argue that they are willing to refrain from opening their places of amusement provided the concert saloons and the beer gardens are kept closed; they argue that the law should not favor the Germans and the lower class of "shows" and proscribe the higher class of dramatic entertainment.

Is the Sunday night performance a financial benefit to the manager? Ask some managers, and they will tell you it is not. They will say that the large audiences on Sunday nights are offset by a small attendance on Monday and Tuesday nights. Ask another manager, and he will tell you that Sunday night is the best night in the week. There is no doubt that in cities like Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans the theatrical manager does an immense business on Sunday nights. As for Monday and Tuesday nights, there is always a moderate attendance, whether Sunday performances are given or not. Still it remains true that some cities without Sunday performances yield a better financial return than others with them. It will be found that two weeks' business in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati with Sunday performances will not yield as much profit as a two weeks' stay in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, where the theaters are closed on Sundays.

Actors, as a rule, do not care to play on Sunday. Some do not care to because they are not paid extra for their services; others object on the ground of religious principle. Some of our leading actors refuse point blank to play on Sunday; as, for instance, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell, Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, Mme. Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, and others. Miss Anderson and Mme. Modjeska (both of whom it may be said, are estimable ladies and strict Roman Catholics) will not play during Holy Week. In New York, of late years, two of the theaters—the Madison Square and Daly's—are closed on the night of Good Friday.

Leaving the question of the religious side of the actor to be briefly discussed further on, it should be stated that performers in a company, at the beginning of the season, sign a contract as to what they are to do, how much they are to be paid, etc. The following is a copy of a contract for an actor in a traveling company:

This Agreement, made and entered into this.....A. D., 1887, by and between.....Manager, ...party of the first part, and Miss....., Artist, party of the second part;

Witnesseth, That the party of the first part engages the party of the second part for season of 1887 and 1888, commencing on or about.....1887, to play..... at.....Theaters, traveling at a weekly salary of..... dollars.

The number of performances constituting the week's services shall be according to the custom of the Theaters and Cities at which she may be required to appear, and on all holidays.

Said.....not to play or perform for any other person, gratuitously or for profit, previous to and during above date of engagement in cities, or during tour, without written consent of manager.

The party of the second part engages and binds herself unto the party of the first part for the time, terms, and conditions stated above, and agrees to aid, to the best of her ability, in the capacity as above stated. This engagement holding good until it has been faithfully fulfilled by the party of the second part, or canceled by the party of the first part, by vulgarity or infringement of the rules by the party of the second part.

It will be seen from the above that "the number of performances constituting the week's" services ordinarily are "according to the custom of the theaters and cities at which she may be required to appear, and on all holidays." In other words, in cities where there are Sunday performances, she would be required to appear on that day, and with no extra salary. Many of the

better actors, however, now demand extra pay if they are to play on Sundays. The manager, with a view to thrift, searches for some cheaper actor who will play without additional compensation—and there are many of them—and an incompetent actor gets an engagement.

Whatever principle an actor may have on this Sunday question, unless he be a star he must play, as the contract says, "according to the custom.' It may gall him considerably to do this, but he will have to do it or go without an engagement, unless he can secure a position in a stock company in a city where there are no Sunday performances, which is almost an impossible thing to do. There are many actors who do have scruples against this Sunday work, but they argue in this way: "I've got to make my living for myself and family. If I refuse to play on Sundays I can't secure an engagement I am in the same position as the car driver and conductor. I would rather, after a hard week's work, have the day for myself, but I'm the creature of circumstances; the public insist on having Sunday performances, and I must submit." A theatrical manager, one of the oldest in the country, who has a theater of his own in a non-Sunday-playing city, but who takes out his company every season to play in other large cities, said to me, not long ago: "I am not a church-going man, and I have no religious sentiments on the subject, but when I am with my company, and a Sunday night performance takes place, I must say I don't—I don't feel exactly easy; it don't seem natural, because I am not used to it, and I wasn't brought up to it." If the ethical professor should weigh this sentiment in his delicate scales, it would probably reach the weight of a conscientious scruple. In the case of this manager it should be added that he formerly allowed his theater to be opened for concerts on Sunday evenings, but for the past two years he will not rent it for any purpose on the first day of the week.

Rehearsals are sometimes held on Sunday nights, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Of course there are many week-day rehearsals before a new play is produced, but when a full-dress rehearsal is to be given, it is, in our best theaters, in New York at least, given on a Monday night, when the theater is closed to the public. Of course, there are reasons other than religious for this In the select audience invited to attend the rehearsal, consisting of dramatic critics, men of society, doctors, lawyers, etc., there will surely be found some who would not come on a Sunday night, and their influence is so great that their prejudices must be respected. Besides, it inspires the public with confidence that the play will be worthily produced when they read the announcement that "the theater will be closed on Monday night for a full-dress rehearsal of the new play."

It occurs to me that an article on the subject of Sunday and the theaters would not be complete without some allusion to the actor in his relation to the church and to religion.

From the time when Molière gave to the world Tartuffe as a satire on religious hypocrisy to the present, when, in some of our modern plays, innocent clergymen and dignified deans are placed in ridiculous and questionable situations, there has been a deep-seated prejudice on the part of a certain class of actors against clergymen I say a certain class of actors, and I think I say so advisedly. Religiously speaking, actors may be divided into two classes: first, those who have in early years, like most of us, received religious training, who have been brought up to attend church, and who, consequently, have a respect for religion and religious observances; and, second, infidels, atheists, and free thinkers. This second class habitually speak of all religious teachers as "frauds," and seem to regard all believers in religion as sneaks and hypocrites. It is not worth while wasting any time or thought over this class. They do not differ from the same kind of folk found off the stage.

In the first class of actors will be found men who respect themselves, who pursue their profession as an art that they love, and who, no matter how lukewarm they may have grown in religious matters, have a respect for religion and a knowledge of and reverence for the primitive truths and teachings of Christianity. Many actors, too, are church members or church-goers I knew a negro minstrel who six nights in the week made hundreds roar with laughter, and on Sunday attended the Rev. Robert Collyer's church, and a most interested hearer he was I know a leading actor in one of our theaters who is an officer in and the main financial support of a church in a suburban town where he lives "I should indeed feel sorry," he once told me, "if I could not be at service with my family every Sunday."

The fact is that religion is no more dead among the better class of actors that it is dead among merchants, reporters, or plumbers. I say religion, using the word in its broadest sense. Actors, like the rest of us, including Dr. McGlynn and the Rev. Hugh Pentecost, may severely criticise the church and church methods, and at the same time believe in the necessity of a moral law to guide us in this life and a religious hope to look forward to in the next. Among actors you will find few ecclesiastically inclined, except among the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians; but you will find many who believe in the teachings of Jesus as set forth in the New Testament, freed from theological *débris*, past and present. Actors do not dislike clergymen, but they resent being told that it is wrong to go to the theater. I once asked a distinguished New York Baptist clergyman if he ever went to the theater. He replied that he did quite often, taking his family. "There is no harm in going to the theater," he said, "if you use the same discretion in selecting your plays that you do in selecting your books." How brave and sensible that sounds beside the wholesale anathema pronounced against the drama lately by certain Methodist clergymen in the Southwest! But the better class of actors and the more sensible clergymen are coming closer together, and will, I believe, eventually arrive at a good understanding. Even as I write these lines a great actor and actress, with their whole company and the management of the theater, are freely giving their services for the memorial benefit of a clergyman, once the senior editor of the paper in which these lines appear—the broad-minded, whole-souled Henry Ward Beecher.

A PASSENGER ON THE U. G. R. R.

By the Rev. A. C. Roe.

AMONG our numerous railroads there was one, now taken up and abandoned, that forty years ago occupied the attention of the entire country. The U. G R. R. began anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, ran in a general northerly direction, and had its termination somewhere in Canada. It was everywhere and nowhere. The stations, a few miles apart, were equally indefinite, and the means of transportation endlessly varied. The passengers went mostly by night, the first few hundred miles afoot; but as they proceeded, traveling became easier. The necessity of secrecy, however, and the fact that some one was soon on the track of the lonely passenger, was the peculiar feature of the road. Such was the Underground Railroad, as I first recollect it.

In time things became better systematized. The stations and most convenient lines of travel were well defined; and the conductors who transferred passengers from hand to hand became personally acquainted. Some routes looked to speed, and followed the lines of ordinary travel. Others consulted safety from pursuit, or hiding when close pressed; for the passengers were in fact fugitives escaping from what often was worse than death.

The employees were, of course, largely colored people; and a prominent station was in charge of the most fashionable barber of Newburg, N. Y. The night boats to Albany were a favorite link of the U G., as the waiters, etc, were busy in the service of the road; and it sometimes happened that the fugitive and his master were on board at the same time. Then, or if danger was feared ahead, the slave was slipped ashore at Newburg, and commended to Johnson's care.

My father's place, in the small and then beautiful village of Moodna, some three miles south of Newburg, was a well-known station where the hunted or the sick could lie in hiding. At the time of my story, in '39 the name of Abolitionist had lost its terrors, in our neighborhood at least My father had been known and loved there a score of years. They tolerated, if they did not accept, his notions The working people, with whom he lived on genial, friendly terms, liked his farmer, Durbin, and did not trouble their heads about his colored help or frequent changes.

It was about the middle of January. The weather, which for a fortnight had been severely cold, had turned to rain, when father came, toward dark, from Newburg, with a passenger by the U. G. The steamboat, fitted with strong false bow and sheathing of wood to fight the ice, used to run then from the city as far as Newburg in the winter. The man had come to Johnson's sick and seemingly going down with pneumonia. He could not stay with the barber; he could not go forward; and so father brought him home

Richard Eastep was a little above the medium height, with a powerful frame and a kind face, which, though black as night, showed more than usual intelligence. He was racked with an incessant and ominous cough, and father had him put into a warm bed and cared for as soon as possible. For a day or two the issue was uncertain, and then he rallied and got well.

There was no one on his track, for his pursuers had gone off on a false scent in New York. Spring was approaching, and father engaged him for his work. A mutual liking grew up between the fugitive and myself, then a boy just fairly in his teens. Eastep had the slow movement of the South, but was faithful, prompt to turn from one thing to another, made no useless strokes, and by night had done a good day's work. Father trusted him, and affection grew up between us all and the lonely, grief-smitten man.

I think he opened his heart most to me, after father, as I was then in poor health, and with him about the house and garden.

He had been a general house servant, and carpenter, owned by a merchant of Baltimore. For some years he had hired his own time at a certain monthly rate, and had been paying what he could beyond toward his freedom. His master, a fair man, had agreed with him on a reasonable price for so valuable a hand; and the sum was about two-thirds made up. His wife, and of course her children, belonged to another owner. She, too, was working for their freedom; and there was hope in time that they could call themselves their own. He was also, I should have said, a class leader and occasional exhorter in the African M E Church, and a true Christian, in their simple, trusting way.

Eastep's master had been crippled in the financial troubles of '37, and, broken by care and overwork, had died suddenly at the close of the following year. The estate, which was insolvent, passed into the hands of assignees; and Eastep was but a valuable part of the assets to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. His earnings were swallowed up, for no bargain made with a slave could stand in law; and he was in sore trouble

For a time he hoped he could find a master near home, so that he could be near his wife, and could begin the weary task again. But a few days before the sale he was informed by one of the executors, a warm friend of his master, who knew his intentions and all the circumstances, that the slaves were to be disposed of at public auction. The case was a hard one, not only for them but the family, for the sale was forced with little consideration or mercy; and much sympathy was felt. Eastep knew well he would probably be purchased for the far South, where such property was safer, and therefore most valuable. So the gentleman, I think with the understanding of the family, gave him a $5 bill and a note to a friend in New York, and bid him keep a close mouth and look out for himself. His name Eastep would never tell, lest his friend should get into trouble; but he always spoke of him and his master's family with the sincerest affection.

Richard took the first train that night on the U.G R R There was no adventure till he reached the long bridge at Havre-de-Grace. He must cross this or go far out of his way into Pennsylvania. It was a good place to watch for runaways, who were frequently intercepted there. There was a reward out for him; and he approached the bridge with great caution, about an hour past midnight. The gates were fastened, but it was a wild winter night, and he managed to climb over without waking any one. The falling snow had deadened his footsteps, but as soon as he entered the bridge the hollow sound roused a dog; and soon he saw a light, and heard a man shouting after him, and he started on a keen run the long stretch of the covered bridge.

The cold, bitter storm was his salvation The man dared not expose himself even to let the dog loose till he was completely dressed. As, panting and covered with perspiration, Eastep reached the other side, he heard the yelp of the hound, and soon after the tramp of a horse. After running two or three hundred yards, as his pursuers were nearing the end of the bridge, he came to a clump of swamp cedars at the side of the causeway, behind which the fierce wind had piled the snow into a deep drift. Avoiding the bare ground before the bushes, he cleared the railing of the road with a desperate leap, and plunged through the branches into the drift below. The wind and snow rapidly filled his tracks. The dog followed with difficulty; and by the time they reached the bushes both the pursuers were at fault. The dog examined the bare ground carefully, and sniffed at the railing on either side of the road Then they went back to the bridge, took up the trail again, and followed it, but with more uncertainty than before, to the bushes, where it ceased. The keeper got down next, opened and looked through the cedars; but the wind had effaced every trace of Eastep's leap that could be seen in the night and storm.

The man then mounted, and, calling off the dog, went on up the road. About half an hour after he returned, and as the dog sniffed again about the place, Richard heard the man call him off. "Cum here, yer good-fer-nuthin hound Thar's nuthin' thar. The nigger must 'a' kep' the road; an' I'd 'a' seen 'im half a mile over this snow. Thar's bin no nigger. You cussed dorg, yer 'a' gin me my deth o' cold, an' all fer nuthin'!"

As the horse's footsteps ceased to be heard upon the bridge, Eastep, chilled almost to death, climbed back into the road His fear and excitement had prevented the worst results; but he had taken a cold that when he reached New York threatened dangerous sickness His note directed him to a gentleman acquainted with the agents of the U G R R in that city and he hoped to lie hid till he could recover. But his master's creditors were largely in New York, and there was a keen watch for the fugitive. He could not remain in safety; so his

pursuers were sent off on a wild-goose chase, and Eastep was slipped away to Newburg to Johnson, and from him to father.

At first Eastep was very much depressed. After such an escape the wife and children of the fugitive were often hurried off South, and there forced into other relations, lest they, too, should follow. Richard looked for nothing else; he could not hear from them; practically they were dead. How he yearned for them! More than once I heard him in the hay-loft, when he thought he was alone, wrestling in agony of prayer that somehow he might see them again, or be given grace to bear God's will.

After a while he seemed to learn submission, and came out into the peace which heaven can give even under such burdens. Father understood the reasons for the change better than I. When we were alone he would sometimes ask Richard to lead in prayer at family worship. The utter submission that could *choose* God's will in what was so much worse than death was rewarded by a faith and nearness that almost saw Him face to face. Oh, the memory of those prayers! I loved Eastep, and knew all a boy could of his bitter sorrow. Never have I realized better the reality and helping power of heavenly grace; and the influence of those prayers is with me to-day.

There were traitors even among the colored folk of those days His hiding-place was discovered. The officers were at Newburg, and would be down in the morning So father hurried him off in the dark to Deacon Corwin's, at New Windsor. Together the two men (for they would trust no one else), narrowly escaping being run down in the darkness by a flotilla of barges, took Eastep in a skiff across the Hudson.

They left him at the U. G. station at Fishkill. By morning he was well out of the reach of pursuit. And so our passenger dropped out of my knowledge, leaving a memory which has helped me for nearly fifty years.

THE ORIGIN OF MYTHS.

By H. E. Warner.

ONE who has given even a little attention to the tales current among the peasantry of Europe must have been struck with the resemblance of stories in different nationalities, so great as to make him say that it is the same story, or that they were derived from a common source The readiest explanation of the fact is that these are kindred peoples having a common Aryan origin, and that the story originated before the separation of the tribes, who have simply carried it with them. This, it is to be noted, is not an explanation of the origin of the myth, but only of its distribution.

The second explanation that may be given is that the tales have originated in misconceptions of the meanings of words One generation has represented certain phenomena of nature in elaborate allegories, and has sung of the loves, marriages, relations, and death of the dawn, the dew, clouds, light, day, seasons, and has set forth the career of sun, moon, stars, and clear sky under highly poetic figures. Later generations have wholly failed to comprehend the purpose of these representations—and they are certainly quite excusable, seeing that the tales in themselves do not offer the slightest hint of such a meaning. But for the names in these stories they have used others having a somewhat similar sound but a totally different meaning. They have, therefore, understood them to refer to human beings, bears, wolves, frogs, snakes, and what not. The folk-tales are, therefore, the mutilated and distorted fragments of the higher myths. If there were any proof of this, it would account for the lower myth, but not the higher. This is the "disease of language" theory of Max Müller. The former theory is the one held by Sir George W. Cox.

But when one finds the same ideas running through the tales of the Indian tribes in North and South America, the Africans, Australians, New Zealanders, and Pacific Islanders generally, he sees that neither theory, if in fact true as to Aryan tribes, is any explanation of the whole phenomena of myths As there is here no kinship with Aryan tribes, they could not have brought these traditions with them in their emigration from a common center. And there being no affinities between the languages, nor of these latter among each other, the same false etymologies could not possibly prevail.

If we examine these stories closely, we shall find that there is something very characteristic in the stories of different nationalities, even where the incidents are much the same. No one would mistake a Dakota tale for a German. Possibly one might not always discriminate the German from the Norwegian, though even here there is as much difference as there is in the language of these closely related people.

In the second place, one will find the incidents rather limited, but the combinations are almost infinite, so that a story not only takes hold of many others among the same folk, but joins itself to those of all other peoples. It seems almost as if one might, by commencing with the proper thread, unravel the whole body of myth woven through all the ages.

Now, if we turn from the incidents to the underlying ideas, we shall find them surprisingly few. These ideas are not mere bits of imagination or poetic fancy, but dead-in-earnest beliefs, which have prevailed absolutely among all peoples at some period of their development, which still prevail everywhere among savages and linger as half-beliefs among the peasantry of civilized nations.

At the base of all is animism—a belief that all things that exist have a conscious and active life, not different from that of a man's, and capable of interchange between each other and with man. The beasts, and even inorganic substances, as well as trees and plants, are kin to man. He intermarries with animals, and claims them as his ancestors and his descendants. Why not? At any moment they may become human beings, as he may become an animal or plant.

But to effect the change from one form to another some agency must be employed; and this is magic—the second idea that prevails in folk-lore. It is certainly not easy to see how the savage comes to believe in the efficacy of a bit of swan's down, a pointed stick or stone, the scale of a fish, the skin of a snake, the foot of a frog or rabbit, to effect magical changes; but believe in it he does, most devoutly. Since all these different forms or manifestations of life exist, there is something which has brought it about, and this he seeks to find in some fetich or cabalistic word. Granting that the power to work these mighty transformations exists in some magic formula, and every man will begin to discover them for himself. The more grotesque, unusual, and abnormal, the more powerful they will be. No failure to work will shake his faith in their virtue. Somebody or thing in that case has a counter charm more powerful still.

That these ideas exist, or have existed, everywhere is quite certain. We shall not here attempt to illustrate, but shall assume it.

But before we can account for the origin of myths, we still must account for the origin of these primary ideas, and any others that may figure in them. Perhaps it is not possible to do this, but it is possible to see a way in which they may have come about. The universal existence of these ideas points to a universal and not a particular cause. Two suppositions only can be made: they are the revelation of God, or they originate in the natural and necessary workings of the human mind. As the ideas are essentially and wholly false, we may dismiss the first supposition We must, therefore, conclude that myths are a necessary outgrowth of the primitive mind, back of a certain amount of experience and knowledge of the laws of nature. To point out the very process, to observe the very genius, of myth is confessedly difficult We are under no greater obligation to do it than Müller and Cox are to point to some well-established instance that goes to prove their theories, which they have not done. Still, we may suggest that this animistic belief arises from the necessity of man's using himself as the measure of his thought. We must of necessity reason from the known to the unknown. In the universe the primitive man has the mental attitude of the young babe. He is conscious of his own existence and a something beyond. To this something beyond he attributes his own qualities and experience, and conceives of it under terms of himself.

But while he regards all life—and that means all things—as in some sense kin to and like himself, he sees among animals exhibitions of power, cunning, and skill that wholly surpass everything of which he is capable. Fishes flash through the water and birds cleave the sky. The hunted animal mysteriously escapes, or turns to rend its pursuer. The lion is able to take a three-year-old colt in his teeth and spring over a wall eight or nine feet high. Beside such an exhibition of strength the strongest savage is but a babe. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the whale—what is he to them? He therefore worships them, sacrifices to them, and strives to gain their favor. At the same time, there being no necessary line of separation between him and them, he strives to learn the secret of their power, so that he may do what they do, or transform himself into one of them.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

In the midst of enemies and dangers, where he has no natural means of defense, he turns with eager expectation to the mysterious and unseen. With the weak things of the world he would confound the mighty. We do not mean that it is the religious feeling as understood by civilized man. It is the reaction of the heart against blank despair.

This, briefly and inadequately, is the process through which we think the elementary ideas or beliefs which appear in nearly all popular tales have been evolved. All other human institutions and acquirements—art, philosophy, science, law—have been gradually developed from crude beginnings. We do not think that mythology forms an exception. There comes a time, however, when these beliefs are outgrown. The three P's—Philosophers, Poets, and Priests—find these stories, which themselves must be explained. Philosophers try to find in them some deep and hidden significance, since on their face they are manifestly absurd. The priest uses them to point a moral, and the poet to adorn a tale. Nevertheless, the savage myth-maker meant just what he said. The absurdity is from our point of view, not his. There was nothing strange in the marriage between a human being and a frog, because the frog might be a prince or princess, and the human being might at any time take the form of a frog. We must remember that we do not have to go very far back to the time when we are told that men banded themselves together and hunted in packs, believing themselves to be wolves—wehr-wolves—and being so regarded by others. And it is barely two centuries since in this country old women turned themselves into cats, or rode on broomsticks through the air! "Our ancestors were savages, but not idiots," says Max Müller, refusing to believe the stories are what they hold themselves out to be. Our Puritan ancestors were neither savages nor idiots, and yet they believed a good deal of the nonsense out of which these tales are constructed.

THE HUNGARIANS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

By Kate Upson Clark.

MR. ADONIJAH BROWN looked particularly well satisfied with himself as he was driving, one mild June day, down the stony country road which led from his hillside farm to the Podderton railroad station. The neighbors observed that, as he drove along, he flourished his whip in the air, chirruped to his horse, and in other ways unusual with him displayed his good spirits.

"I guess likely," remarked one of them to a passer-by, as he stood leaning on his door-yard fence—"I guess likely Adonije has got news them Hungarians o' his'n are coming to-day, 'n' he's goin' down to meet the New York train. I see he's got his long wagon. Wal, all I say is, I pity 'em."

"Likely, jedgin' by his looks, he's drove a good bargain," said the other.

"I'm afeard of it," rejoined the first speaker, shaking his head. "Them furriners, they say, is mighty simple sometimes; 'n' simple folks want to fight shy of Adonije Brown."

They gazed after the retreating horse and wagon, silently shook their heads again, and parted. It was plain that if the Hungarians, or, for that matter, anybody else, should consult beforehand the old residents of Podderton about taking up their abode with Mr. Brown, they would probably never do it.

Mr. Brown was reflecting, as he pursued his way, that the grass was about ready to cut, that to-day was a capital hay day, and that he hoped his new hired men would be able to "take hold" at once and efficiently. Mr. Brown had contracted for the services of these "hired men," one of whom was but a boy, through an agent in the neighboring city of Litchbury. This agent had promised to furnish to Mr. Brown, for a consideration, a family of Hungarians, which should contain, if possible, a man and a boy, and at least one woman to help about the housework. They must be warranted fresh importations; and then, though, on the one hand, they might not know the language, on the other, they would be uncontaminated with the extravagant notions of their countrymen who had dwelt longer in America. Such a family, the agent had written to Mr. Brown, was at last secured, and would be along to-day. Peter Piwonka, the man, would work for seventy-five dollars a year; his son Esk, fifteen years old, for his board and clothes; and Zette, the daughter, seventeen years old, for forty dollars. The mother had died in the old country just before they sailed.

"Cheap enough," Mr. Adonijah Brown had chuckled to himself when he read the letter.

"Why," the agent had said confidentially to Mr. Brown, during an interview which they had held while their negotiations were pending, "they think they're getting tip-top prices! And as for living—well, they can live on 'most anything. I suppose at home they eat nothing on earth but black bread and bean porridge, or something like that—with beer, of course, three times a day—"

"They won't get any beer at my house," Mr. Brown had interrupted him to say at this point. "I'm a prohibitionist."

"Well, they'll be likely to put up with what they can get, that's the idea," continued the agent. "But you can see they won't need to be fed up too high. I didn't know but you might be for giving 'em roast turkey and mince pie every day"—with a wink and a chuckle. "And as for sleeping, I suppose they sleep on the soft side of a board over there. We folks over here don't know anything about it. They're like beasts, I take it, but they're strong and willing, most of 'em meeker 'n Moses, and it don't take 'em long to learn our ways. You want to look out that they don't learn 'em too quick," he went on, by way of warning Mr. Brown that he could not expect this beatific state of things to con-

tinue indefinitely. "They're apt to get more or less rampageous by the time they have been in the country a few years."

Which meant being translated into the language of Christianity and civilization, that, though the hard-hearted might cheat these poor, ignorant foreigners out of their rightful wages, and might give them shameful food and clothing, *at first* they must be careful not to continue their abuse too long.

Mr Brown resolved that no light should be let in upon them to make his charges "rampageous," any sooner than necessary; and he speedily sealed what seemed to him likely to prove one of the most paying bargains he had ever made.

So everything had been settled, and here the Hungarians were.

How the Podderton people stared as Mr. Brown rode by with them! Peter had a tall fur cap on his head, as though it were January—a cap which had worn for years, and which had been his father's before him—a red woolen scarf, and a long, greenish-brown coat, of a cut unfamiliar to Podderton eyes Peter's hair was very long, and his black beard was full and bristling. His dark eyes glared suspiciously from under his shaggy hair and the tall cap Mr Brown looked at those eyes, and could not help thinking that the agent's ideas of "meekness" must be very different from his own

Esk was only a smaller and younger edition of his father, and the chief interest of the villagers centered about Zette. Her head was uncovered, save by its mass of fine, dark-brown hair, slightly sunburned, and wound in tiny braids about the whole back of her head. A silk kerchief was tied loosely about her neck, and she wore a red, laced bodice and a woolen petticoat Her large brown eyes looked out in a startled way from her strange, fascinating brown face. They all wore wooden shoes which they did not attempt to conceal as they sat on the floor of Mr. Brown's long wagon. Altogether, their aspect filled the souls of the Podderton people with a curious kind of awe.

"The Gooch boy," as everybody called the Widow Gooch's only son, a youth of eighteen, was deeply impressed by the appearance of the new-comers, as he surveyed them from his mother's front doorsteps. It mattered more to the Gooch boy than to most of the other Podderton people what sort of persons these Hungarians should turn out to be; for did not his mother's farm lie next to Mr. Adonijah Brown's? And was he not obliged just now, Mrs Gooch's cow having run dry, to go for milk every night to Mr. Brown's? And had not his mother's hired man, who liked nothing better than to tease the great overgrown boy, told him that Hungarians he had heard on good authority, had horns and hoofs?

Therefore, it was not strange that the Gooch boy scanned the Piwonkas with an interest in which there was a certain element of terror. That tall cap on Peter Piwonka's head might conceal horns—and who knew what "secret chambers" might be built into those clumsy wooden shoes? But there were surely no horns on pretty Zette's brown head, and the Gooch boy heaved a sigh of relief when he saw it, which he would not for his life have had the hired man hear. Then, in response to his mother's inquiry if he intended to pass the rest of his days on that doorstep and when, in that case, he s'posed the south medder would ever get mowed, he turned slowly away, took down his scythe, and went to work.

There was a woodhouse chamber on Mr. Brown's premises, and though it was usually given over to spiders and rats and cobs of corn and bunches of herbs, Mr. Brown had decided to allow the new-comers to sleep in it. To be sure, it was rather cobwebby, but Mrs. Brown, who begrudged any waste of time or of material quite as much as her husband, had partially brushed the cobwebs away; she had also spread some old comfortables on the floor, on which the Hungarians might repose. There was a place partitioned off at one end for the girl

To be sure, the air was rather close in the woodhouse chamber on summer nights, and the roof would leak during a hard shower; but then there was hot weather in Hungary, they had heard, so that the closeness would not be any great objection to natives of that country; and as for the rain, Hungarians were doubtless used to that also at home. Therefore it was with a cheerful condescension that Mr Brown ushered his new servants into their quarters, and directed Peter and Esk to transport thither the wooden chest in which their valuables were stored.

The gloom upon Peter Piwonka's stern face deepened when he saw the accommodations which had been fitted up for him and for his family. Was this America, where everybody was said to have comfort and plenty? Were these the kind people of whom he had heard so much—that thin, cunning-faced man, and this hard-featured woman? Did they represent fairly the noble nation he had been told of at home? And did everybody over here sleep on torn quilts upon the floor, like these?

He supposed that it must be so, and he and Esk lay down that night in the dreary woodhouse chamber, and, rolling their clothes under their heads for pillows, slept soundly. But poor Zette was not so resigned She wept bitterly as she surveyed the scant quarters allotted her, and she was so homesick that she cried until far into the night. She was glad now that the mother had died before they left Hungary. And the father! how angry he had looked when he saw what a poor place they had come to! It was not what he had expected, she knew What, what was going to become of them all! The great, crowded steamer had been bad, but this was worse, thought poor Zette; and as she went to sleep she seemed to see no gleam of hope anywhere.

The next morning the Hungarians were instructed by signs that they might wash themselves at the pump in the yard; and then they ate breakfast, and Peter and Esk went out into the fields with Mr. Brown, while Zette worked in the kitchen beside the mistress. The Browns had never before had servants who could not understand a word that was said to them, and both employer and employed found their patience sorely tried by the time that night came.

Then was the first time that the Gooch boy had beheld Zette close at hand. The night before she had retired to her room in advance of his appearance.

"There comes the Gooch boy for his milk," said Mrs. Brown, forgetting, as usual, that Zette could not comprehend a word she was saying. "Here it is in this quart cup. Pour it into his pail, will you?"

Zette took the pail from the boy, looking distressfully from him to her mistress, and then back again to him She began, at first, to dip the pail into the cistern of running water which stood near.

"Not there!" cried Mrs Brown, sharply. Her nerves were all on edge with the strain to which she had been subjected all day, trying, as she expressed it, "to get something into that numskull's head" Her hands just now were in the bread, too, so that she could not give one of the object lessons with which all day she had illustrated her instructions

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, as poor Zette, in dodging from the cistern, made for a large pail of buttermilk which stood on the table, "not that! Here it is, you fool, you!"—and, lifting her strong, floury hand, she dealt the girl a hard box on the ear.

The Gooch boy, who had stood till this time a dumb but interested spectator, now uttered a deprecatory interjection, and darted to seize the quart cup and to transfer its contents himself to his pail. This done, he looked reproachfully around at Mrs. Brown, who considerably flurried, was washing her hands at the sink.

"You hadn't orter *hit* her, Mis' Brown—I swan you hadn't," he said, with what, for the Gooch boy, was a violent accession of feeling.

The girl, who had stood as if stunned, with her hand to her pretty head, could not understand his words, but his tone made his meaning plain to her. She turned upon him a look of beaming gratitude from her dark eyes, in which two bright tears sparkled.

"You sassy boy!" shrieked Mrs. Brown, indignantly "I'll tell your ma what sass you give me jest now! I guess I know my own business. I guess I know what I've put up with all this blessed day from that stoopid here! I'm jest wore out with it You've got your milk, hain't you? What yer waitin' for?"—and the Gooch boy, his soul full of the charming softness of Zette's grateful eyes, turned submissively, and lumbered away toward home.

The next morning Peter Piwonka, his dark face darker than ever, and his dangerous eyes glittering, stopped in the kitchen, after his breakfast of pork and potatoes was over, and approached Mrs Brown. He boxed his own ear sharply, pointed to Zette, and shook his head warningly. As Mrs Brown did not look as if she understood, he repeated his pantomime with added emphasis.

She flushed scarlet and motioned him away to the field; but she never struck the Hungarian girl again.

A month passed. The girl and the boy had begun to learn something of the language. Their words were few, but they could understand tolerably well the ordinary commands which were given them. Peter, however, seemed to find it impossible to learn the new tongue. Even Farmer Brown, whose cheap experiment had given him so much delight at first, began to get somewhat discouraged. "But never mind!" he chuckled to himself; "as long as I have his strong arms to get my work along with, I don't care if he can't talk. I ain't a cent out, luckily, for I won't have to pay him anything till his fare, and all that, is paid for—and I guess I sha'n't forget to charge everything up!"

So the Hungarians had no money to spend; and, deprived of their usual beer, and the other common articles of their diet at home, they felt as though they were—with the added burdens of excessively hard work, barely civil treatment, and much creature discomfort of all sorts—most miserable.

The neighbors pitied them, as they saw them trudging by sometimes, but what could be done to help them? People in a country community never "interfere," except as a last resort.

But the Gooch boy had had his pulses stirred by the affront which he had seen put upon the pretty Hungarian girl, and the next night, when he came for the milk, he managed to slip into her hand a box made of birch-bark and full of butternut-meats. A night or two later he gave her a bunch of young wintergreens. His coming became the one bright spot in the girl's homesick, drudging existence If Mrs. Brown would only have spoken kindly to the child, or if Mr Brown had had the hearty, sympathetic manner of some of his neighbors, it would have been far easier for the poor Hungarians; for, to simple souls like theirs, kindness covers a multitude of sins Their hard beds, their cobwebbed lodgings, their unaccustomed food, might have been borne cheerfully under the spell of smiles and gentle ways But the Browns were naturally hard and cross; they had never had any children, and their lives had been one long struggle to get and to save. Their hearts were "dry as summer dust."

One hot night, in the midst of haying, when the Hungarians had worked, with sweat dripping, from four o'clock in the morning until late at night, Peter Piwonka determined to rebel. As he and his children sat underneath a shady tree in the twilight, resting a little before they should go up to their close rooms for the night, he said to them fiercely: "I cannot endure this one day more I thank the good Virgin that the mother died before she became a slave like us I am going away."

"Where?' they cried, in dismay. "And will you leave us here alone, father?"

"I do not know where I am going, in this strange country," he answered, sadly; "but, wherever I go, I will surely come back again and get you This man and this woman do not use us right. The men in the other fields do not work like Esk and me. I have watched them to see. There is something wrong, and I am going to make it right It cannot be wrong to break our promise to stay, when things are so. If you can get me some food, my Zette get it and wrap it up for me, for I have no money, and I may have a long, long tramp before I find help I will rest awhile, and then, when the old tyrant, and the ogress his wife, are asleep, I will go. But I will come back Do not let them know what I have said, and be brave till then."

Zette, after much maneuvering, contrived to secrete some broken pieces of food for him, and at midnight Peter Piwonka rose up and crept quietly away.

With his shoes in his hand—the wooden shoes at which the men and boys of Podderton had jeered so many times—and with the stern, fierce look on his face which Mr Adonijah Brown hated and secretly feared, Peter walked rapidly down the hill to the railroad track, and then he put on his shoes and clattered along on the wooden ties.

"I will ask every man I meet," thought the poor Hungarian, who knew no English except a few of the commonest words, "if he knows my language. If I can but find one of my countrymen I know he will help me"

There was a bitter but hopeful smile upon his face as he plodded on. Peter Piwonka might have been brought up under one of the "effete despotisms" of the old world—an "abject serf" under the "iron hand of the oppressor." Mr. Adonijah Brown would probably have informed him that such was the case. But the fact remained that Peter had never received such disgraceful treatment from anybody as he had had at the hands of a proud patriot like Mr. Adonijah Brown. Even Peter's mind, poor and unenlightened as it was, could reason, from what he saw about him, that justice was not being done him; and then his beloved children, they were far from getting what he felt to be their share of the liberty and light which he had hoped they would all have in America.

But now he had started out to secure his rights and theirs, and he felt a blind, desperate determination to get them, or to perish in the attempt He did not believe that Farmer Brown would dare to hurt Esk or Zette till he should come back. His mind was filled with sanguine anticipations, and each mile that he walked seemed to make his heart lighter.

The track wound along beside a beautiful, swift-rushing river. The moon was just setting as he left the last straggling houses of Podderton behind him. Everything looked very beautiful

Peter remembered that when he had come he had passed a large village some miles below. If he could reach that, surely among all the white houses he had seen there he should find some one who could understand him and would help him. But he came upon the village sooner than he had expected. All was still there, and, as it had occurred to him that perhaps he might be returned to Mr. Brown if he should make himself known so near Podderton, he continued his journey.

The air was very sweet as he passed through the clumps of bushes, wet with dew, which lined the track here for

many miles Yes, it was a good country. Ah, how happy they might yet be in it if only he could find somebody who could help him to get his children away from this cold, cruel farmer, and find them all better work to do!

As he was trudging along he saw a paper bag lying among the grass beside the track. It was a partially filled lunch-bag which some one had flung away. It would supply his breakfast, and he could save the poor bits which Zette had given him until later. The saints were surely propitious, thought the poor Hungarian, and he laughed aloud at the good omen.

Just as the sun was rising he came to another village, but it looked small and scattered; so, after stretching himself for a brief rest on a truck which stood beside the station, he ate a little of his luncheon and plodded on.

Everybody was astir by the time he reached the next town—such a large, handsome town, with great elms drooping in arches over the streets, and with grand houses set back in smooth, green lawns!

Peter Piwonka's heart beat so that he could scarcely stand. Surely, here he should find some one of his own race.

A bronze-faced man was coming down the first street which Peter tried, and he accosted him. But the man shook his head when he heard the barbarous syllables which the poor Hungarian uttered, and hurried along. Another and yet another he approached with pleading tones, but they, one and all, shook their heads, even when Peter asked how much was a glass of beer, and how could he manage to buy one!

"There can be no Hungarians here," said the poor fellow, after faithfully experimenting upon every one he met for more than an hour. "I will go back to the railroad and walk to another village."

Without difficulty he found his way to the place where he had left the track. He looked back along the way he had come, and shook his fist.

"At least I am getting further and further away from you Farmer Brown!" he cried, savagely.

The thought gave him fresh courage, and he pressed briskly forward.

It was nearing noon before he had reached another large town The smaller places he saw plainly that he might as well pass by. Perhaps there were no Hungarians beside his own family in this part of America.

"Well," he murmured fiercely, "it will not take me very long to walk back to New York, and there I can find many of my countrymen."

The track lay hot and glittering now beneath the July sun. Trains thundered past him, and covered him with flying cinders. But the Hungarian never faltered He even felt a strange exuberance at heart, though he was burning with the heat, and so weary with his long march that he could scarcely drag his heavy feet along. But he must not sleep yet.

On he goes Ah! there are spires, and long rows of straight and shady streets He climbs on a little hill so that he may overlook the town. Yes, it is almost, if not quite, a city—the largest and finest that he had seen. It must be that help lies there for him, and the good breakfast which had been so mysteriously sent him recurs to his mind encouragingly. A great peace fills his heart. He feels willing now to snatch a little rest so as to be fresh and brave when he speaks to the people in those pleasant streets.

He eats a little more of his carefully hoarded store, drinks from a bright brook near by, and then he lies down contentedly against a green knoll and among the waving lights and shadows of great trees overhead. In a moment more he is fast asleep.

The sun is sliding down the western sky when he awakens, but the brave feeling with which he laid his head down on the knoll is ten times as strong now. Like a very lion, he runs down the little hill, and along the track toward the town.

Some of the men are already going home from their work. Frantically Peter rushes up to the first one he meets. His features are not American—that Peter can see—but, alas! what Peter says is all gibberish to him.

"Ah, *you* surely can understand me!" he cries passionately, to another. But he, too, looks blankly at Peter, and passes on with a manner savoring somewhat of offense.

Another and another are approached with no better success. He asks twenty, but nobody comprehends what he says. Some laugh at his earnestness; some are indifferent; some grow angry. The little children, half awed by his wild, stern look, but amused by his odd clothes and the jaw-breaking words which he rattles off to every passer by, stand at a little distance and laugh and make faces at him. The poor Hungarian begins to lose all the buoyancy he had felt when he rose from his nap. Must he, indeed, go quite to the great city before he can find relief for himself and his loved ones?

"For God's sake," he cries, in his thick, strange gutturals, "understand me! I am Peter Piwonka, of Eperies—an Hungarian of Eperies—"

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!" mimicked the mischievous children at a discreet remove.

The man to whom Peter was speaking shook his head in a bewildered way, but a woman sitting at an upper window just above him cried, in the same tongue, and, thrusting her head far out the window, "Ah! neighbor from Eperies, I am a lace-maker from Pesth! I will be down there at once!"

At the first sound of his beloved mother-tongue spoken by other lips in this strange city, the tears gathered in Peter's eyes, and he sank weakly upon the doorstone. The revulsion from despair to joy was too great. He felt faint, and as though he should die

At this unexpected development, the children gathered from far and from near. They were not afraid of his fierce eyes now. He looked too white and sick to strike them, and the sudden change which had come over him filled them with a sense of mystery which kept them still Then the good Frau Hofenbrod, who had spoken from the window, came up beside him and grasped her countryman's hard, hairy hands in her own soft, plump ones. How he covered them with kisses! How his hot tears fell upon them!

"Oh!" he cried, "it has been so long since I have heard any but my children speak the dear Hungarian words!"

"Come right up to my rooms!" said practical Frau Hofenbrod, good-naturedly. "My husband is a brakeman on the railroad, and he will be at home presently. Then we will all talk together, and we will have a good time. We will go back to old days in the home country."

She helped his stumbling feet up the stairs to her neat little parlor, and soon her husband came. Then they listened, with many an exclamation of surprise and indignation, to Peter's simple story. He went to bed that night with a happy heart. His confidence had not been misplaced. His countrymen would indeed assist him.

In the meantime there had been great excitement upon the Brown farm The Hungarian children could truthfully say that they did not know whither their father had gone, and their dejected looks and frequent whispered consultations together, their shakings of the head and their tears, all lent probability to their story. Privately, Farmer Brown was not very sorry to have Peter go, excepting that he did not like to be one hand short during his haying The season was a trifle late anyway, and all these delays bothered him. Well, he would get double work out of the boy; so, all day long, he dogged poor Esk like an evil spirit, with a perpetual "Hurry up there!" and "You're too slow, blockhead!" till the poor child was almost ill with fright and weariness.

That night, when the Gooch boy came after the milk, he drew Zette off to one side and said: "What's this about your father's going away, Zette?"

"My father gone—I not know," she replied, with gathering tears.

"Oh, come, now," said the Gooch boy, persuasively. "You know something about it, you know you do. I won't never tell if you'll tell me about it. Has he gone for good?"

The girl surveyed him with dark, troubled eyes. She glanced back at the house uneasily.

"I won't never tell, so help me!" persisted the Gooch boy, with painful sincerity written on every lineament His rough voice trembled. He managed to get Zette's little brown hand in his, and to squeeze it violently.

Her heart was touched.

"He come back—he say," she confessed, brokenly. "He get Esk and me."

"I thought likely!" cried the boy, in genuine distress. "Oh, don't go off Zette! Don't! Stay here, now, do!" He set down his pail of milk and awkwardly pulled her toward him, but she flushed brilliantly, as he could see even in the dim light, slipped away from him, and ran off through the shadows toward the house.

The next night he managed to steal another little interview with her, and even to snatch a kiss at parting—a hasty but ineffably sweet kiss to the homely, shock-headed Gooch boy. But he could get no information from her except the reiterated statement, "My father come back sometime, get Esk and me;" and she would simply shake her head when she heard his prayers that she would promise not to go. Kind as he was to her, Zette could not be blamed for not finding in the Gooch boy a beauty to match that which he saw in her—and she evidently did not.

It was in the middle of the third night after her father's disappearance that Zette woke from her sleep with his voice in her ear—his voice speaking in such joyful accents as she had not heard from him since her mother died.

"Wake up, my girl!" it said, gayly. "Get your things together, and Esk and I will carry them down to the train. The brakemen on the freight cars will help us, and take us to some kind friends. There is a place for me to work, and we will get work for Esk and you We are going where we will have beds and tables and chairs and the food and drink we had in the fatherland. Come fast and still."

Then he woke up Esk, and in the dusky moonlight they crept down the stony road and over the fields, and they were soon many miles away.

Farmer Brown was really a good deal chagrined when he found, the next day, that all his cheap laborers had escaped him; but he never followed them nor attempted to get them back. He said there was "something sorter spook like about these foreigners," and he "didn't know but them Hungarians might be for murderin' him 'n' Mis' Brown in their beds some dark night." He begrudged them even the scanty sum which he had expended upon them, and which they had more than repaid by their labor; but he managed to get other help, and as time passed on their very names passed out of his mind. He would have entirely forgotten them had he not chanced now and then to see the advertisement of the Litchbury agent. Then he sometimes remarked that he "didn't think much o' that way o' gittin' help"

But the Hungarians—or one of them—had made a far deeper impression upon the Gooch boy. All of the day when the news flew about Podderton that Esk and Zette had gone, he kept pondering the matter over in his dull way till he had worked out a plan. They had come from Castle Garden, he knew. Doubtless, therefore, as they had no friends in America, they had gone back to Castle Garden—of which place he had the very vaguest conception.

That night, when he had been over to Mr. Brown's and had learned that he intended to take no measures to get the fugitives back, the Gooch boy came into his mother's kitchen with his pail of milk, and set it down upon the table with a look of reckless determination upon his freckled face He had an aunt and cousins in New York, and it was of them that he was thinking.

"Didn't Aunt Henrietty say that she'd like to have Dick and Spooner come up here, if there was any way to send 'em?" he inquired of his mother.

"Yes, she did," she replied, expectantly, "and I'd like to have 'em come first-rate. Why? Have you heard of anybody that's comin' up from New York?"

"No," he answered, summoning all his resolution, "but I'm goin' down to fetch 'em up myself"

"*You*—goin' to New York! *You*—goin' on *purpose* to fetch up Dick and Spooner Gooch!" cried his mother, in a frenzy of bewilderment.

"I'd like to know why not, now?" The boy waxed cool as his mother grew heated. "I hain't never been to see Aunt Henrietty, and I feel jest like goin'. The haylin's done, an' the hoein' won't hurt to wait a day or two. I'll take the money I've been savin' in my box. There's consid'able more'n I shall need. I'll send a telegraph to Aunt Henrietty that I'll go down tomorrow. Where's that envelope with her number on it?"

The Gooch boy departed down the road toward the railroad station, leaving his mother too nearly paralyzed with amazement to utter a word of protest.

The frequenters of the Battery observed a raw, freckled, shock-headed country youth hanging about the entrance to Castle Garden during the next two days, and staring with pathetic eagerness into the faces of the scores of dark-browed women, with "silken snoods and braided hair," who daily go in and out thereat. The clerks to whom he had applied for information had snubbed him unmercifully, and as he kept up his lonely vigil at the door, he grew discouraged and sick at heart. He had felt certain that Esk and Zette would appear to him there, but as the dreary hours wore away, with their strange noises and unwonted confusion, and nothing to encourage him, his enthusiasm ebbed, and he gave up the search.

Very sore-hearted and unhappy he felt as he returned to the third class boarding house which his Aunt Henrietta kept, and replied to her inquiries that his "business was all finished up, thank you."

She had a violent desire to know what that business had been, but he managed to elude her questions, and she was obliged to let him go home with her curiosity ungratified. The poor fellow looked as though he had had a long, hard fit of illness when, one breathless summer morning, he boarded the train for Podderton, with "Dick and Spooner" in tow.

It was four or five years after this visit to New York that the Gooch boy, still bearing that adhesive title, married the daughter of one of the Podderton farmers, and, in course of time, a little daughter was born to them.

No one suspected that under the unpromising exterior of the Gooch boy there lay hid a well of romance, as fresh and clear as ever poet knew; but no one who reads this little story will doubt its existence. When the father, still as freckled and shock-headed as when he had stolen that throbbing kiss from the little Hungarian girl in the twilight years before, was asked, "What shall we name the baby?" he answered, with an unaccountable quiver in his rough voice, that he "guessed they'd better call her 'Zette.' He'd heard that name once, years ago, and he thought it was kinder pretty."

So they named the child Zette.

The Home

VARIED REQUIREMENTS.

By Annie B. E. Jackson.

THE utter lack of a definite standard of excellence in housework is one element which makes the servant question perplexing to mistress and maid alike.

When a man, having been employed as a burnisher in a shoe factory, seeks a position in another shop, he knows well that the work required in the one place is the same in character as that required in the other; and the rule holds good in the manufacture of all articles. But can a servant going into a new place have any degree of assurance that, having pleased Mrs. A., she will be able to satisfy Mrs. B.; and does not Mrs B., in spite of a good recommendation of the servant in question from Mrs A., feel a little misgiving as to the result of the engagement in which she is about to enter?

The two ladies were brought up under surroundings entirely dissimilar, the luxuries of one home being necessities in the other, even in the matter of service, which money and leisure, with native refinement, can make far more perfect than one having a meager endowment of all of these requirements would deem possible.

So the servant who in one family is called good, in another falls far short of that encomium.

But it is not only among those in whom contrasts in the style of living are noticeable that the difference is found.

A servant in the household comes more nearly in contact with the family than an employee in store or factory does with his employer, and the disposition is put to a sterner and more constant test; so, if the mistress of the house be irritable and fault finding, a person with a happy, sunny nature, willing, though far from being skillful, may prove to her invaluable, while by her neighbor she may be pronounced of very little worth.

We have all, no doubt, seen instances similar if not exactly parallel to this.

I recall an experience a friend of mine had in taking a cook of an acquaintance who was going away for the summer. The cook had lived with the family a long time, and was considered excellent in her department. A little later I dined with my friend, who, turning to the waitress, asked where a certain vegetable was "Bridget forgot it, mum," was the reply; and I was told afterward that that was an every-day occurrence.

Bridget's cooking was not wholly satisfactory, and her want of memory was an annoyance hard to tolerate. Is it to be wondered at that Bridget's giving such satisfaction in the one household caused surprise in the other? In the first, doubtless, she used her own judgment as to the number and kind of dishes served at a meal, and her judgment may have been far superior to her memory. Certainly we all know persons to whom it is far easier to plan and execute than it is to carry out the wishes of others.

As to the difference of opinion regarding cooking, that is never surprising when we so often hear the comments of several persons on some one article of food, no two agreeing in their opinion as to its merit or demerit.

The directions for doing simple household duties which we read from time to time are often quite unlike, though given with a degree of assurance which might lead one to think there could be no appeal from the writer's view. Let me illustrate.

Not long since, I read one woman's way of washing dishes, which she strongly advised. It was surprisingly similar to the plan I had often tried, but in vain, to persuade my ignorant maid-servant was a very poor way, being responsible for many a broken cup handle and cracked pitcher mouth.

The dishes were *all* to be washed, even to pots and kettles, before anything was wiped. I asked one busy woman who had washed dishes many a time her views on the subject.

I found her method quite unlike either the one in question or the one which from childhood I had had instilled into me was the only one ever employed by any one alive to the claims of clear, shining dishes; yet I can testify that the method my acquaintance employed yielded results most satisfactory.

Once I witnessed with some friends an exhibition of a kitchen-garden entertainment, in which lessons on housework are given.

When we saw the instruction as to how to make a bed, my neighbor at once expressed her dissent from it, and thought she shouldn't care to have her beds made in such a way.

Do not these little differences as to how work should be done make the matter of household service more trying than it would be were mistresses in agreement both as to methods and results? Even though servants are taught and learn to excel according to one standard, they may, judged by another, find themselves quite lacking in worth. Is it well, then, to lay too much stress on just how work should be done?

Is there not in household matters, as in the religious realm, much "mint, anise, and cummin," which we would do well to ignore?

If a servant knows how to sweep and dust so that a room is neat and clean, why be distressed if she fails to follow the directions you have learned by heart?

I have no sympathy with those who claim that a lady need not know how work is done, nor would I advocate such ignorance. It often makes exacting mistresses, having no idea how long a given piece of work requires, or else it renders them wholly indifferent and quite too indulgent.

Let us seek to equip ourselves for the duty of directing others intelligently, even though not called upon to do the actual work ourselves which from time to time housekeepers may find necessary.

But in this, as in all things, can we not find truth in the assurance that "the letter killeth"?

So, as we broaden our views, we will discover that wisdom dieth not with us, nor with those who work in all details according to our method.

TIMELY HINTS.

PROFESSOR THOMAS HUNTER, of the New York Normal College, wrote an article for the "Epoch" last March entitled "Novel-Reading by Girls." As Professor Hunter says, "A parent would be justly alarmed to find his boy or girl associating with others of depraved morals," and yet this same parent will be almost utterly indifferent to the books read by his children. He says that not only should children be protected from bad books, but they should be encouraged and stimulated to read good ones; which is a self-evident fact to those who give any thought to the subject. Professor Hunter goes on to say:

"The first evidence of a superior mind in a child is the possession of a retentive memory. The mind, like the body, needs nutrition suited to the child's age and capacity. After the reading of fairy tales, which nourish the imagination, the best books for boys and girls are biographies of heroes, travelers, patriots, and philanthropists; but these biographies must be written in a clear and simple style. If boys read the lives of Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, there would be little difficulty afterwards in teaching them the history of the United States. If girls will read the lives of Joan of Arc, Lady Jane Grey, and Florence Nightingale, their minds will be lifted up to a higher plane of duty and their hearts stirred to a better appreciation of whatever is good and noble. When the youthful mind has been filled to overflowing with the deeds of an Alfred or a Tell, even if some of these deeds are mythical, the reader should be encouraged to talk it all out, for this not only improves his vocabulary, but fastens the subject in his memory and becomes the very best review. This kind of reading should never be compulsory. Locke says that if a boy were compelled to scourge his top at stated times and under fixed rules, he would soon cease to consider the play a pleasure, and abandon it in disgust. The child of active imagination needs no urging to read; it is the dull child—dull, perhaps, by heredity—that needs encouragement and careful training, that needs to have his mind awakened and interested.

"In the October number of the 'Nineteenth Century' there appeared an able and elaborate article entitled 'What Girls Read,' the end of which, like a lady's postscript, contained the most important matter. It was a list of the favorite authors of 1,283 English girls, of ages ranging from eleven to nineteen. As home reading, or reading outside of school-books, is an important factor in education, and as the present writer had often asked himself, What sort of books do the girls of the Normal College read at home? he resolved to obtain facts nearly similar to those obtained by Mr. Welch, and published in the English review above mentioned. Mr. Welch asked, 'Who is your favorite author, and who is your favorite writer of fiction?' The American girls were asked, 'Who is your favorite author, and what book did you read during the summer vacation?' Of course the results in both cases can be only an approximation to the truth; but, nevertheless, even imperfect as they are, they reveal certain facts which parents and teachers should carefully consider. The following eleven authors were the common choice of both the English and American girls; and the number who chose each author is given:

Common Choice.	English Girls.	American Girls.
Walter Scott	226	332
Dickens	330	332
Shakespeare	73	75
George Eliot	41	175
Lord Lytton	41	94
Longfellow	31	68
Grace Aguilar	21	18
Thackeray	18	28
Miss Alcott	12	30
Tennyson	9	26
Yonge	91	6
Total	893	1,164

"It will be observed that Dickens is the prime favorite with the English girls, and Walter Scott with the American; that Shakespeare is almost equally popular with both, and that George Eliot, Tennyson, and Thackeray are more highly appreciated in America than they are in their own country. After the common choice of the above-named authors, it is curious to note the wide divergence of taste.

Choice of English Girls.		Choice of American Girls.	
Wetherel	54	Washington Irving	20
Mrs. Henry Wood	51	Goldsmith	17
"A. L. O. E."	30	Miss Porter	16
Andersen	29	Cooper	8
Hesba Stretton	26	Mulock (Mrs. Craik)	5
Canon Farrar	22	Howells	5
Grimm	19	"Mark Twain"	5
Mrs. Walton	17	Ebers	5
Whyte Melville	16		81
Jules Verne	16		
Mrs. Craik	14		
Macaulay	1		
Bunyan	11		
Miss Braddon	11		
Harriet B. Stowe	11		
Mrs. Worboise	10		
Ainsworth	10		
Total	360		
	893		1,164
	1,253		1,245

"It is worthy of notice that the American girls have concentrated their choice, with few exceptions, on the better class of authors. It is singular to observe that seventeen Americans and not one English girl chose Oliver Goldsmith as a favorite, and that the authors of 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Gulliver's Travels' were entirely overlooked. Eleven English girls chose a strange trio—Bunyan, Harriet B. Stowe, and Miss Braddon. More than half the whole number manifested a preference for the two great masters of English fiction, Scott and Dickens, while only forty-six chose Thackeray, supposed by many to be the equal of either. Doubtless this may be in part accounted for by the fact that the young have little taste for the sarcasm, irony, and cynicism of the author of 'Vanity Fair.'

"On one point there is no uncertainty, and that is that girls have an excellent appetite for novel-reading. And the question naturally arises, Should this appetite be gratified? I am of opinion that it should, in moderation and under wise regulation. The intellectual faculties of the young are developed in a certain order: first, perception and memory; secondly, reason and judgment; and thirdly, fancy and imagination. Certain studies are employed to educate these faculties. Every task imposed by a parent or a teacher requires for its due performance an exercise of the will, so that the development of the will keeps pace with the growth of the intellect. The third part of the mind, called feeling, which is divided into sensations and emotions, receives but little training from any quarter, and even that little is mainly accidental. But, worse still, the emotional nature of the child is often injured by acts of severity and injustice, and emotions of fear, hatred, and revenge are sometimes aroused into activity by unwise and cruel treatment; or it may happen that the better emotions are repressed or reduced to a minimum for want of exercise. All these emotions are fed by the novel. Bad boys hardened by ill usage like to read stories of pirates and robbers who war against society, and neglected girls love to read tales of another kind equally vicious. Boys and girls reared under happier auspices prefer the heroes of Scott and Dickens, because they arouse their better emotions, and furnish food for the emotional part of their minds.

"The girls in one of the junior classes of the Normal College were requested a few weeks ago to name the female character in any novel or drama they had read which had left the strongest impression on their minds. Two of the responses ought to be carefully considered by all who are opposed to what is sometimes termed 'light and frivolous reading.' One girl, apparently about eighteen, said: 'I prefer the character of Romola to any other that I have read.' When asked to give her reasons, she replied: 'Because she was so good, so noble, and so self-sacrificing.' The other girl, perhaps a year younger, said 'she liked the character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," because she was so pure so liberal, and so self-sacrificing.' Both used the word self-sacrificing; and as self-sacrifice is the peculiar heroism of noble women, it is easy to perceive that these girls had in their own hearts a good deal of that very feeling which they so much admired in others. Their ideals were lofty. And if these are the models they select for imitation, who can estimate the help they will receive in after life from the grand creations of George Eliot and Walter Scott?

"The best novels, if used judiciously, can be of great service in the work of instruction. But there must be a rigid censorship by some competent authority. Many popular works of fiction should be avoided as poison, particularly such as have for heroes dark, subtle, dangerous demons, with faces and forms of unnatural beauty. These are the kind of heroes to which the fourth-rate women novelists are partial. Carefully selected novels and plays become excellent food for the imagination and the emotions, and tend to create a taste for the study of history and literature. The old method of teaching these two great subjects seems radically wrong. The usual text-books on the history of the ancient empires and Greece and Rome are full of hard names and barren facts, useless dates and foolish wars, in which the student has no earthly interest. 'Plutarch's Lives' is worth a score of text-books on ancient history. Instead of beginning the study of English literature with the early Saxon writers, whose language is almost an unknown tongue, would it not be a great deal better to begin with 'Silas Marner,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the 'Talisman,' and Macaulay's Essays in prose; and with the 'Lady of the Lake,' the 'Deserted Village,' and one or two of Shakespeare's best plays, in poetry? These the students could understand, and from these they could gradually move backward to Chaucer and Cædmon."

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

By Rebecca Perley Reed.

IT is humiliating that so much of the dishonor we show our heavenly Father grows out of our failure to perceive the beauty and wonderful unity in his working, which "he who runs may read." We bow before the might and mystery of his ways, and rightly; yet we daily turn within the lock of home a key which is the model and miniature of that with which God would open to our eyes one of the vast doors of his heavenly kingdom. He has instituted the home, and consecrated it to its uses as a model of that which shall be, of that which has already begun to "come" in the world.

We marvel as we read that we are "workers together with God," and fail to realize how far short we fall in learning our "object lessons" in his divine kindergarten, the home, where our first task embodies, or should embody, the idea of co-operation.

From first to last, from home to heaven, through things natural and things spiritual, this one great, grand, simple law of God's mind and will is projected. In the working order of the household, as of the kingdom of heaven, an individual agency is relegated to every son and daughter of his creation—some special work of heart or hand or brain, which is best adapted to its individual accomplishment.

If our homes are to prove a "success," each child, as well as father and mother, must be taught to hold himself or herself responsible for the smooth running of the domestic machinery. In this very education are our sons and daughters making ready for the position we would have them occupy, of broad-viewed, unselfish, patriotic, civil citizenship, and for the grander duties of discipleship in the heavenly life.

This is a great and momentous matter—the conduct of our homes! How often do we who are parents drop our tired hands and cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Who, without God, dare stand at the helm and train the young sailors, who must in the "school ship" of home make ready for the voyage of life? Think you it is not easier to one's self spring to the oars, when the vessel lags, than stand patiently and guide the unaccustomed hands of the child to the work, when so much precious available time must be used in the process? Yet how shall the young navigator ever know of the straits and shallows and quicksands of his course unless he himself learn where they lie? and where so safely can he give them a "wide berth" as under the eye of father or mother?

How wonderfully has God adapted the small, ever-recurring duties of every day to the capacity of even very little children, making them the means of gradual and grand discipline to mind and heart and hands that shall build up character and nerve the soul to larger duty awaiting it! The sooner a child can feel his responsibility toward the harmonious working of the home machinery, the sooner and the more naturally will he recognize his further duties toward his heavenly father and his fellow-men in the bringing of God's kingdom.

The Christian home is the divine kindergarten, the beautiful microscosm, the safe republic, where God would have every little soul trained to blessed uses for the good of the world.

But to the realization of this result, what infinite patience, what loving forbearance, what wise forethought, what broad judgment, what firmness of hand, what strength of faith, are requisite!

Ay, what carefulness, what self-discipline, what humility, what prayer for light, are our essentials in this work!

If we had not the whole armory of heaven at our command, how could one *dare* to train souls!

Yet, since God has pledged his omnipotence as our ally, we need not be overwhelmed. No task can be too menial, no duty too monotonous, no pursuit too insignificant, to be "counted out" in the education of the sons and daughters of the King's household! Each circumstance, if employed aright, shall find its use in the blessed result.

An illustration of home co-operation has lately come under my observation, which has interested me especially since it illustrates the possibilities of the many homes as contrasted with the exceptional opportunities of the *few*.

In a quiet country home of which I know, there are nine children (the four youngest, boys). Their ages range from one to some twenty-one years. City conveniences of sewerage, water-works, and gas have not yet lightened household work, but there are broad fields all about them, and the delights of woods and dells and sweet-breathed winds and flowers. There is a vegetable garden to be cared for, and a cow to be milked. The father's business takes him from home a large part of every week, so that more care than is usual falls upon the mother. But what a genius is hers, indeed, for ordering her household forces! How clear-headed and wise is she in the management of her home department!

Several of the children are physically delicate. They vary widely in temperament, and so many children must; but, so far as I know, they all cheerfully wheel into line, and the entire family work goes on quietly, regularly, and apparently without friction. There is no maid in the kitchen, but each daughter takes her turn in the various departments of work. She serves her apprenticeship as cook, or chambermaid, or seamstress, and is left, after a proper start therein, to the unassisted conduct of her then department, learning from occasional failure how to the better plan and execute next time. Since there are only "themselves," all can bear with equanimity the sometime dispensation of an overdone roast or an underdone omelet, and if the wick of the "evening lamp" smokes ominously at one corner, Jessie or Alice or Arthur will be pretty sure to trim it straight the next morning.

Even the very little ones feel their responsibility in the family plans. One has in charge the sweeping of the verandas and the bringing of the "kindlings." Another washes all the vegetables. On Mondays the work of washing is so divided that it is not over-wearisome for any. There are two clothes-wringers, at which the larger boys officiate. One sister attends to the first washing; another to the rinsing, etc. The care of the lamps falls to one little girl, and so on. Then the mother has a sewing-school, where even the boys are enthusiastic learners. The baby constitutes a divided right. I suspect that many hands have the holding of him, but as he has been a feeble child he has chiefly fallen to his mother's tending. In this family there are pleasant literary plans and readings. Music and art do not have the go-by, either. In short, it is a well-ordered republic, with no superfluous citizens.

Thus have we written of co-operation in material matters; but out of it how much co-operation of a higher sort may grow! Unselfishness and forbearance and loving-kindness, obedience earthly and heavenly, are its natural and probable outgrowths. It is "natural law in the spiritual world." Obedience to right law anywhere is, in so far, obedience to God, and makes all other obedience easier. Beautiful simplicity of the infinite law, that can make the humblest home a little court where the King of kings finds fit and daily welcome!

Directions.—Just now our readers will feel indebted to the "Decorator and Furnisher" for the following:

"The following is a simple method for making woolen, silk, or chenille balls for furniture or fancy-work. Take, for large size, two circular pieces of cardboard (old postal cards are the best) two inches in diameter, cut holes in the center one inch in diameter, put the two pieces together, and wind through the center round and round the circle with the desired material at least five times; the more material put in, the nicer and more perfect the ball. Silk will require more winding than woolen. Then with the scissors cut the threads all around the outer edge, open the card pieces just enough to slip a stout twine string around between them, draw very tight, and tie, after which trim the ball round and even with the scissors and tear out the cards."

HOW I WOULD MANAGE MY CHILDREN.

By a Spinster

NUMBER II.—SELF-HELP.

IN planning for the future of my ideal heirs I should bear in mind that the successful people are generally those who have raised themselves to eminence by the use of such muscles—physical or figurative—as have been developed by the struggle of life. The traditional "poor boy" is now the millionaire, inventor, or literary lion.

The remembrance of this would urge me to early watchfulness lest native energy should be enervated by lack of a necessity for effort.

Especially would I stand guard here if I had many dollars and few children. If I were blessed with many children and few dollars I should expect the stress of circumstances to teach many lessons without my intervention.

It is not always expedient to keep the wheels of progress waiting for slow baby feet or unskilful fingers, but whenever it would answer to make passing events a training school, I believe I should take many times the trouble to teach a child to do a thing himself that it would require to do it for him. If I had regard only to the skill, convenience, and speed with which the thing to be done might be accomplished, this would not be, but if I had regard to the opening faculties of the child it would. In other words, I should consider whether the object in hand or the child himself were of the greater importance. In the way of even selfish return I might hope some day, when oppressed with care and labor and with children of an age when they ought to be able to give effective aid, not to be left to say, "I would rather do it myself than be bothered with them." Nor is it only in the region of physical effort that the plan I hint at is effectual. In the matter of government, as rapidly as possible the child can be taught to substitute self-control for external authority.

This process will need to be gradual, even as control over the powers of locomotion is gradually set up. At first the baby is carried; then he walks by the aid of a hand; for a long time he is helped over great or difficult distances.

So the very little one in the grip of temper must have help from one stronger. He must not be left to struggle with the tempest alone, his little soul racked with the storm while mamma stands by helpless, weak, and coaxing. He needs the staying, soothing pressure of authority and compulsion exerted from without, as mamma firmly holds the little, passionate, striking hands and looks sternly and steadily into the angry, distorted face, or even resorts to more radical measures.

The baby who cannot walk is not a pitiful object, but the grown lad is. So the baby who cannot control himself is only to be commiserated when he also lacks the needed control from others. But the man who has never had the seat of government set up within himself, how sad the sight! whether he has in childhood been left uncontrolled or governed to death by arbitrary authority.

Another department for self-help is in regard to education. I should study to directly tell a child as little as possible of what he could be induced to learn for himself, remembering that one thing discovered by experiment is worth a dozen imparted without effort.

This is not the same thing as snubbing the eager questioner, owing to ignorance, indolence, or want of interest on the elder's part, and is to be so used as to stimulate rather than repress the desire for knowledge. Even in matters of practical knowledge the judgment will be much more rapidly and firmly established where the young are allowed, within limits, to learn by their own mistakes than where they always do the wisest thing because some one of maturer judgment compels them.

Let us not, then, multiply direction, explanation, warning, exhortation, assuming that the child's mind has no native capacity and will know nothing but what we tell him. Let us seek to develop faculty rather than superimpose knowledge of our own. Let us not conquer and hand over the kingdom, but let the wide-awake young explorers taste the sweets of invention and conquest for themselves. They will soon prefer the exhilaration of feeling themselves investigators to being passive recipients of the labors of others.

Bring them into contact with matter, *i. e.*, the thing to be learned, rather than with definitions of the thing. Let them learn to do by *doing*. Better the child's mind should be a garden growing, though the plants be as yet few and small, than a herbarium of pressed specimens. His knowledge will be limited, but it will be his own, and will have the vital power of growth, and every fact discovered by experiment will give self-respect and courage for future endeavor.

In short, let him learn that there is not much to be had in this world unaccompanied by his own effort; and as for ourselves, let us learn to guide, stimulate, and inspire, and stop prating.

SELF-OPERATIVE HELPS.

THE power of self-education in the little matters that help to form the indefinable habits that go to make the lady, we rarely realize until we have reached the age when bad habits or mannerisms have fastened upon us so strongly that we never lose the taint of their control. Lady Billair says in her advice to girls:

WHAT TO AVOID.

"A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

"Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as 'awfully this,' 'beastly that,' 'loads of time,' 'don't you know,' 'hate' for 'dislike,' etc.

"Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to 'female swearing'—as 'Bother!' 'Gracious!' 'How jolly!'

"Yawning when listening to any one.

"Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

"Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

"Crossing your letters.

"Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

"An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

"The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

"The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

"The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

"An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

"A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been let unsaid.

"The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke."

Our Young Folks.

OLD BRADDON'S COALS.

By Sydney Dayre.

"SNOW at last!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!"

They had waited so long for it, those boys of the Green Hill School, that they could scarcely contain their rapture at sight of the first few flakes. But first flakes, like many other things, are deceiving, as these boys well knew, so they watched anxiously to see if they were merely a few vagrants just floating around as an aggravation, or the skirmishers in advance of the host which should clothe the world with its longed-for winter robe.

It kept on and kept on. Beginning in the afternoon as school let out, there was a promising whiteness on the ground before the early twilight, increasing in solidity and depth, as rejoicingly proclaimed by those who took an observation before bed-time. And in the morning the first peep showed that old Winter had come at last, with a coat liberally cut.

School was a burden that day. But the weariest days are over at last, and the merry crowd assembled on Green Hill, just beyond the limits of the small town.

Green Hill was surely made expressly for coasting. Steep at the top, it gave a magnificent start to a sled Half way down the steep part was a break, or "thank you-ma'am," as the old country people used to call them.

As the sleds went up the little rise they fairly left the ground, reaching it again after a thrilling leap into mid air, then speeding like the wind down the remainder of the steep, to be carried by the momentum far down the more gradual slope.

"There's old Braddon," said Archie Harvey. "He looks as if he'd rather see us buried in the snow than frolicking above it."

"What a pity he can't fence up the hill for himself in winter!" said Jack Rande. "I've no doubt he thinks so. Look out, now—doesn't he see us coming?"

"He's coming with that old nag of his."

"Track! track!"

Mr. Braddon could have easily perceived that the whole line of merry coasters was coming down the narrow roadway. But he persisted in driving up the hill. Cries of warning arose, to which he paid no heed until the quick scudding sound suggested that in an encounter he might get the worse of it. He quickly turned aside on a shelving bank, and went over into a snow-drift.

With shouts of laughter the boys pulled him out, brushed the snow from his clothes, turned his cutter right side up, and seated him in it.

"I'm goin' to have this thing stopped," he growled, savagely. "You boys broke one of my windows last winter, too."

"Oh, I guess you won't, Mr. Braddon," said Archie. "You know we paid for the glass."

"But this slidin's a nuisance, and I'm goin' to stop it."

"He can't," said Jack, as the old cutter moved on. "He's the only one that isn't willing to wait a minute and give us boys a chance when we're out of school. Perhaps he'll complain of us, but it won't do any good. I wish he didn't live right here at the bottom of Green Hill."

"I say," said Archie, after a few more slides, "all the boys over at Ripley Hollow, where I was last winter, fasten their sleds together in bobs with long boards. It's ever so much more fun."

"Let's fix ours so. We'll have time before night."

The proposal was approved, and a consultation was held as to whose sleds would go best together, when the party separated to make the improvements.

What a moon it was which rose over their next assembly! The storm-clouds must have swept the sky well, for not a mist obscured the broad disk which smiled down on the happy crew. The snow-wreathed evergreens which lined one side of the road, and gave Green Hill its name, threw a few fantastic shadows upon the otherwise unbroken line of whiteness over which the jolly boys were ready to glide.

The first bob sled received its load, and shot down the hill as swiftly as an arrow from the bow. "Whoop!—whiz!—hurrah!"

Crash!—smash!—grind!

At the sharpest point of descent the first sled of the bob suddenly buried its points in the road and tipped up behind. The rear sled was swung violently upwards by the momentum, then, with a splintering of the connecting board, fell, with its load, into the mass of struggling boyhood on the first sled.

Half stunned, breathless, and bewildered, the boys who first picked themselves up rubbed their eyes and dizzily turned to look after such of their companions as were still in the wreck.

"Oh, my head's broken!"

"Oh, my leg is—and that's worse!"

"My hand is bleeding—look here!"

"Stop the next sled!" cried Archie, who seemed first to gather his wits. "Back, boys, back!" he screamed to those who were to follow. He ran a few steps up the hill, shouting and motioning.

But he was not in time to stop the swiftly flying sled. On it came, but its steersman heeded Archie's warning and contrived to run into a snow-bank, with no further damage than an abrupt overturn.

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, creeping out of the snow.

"Come and see," said Archie.

They returned to where, with various grunts and groans as new bruises were discovered, the boys least hurt were assisting those who had the worst of the accident.

"I'm all over dust—or something."

"Dust!' said one. "There isn't much dust on Green Hill this time of year."

"I'm all scratched with gravel, anyway," persisted another. "Look at my hands and the side of my face."

"No wonder. But it isn't dust or gravel," said Jack. "Look here, Archie."

"Old Braddon's work, as sure as I live!" exclaimed Archie.

Just where the evergreens threw a shadow across the white—just below the break where the sleds always gave such a royal bound, as if themselves rejoiced in the race—ashes and cinders had been thickly spread for a rod or more, and well worked into the smooth track.

"He said he'd stop us," said Archie, "and he has."

"Rather suddenly, too."

Then broke out a torrent of boyish indignation as the whole party gathered at the scene of the disaster.

"Some of us might have been killed," said one, gravely.

"Yes, indeed. Look at the splinters of that broken board."

"And the iron runners of that back sled might have given some of us a whack on the head."

"I tell you what," said Jack, "let us all be on hand early in the morning and haul snow on here and cover the ashes We can do it in an hour if we all work together."

It was agreed, and the boys dispersed, some to nurse aching heads, others to have their scratches and bruises attended to.

Three hours later the bell of one of the village churches rang out an alarm, which was known to mean fire. As usual in a small place, neighbors quickly turned out to give help, and the boys were the first on the way.

"It's old Braddon's barn!" cried the first one who reached the top of Green Hill. It was plain that the flames were making rapid headway in the dry old building.

"The hose was frozen and burst at the last fire," Archie heard some one say; "and the fire is creeping along those sheds to the house. It's bound to go, too."

"Serves him right," said one of the boys who had been overturned on the hill. "He'll have enough ashes to cover Green Hill from top to bottom then."

"If he's burnt out he'll have to go somewhere else to live, it is to be hoped," said another.

Archie stood in a knot of boys who were looking on. For a moment he was inclined heartily to agree with the opinion he had heard, but then better feelings came.

"Here, boys," he cried, "are we going to stand still and see an old man burnt out when we can help? Quick, now! Let's get all the buckets we can and work all together."

Many a one has observed how easy it is to move a crowd either to right or wrong Inspirited by Archie's words, this one sprang with one impulse to the duty at hand.

A line of boys was formed reaching from the well to the sheds. The barn must go, but a fierce tussle for the house ensued The gathering neighbors gave it up as the angry flames advanced, and began carrying out the furniture, but the boys would not yield. When the one who stood at the old pump stopped in sheer exhaustion, another took his place. The pails were passed from one willing hand to another, but for some time little effect could be seen. The heat from the barn grew more and more intense, so that the boy who finally emptied the pail upon the hissing flames could stand there only a few minutes. But boy relieved boy, fighting the fire demon step by step. Bravely they stood, holding him at bay, until stronger hands than theirs tore away the old timbers which alone could give him anything to feed on. And as the moon sank behind the western hill she turned her approving glance on a band of victors. The barn was gone, but the house was left to shelter old Braddon for many a day yet at the foot of Green Hill.

There were many late arrivals at school the next morning, but the master seemed to have forgotten to make out his late marks. Some boys were not there at all, but never heard of an absence mark against their names.

"I sha'n't go coasting this afternoon," said Archie to one of his friends. "I'm all used up."

"So am I," was the answer. "But let's all get out as early as we can to-morrow morning, and cover up old Braddon's ashes with snow, so we can coast in spite of him."

The early street brigade took its way to Green Hill.

"Who's that ahead of us, with a wheelbarrow?' asked Jack

"It's old Braddon."

"What's he doing? I do declare, boys, if he isn't dumping more ashes on the hill!"

"I told you he'd have plenty more now."

"This has got to be stopped,' said Archie, leading the way toward Mr. Braddon with very decided steps. "Here, Mr. Braddon," he called, "don't put any more of that on there."

The old man paid little heed to his voice, but, wheeling his barrow up to where the snow ended and the ashes began, tipped it over, with its load—of snow!

The boys stood astonished.

"What's that for?" said Archie, in a much milder voice.

Old Braddon turned upon them a half-ashamed look.

"Well," he said, "I found it so everlastin' lonesome yesterday without hearin' you hollerin' and goin' on that I couldn't stand it, so I'm fixin' up the slide"

"Nonsense!" said Archie. "You need all your work on your own place, I should say. We can do this ourselves, and if you want a lift, call us."

But the old man turned upon them a sober look as Jack took the wheelbarrow from his hand.

"Look a-here, boys! I put these dead coals under your feet, but I'm blessed if you ain't all o' you piled every livin' coal that burnt in that fire t'other night right atop o' my head."

THE INDIAN'S LETTER.

HE was a young Indian boy, and had come to the school at Hampton, Va., to be educated. His earnestness, his bright, sunny temper, his devotion to his books, all combined to make him a favorite. He had come to Hampton with the determination to study to become a teacher that he might go back among his own people and give them a little of the benefit that he had received because of his enlarged opportunities.

The day of graduation came, and, full of bright anticipations and hope, this young Indian went back to his own people. Here is his letter, which tells its own story. No comment is necessary. The same enemy which made our young Indian a prisoner makes prisoners of hundreds of our white boys every year. Perhaps not prisoners as he is, behind bars, envying even the horses because they are free, but prisoners of habit, tying balls about the feet and manacles on the hands that prevent the free use of heaven-given powers. Every thoughtful boy can preach a sermon to himself from this letter.

November 18, 1887.

Miss F——:

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but ever since I did this thing that to put me where I am to-day, has been so strong on my mind that I could not write to you I have felt and feel that I have no more friends in the East ever since I was put in here. Why? Because after all they have done to educate me, and now I am in a place where I have to stay for fourteen long months and have men stand over me with arms. They have been some white ladies who came here to see the place, but I was not able to look up in their faces. I had to look down, because I was ashamed of myself. And I thought of the lady who paid my scholarship for over three years. I wrote to her and told her that I was going to live a Christian life when I came out home in Dakota. And now I am in Dakota, but I am not living the life that I said I was going to live, or I am not helping the Indians. After I left Hampton and came home in July 7 1884, I did help the Indians for eighteen months all I could But they asked me many questions I was not able to answer.

So tell the boys and girls who are there to learn these questions well, so they can answer them and not like me. But I am glad that I shall see the day of freedom again; then I shall come to Hampton and learn more, so that I may be able to answer any questions that may be asked. But at the present times I am lost, and not a friend that I can see around me. But the narrow path is not far from me and I know I shall be on it again soon. And I don't think I shall get out of it again like I did this time. After I stop helping the Indians, after I saw that I did not have knowledge enough to help them or teach them, I went to an Indian dance first, then to a white dance, and there was the first place where I put that low, dirty leading stuff to my mouth which brought me where I am to day, and put a blot on my soul, and turn friends away from me. Now I think I am alone in the world to-day. Since I was here I saw a newspaper with my name in it, and other things with it. Why, if I was sugar or salt I would have dis-

solved. But as it was I shook, I trembled, and tears came in my eyes. I shall see you some day and tell you all about it if nothing happens. Tell your Indian scholars what whisky will bring on a man if he drinks it often, or if he drinks it once and take enough of it. If they never drink it they never will be in a place like this I hope you are well and doing well. I am worse off than them that are sick. While I am pent up like I am now, when I look out through the window between the bars and see men and horses and everything free, I cannot tell you how I feel. I have no Bible to read or no Prayer-Book to read, no hymn book to read. I am alone and lost, but I hope I shall find my way out soon. I have sinned against everything and everybody, but I shall take up my old mind and walk in the narrow path again for the rest of my life. A machine cannot run all the time without fixing or oiling. It will break in time, if it is not helped by men or women who understand the tread, and so it was with me; when I came home I tried to work and I got work and I did not have any help, so I failed in my work I had men talking to me, but they were not the kind of men and they got me in this trouble, but I shall know what kind of men to go with hereafter.

ONLY A PICTURE PUZZLE.

By George E Walsh.

"OH papa, what shall I do with all this money? Five dollars! I never had so much before!"

Alice held up the shining gold coin as she spoke, and looked inquiringly at her father, who had just made her a birthday present of the five-dollar piece. She was in the habit of receiving presents on every birthday; but not in the form of money. Usually they were dolls, new dresses, instructive playthings, or other curiosities, which she prized as little girls generally do such things.

But this day—the occasion of her twelfth birthday—she was, it must be confessed, just a little disappointed at not finding any presents awaiting her appearance early in the morning. She looked askance at the dining-room table as she descended the stairs to her breakfast, but no neatly directed package greeted her eyes. She tried hard not to show her disappointment as she went up to mamma and papa and kissed them. To her surprise, nothing was said about birthday presents all the morning, and once or twice Alice's lip quivered as she thought of other birthdays when her little heart was gladdened by the sight of rich presents. At the dinner-table the same subject seemed to be studiously avoided by her parents, and Alice was beginning to accustom herself to her disappointment, when her father suddenly said:

"Alice, you have not yet received your birthday present, have you?"

"No, papa," and Alice looked down at her plate to conceal the trembling lips.

"Well, my little one, we have waited until now to see how well you could take a disappointment. You have been a brave little girl, and here is your present."

The five-dollar gold piece was handed to her from across the table, which she took with a trembling hand. What would she do with it? was the first thing to enter her mind and the first exclamation that sprang to her lips. Visions of candies, toys, and pretty gloves and laces that the money would buy floated before her mind in quick succession, making her blue eyes sparkle with delight. She held the bright coin up before the window, and saw the sun's rays reflected from it in paths of deep yellow.

For a moment her father looked at her without speaking, and then, in his calm, steady voice, he replied:

"I'm not going to tell you what to do with it, Alice, for it belongs to you now. You have always received pleasant toys and books for your birthday presents, but you are getting so old now that I thought it would be well to give you money instead. Every little girl ought to know what to do with money, and they can find out only by receiving some occasionally The five-dollar piece is yours, Alice, and you want to spend it in the most profitable way."

"But how can I, papa? I have never—"

Alice stopped and looked meditatively out of the window. Her father busied himself about the room for a few moments, and then asked, as he was about ready to leave for his business:

"Would you like to go with me to the hospital this afternoon, little girl? I have a little patient there that I know would like to meet you. She is suffering from a dangerous disease, and she appears very lonesome at times."

"Oh, yes, papa, I should like to go *ever* so much. Can I?"

Alice's eyes opened wide with delight as she anticipated the joys and sights of the afternoon, and she hurried to her mother's room to get ready. Her dimpled cheeks were nearly as red as the roses on her hat when she finally returned, all prepared for her walk

Dr Winton was connected with the city hospital, where he spent the greater part of his time in administering to the many suffering ones who came under his charge. During the course of a year he was called upon to perform many operations on the weak, crippled bodies of the inmates of the place. His kindness and consideration had won for him the lasting gratitude and love of many a patient, and the city in which he lived contained more than one whose life had been spared through his skill. Alice had never seen the inside of the hospital where her father labored, and it was with considerable curiosity and expectation that she prepared herself for her afternoon visit.

The long rows of white beds, on which the patients reclined, made a pretty sight to an observer just entering the room. Some of the stronger sufferers were sitting up on their beds when Alice entered, and others were quietly sleeping, while still others were looking silently at the ceiling as they tried to endure their pain without murmuring Some were old people, with gray hairs and shriveled features, looking for all the world as old as Alice's grandmother before she died, several years before; and others were little boys and girls just like herself. The little flaxen heads were nestling upon the pure white linen, looking so pale and thoughtful that Alice's heart was touched at once

The weather was warm, and, in spite of the precautions taken to make the large room cool, the heat was almost unbearable. The feverish tossings about of the patients intimated this, and an occasional moan from some parched lip broke out from a white cot where exceptional pain was being endured.

Alice and her father walked slowly between the rows of white beds, she looking half fearfully at the sick patients, and he speaking a cheerful word to one here and there in his quiet way. The wan faces looked up with a weak smile as the father and daughter passed them, for scarcely one in the large room was unfamiliar with Dr. Winton's kindness. When the upper end of the room was reached the two stopped before a small couch, where lay a small girl of about Alice's age. The face of the little patient was pale and pinched with suffering, and one small hand, stretched out over the bed covers, was so small and bloodless that Alice shuddered. She had never seen such a sufferer before; she had unconsciously associated in her mind sick persons with old and worn out people, and it was a new sort of revelation to her to see one of her own age and size thus stricken down by an incurable illness.

"Bertha, I have brought my little girl to see you today," said the doctor, as he raised one of the limp hands into his own large, warm ones.

Bertha, thus spoken to, opened her eyes and looked inquiringly at Alice, taking great care in the meantime to hold fast to her protector's hand. She did not speak, and as Alice remained silent too, a pained expression passed across her features.

"Speak to her, Alice, for she does not have many playmates. It is something unusual for her to see another little girl by her bedside."

At her father's voice Alice's bashfulness deserted her, and, taking the sick girl's hand into her own, she murmured:

"Poor, poor little thing! How sorry I am for you!"

Dr. Winton soon left the two girls together and went on to attend to other patients. The ice had been broken, and in a few minutes Alice and Bertha were chatting away only as little girls can. Alice had many stories to tell about her playthings, her school-books, and other things. Bertha could say but little; she had to stay in bed all day long, and night too. She never had a playmate, nor a doll, except a rag one which her nurse had made her one day. She had never been in the country, and didn't know what the green fields looked like. She once possessed a picture-book, which told her about green meadows and brooks, but she knew nothing more about them.

Bertha's story, told in such a pathetic and yet simple way, made Alice think of her own happy life, with all its pleasures and friends. Every summer she went into the country with her mother and father, and in the winter she had many friends and good things of life. She could not give all these to her poor little friend; but when her father was ready to take her away, she told Bertha that she would come again on the morrow. She kissed the poor little white face, and then hurried toward the door, where Dr. Winton was waiting for her.

The walk home was a silent one. Alice was thinking of Bertha and her birthday present, and her father seemed preoccupied with other considerations. Alice had obtained his permission to accompany him to the hospital the next afternoon, and she was thinking in her mind what she would carry back to Bertha.

Dr. Winton was amused at his little daughter's enthusiasm over his sick patient, and he smiled quietly to himself as he heard her tell the story of the little girl's life. He did not question her about what she was going to buy for her sick friend, but wisely allowed her to keep her own secret. The next morning she had her little package tied up neatly, the contents of which were known to no one but herself. Not until Bertha's bedside was reached did Alice show any intentions of opening it. Then, with eager haste, she untied the string of the parcel, and said:

"See, Bertha, what I've brought you."

It was a queer present for a little girl to make to her sick friend, so one would think; but Alice knew well what would interest Bertha. A few flowers which she had brought were first handed to the little patient, who took them with greedy hands, and inhaled their sweet fragrance. Then she opened a small box, and emptied a whole lot of small blocks of wood on the bed, which were prettily painted on both sides. Bertha's eyes opened wide at this sight, and she wondered if she was in fairyland But Alice did not give her time to think long, for, taking up a large square board, she began to put the blocks of wood in their places. In a few minutes she had formed a pretty picture of a country scene out of the painted pieces of wood, with a farmhouse in one corner and a barnyard in another. A story was attached to this picture, which Alice read to Bertha, and then with a sweep of her hand the picture was destroyed.

The blocks of wood were quickly arranged in another way, and a second picture was soon formed, with a sparkling brook flowing along through a wood, and a number of pretty birds singing from the trees. A small rabbit was running through the underbrush, nipping the green leaves here and there with its sharp teeth. A story was attached to this picture also, and Bertha listened attentively as Alice read it. A third and fourth picture were then made out of the block puzzle, and the stories about them read to the little sick girl. By this time the little eyelids began to tremble, and, before Alice had put the blocks back in their place, Bertha had fallen asleep, still clutching the flowers in her hands.

Alice soon left for home, but the picture puzzle was left within Bertha's reach. When she awoke again the first thing that she did was to try to make the pictures that she had seen Alice make. It was some time before she could do it, but finally she succeeded. Then, clapping her tiny hands as well as she could, she called Dr. Winton as he was passing her bed, and showed him her picture.

All that summer and the next winter the picture puzzle served as a constant pleasure to Bertha. She made all imaginable pictures out of the blocks of wood, reading and re-reading the stories connected with them, until her little eyes ached She would fall asleep still clinging to her puzzle, and when her eyes would open again her little hands would go to work in arranging the blocks. Dr. Winton watched her tenderly, and every Saturday, when there was no school, Alice would accompany him to the hospital, and bring a fresh bunch of flowers. Only a few at a time, but such fragrant ones that the quality more than compensated for the quantity.

When spring opened again Bertha began to fail rapidly, and her little strength became weaker day by day. She could not play with her puzzle more than half an hour at a time before she would fall asleep, all worn out and tired. But a calm light shone in her eyes every time she opened them and let them rest upon the picture puzzle and the flowers by her side.

Before summer came again Bertha was dead. To the last she made the bright pictures on her board, and read the stories about them, until she could repeat many by heart. Her last bunch of flowers was clasped in her hands when she fell asleep for the last time, and by Alice's request they were buried with her.

Alice received back the picture puzzle, and kept it to remember her little friend by. It was her only birthday present that year, for her five dollars had been spent in furnishing Bertha with flowers and in buying the puzzle. But to her it was the most precious birthday gift that she ever received, and it is safe to say that she kept it longer than any of her toys, dolls, or pretty dresses.

ENERGY AND PLUCK.

WHO of us is not aroused to sympathy when we see a child deprived of any of its powers? But a boy in Maine has taught us that pluck, energy, and perseverance will enable even one whose physical powers are limited to accomplish a man's part in the world. A boy living on his father's farm near Troy, Maine, was sick and lame, and it was considered that he could be of no use on the farm. One day he saw a sheep buyer pay his father three dollars for lambs. The boy made up his mind that he could buy lambs for $2 50 He borrowed $100 of his father and started off on foot, buying lambs throughout the entire region. In five months he cleared $500, and to-day I. C. Libby is known as "The Maine Cattle King."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN.

By Lyman Abbott.

I AM persuaded that Christ's teaching is sometimes, perhaps often, misapprehended by reason of misapprehension of his character. We regard him as too monotonously serious. We forget that his first miracle was wrought for no other apparent purpose than to prolong the festivities of a wedding feast; that, so far as the record shows, he never declined an invitation to a social gathering; that by his figures and illustrations he gave apparent indorsement to dancing, music, and various merry-makings; that he described himself as one who came eating and drinking, and he acted so upon this principle that his enemies charged him with being a glutton and a wine-bibber. People flocked about him. They do not thus flock about one monotonously solemn and ascetically severe. The children came willingly to his arms to be blessed by him. They do not come to one in whose heart there are no inflections of experience, in whose face no lights or shadows, in whose nature nothing of the essential spirit of humor. His teaching, too, seems to me to contain more than one illustration of true humor although for us, so familiar with the story, that element of novelty which is almost of the essence of humor is necessarily lacking. The story of the Syro-Phœnician woman is, I believe, to be interpreted by recognizing in him this light and shadow, this subtle humor, this power of teaching lessons by indirection, which belongs to a character possessing quickness of sympathy, facility of resource, and variety of method. There are some minds that are diamond-like, which flash light. They coruscate. Why should we refuse to believe this to be true of the mind of Christ? Believing this to be true, we may easily imagine an interpretation very different from that ordinarily given to this incident, but in the action imparted to it by the tones of the voice, the significant smile, and the interpreting eyes.

Christ's ministry in Galilee had come substantially to an end; he had preached the kingdom of God himself, and his twelve disciples had gone throughout Galilee, two by two, preaching it. He now desired to retire from public work, in order to give them private instruction, and he ceased for a while preaching to the populace, and opened the first Christian theological seminary, that he might give the twelve disciples instruction which the populace were not yet fitted to comprehend. He had once tried to escape from the multitude by crossing the Sea of Galilee, seeking retirement with his disciples in the comparative wilderness on the eastern side; but the multitude had followed, sought him out, and kept him and his disciples busy all day, ministering first to the needs of the mind and then to those of the body. It was clear if he wished quiet he must escape from Galilee altogether. For this purpose he departed from the province where he was too well known, and went to the coast of Tyre and Sidon, a pagan community, where the Jews were not likely in any numbers to follow him. But even here, as Mark tells us, he could not be hid. This Syro-Phœnician woman, who had heard of his fame, followed him, entreating help for her afflicted daughter. If he granted her prayer his fame was certain to spread throughout Phœnicia; crowds would follow him, and his rest and opportunity for quiet instruction of his disciples would be destroyed. There are times when the Christian must lay aside his work for rest, or what seems to be his larger work for what to the sight appears a lesser one, or what appears to be a more exigent work for one the fruit of which is more remote and the urgency of which appears less immediate. Such was the case with Jesus, and he made the woman no answer. If he healed her, he by that very act entered upon a ministry to the pagan world, a ministry absolutely illimitable. His aim was to lay in Palestine the foundations of such a ministry, which others must prosecute after he was dead. From this purpose he would not allow himself to be turned aside. His silence did not discourage her; a mother's love and a mother's hope are not easily discouraged. She threw herself at his feet, after the manner of Orientals in their reverence, and besought his help. Imagine the scene: Christ looking with the eyes that never failed in pity and with the heart that never failed in love; the disciples grouped about, impatient of the interruption, weary of her persistency, scornful of her as a pagan, counting her obtrusive, wishing only to be rid of one who interfered with their own quiet enjoyment of their Master's personal conference and communion with them. To this kneeling woman Christ turns with those eyes of pity and heart of love; to these disciples he points, as they stand looking on with all their narrow Jewish prejudices arming them against a mother's cry for help. "It is not meet," he says to her, "to take the children's bread and cast it to the pet dogs."[1] Her womanly intuition perceives in these words no rebuff, but a covert rebuke of the narrow mindedness of the Jew, to whom all pagans were but dogs. Her woman's wit answers, interpreting her woman's intuition: "Truth, Lord, for the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."[2] Christ's ally has taught the lesson which he wished to teach to the twelve, and he has served his double purpose—helped the praying, anxious mother, and by her aid taught the disciples a lesson of charity and the largeness of God's mercy, like the largeness of the sea, which he could not so well have taught but for the interruption. In a single sentence he interprets to them the meaning of the scene, makes the rebuke of their narrowness no longer covert, shows them in three words what Paul afterwards took the whole Epistle of Romans to expound: that faith is not confined to any race or any people. "Great is thy faith," he says. The daughter is made whole from that very hour; but the retreat is no longer a retreat, and Christ and his disciples go elsewhere for their rest and their quiet conference.

I am not inclined to attempt to draw any didactic lessons from this incident. I would rather leave my readers to ponder this interpretation of it. Go to the New Testament and read the story there in the light of this interpretation, and see if it does not convert what before seemed a forbidding story into one that is attractive, and bring the Christ nearer to us who before seemed rather removed by that reading of this story which allows in the central figure no inflections of sympathy and no coruscations of subtle humor. The notion that Christ shared the Jewish prejudices of his age I believe to be wholly unfounded, and indeed forbidden by many an incident in the Gospel narrative. He who was mobbed at the preaching of his first sermon in Nazareth for venturing to declare that God had mercy for the heathen as well as for the Jew, and equal mercy, giving to the heathen sometimes precedence, was not likely to depart from this principle later in his life, identify himself with Jewish prejudices, and call with hauteur a pagan woman a dog. He who in his dying hour found words of compassion for the brigand that hung by his side, the evidence of whose repentance was of the slightest, was not likely to repulse with Jewish scorn a mother's heart and yield at last to a faith in her which overtopped his own. This incident, if I have read it aright, carries in it, in dramatic form, a lesson of the catholicity of the Gospel, while it illustrates to Christian workers the wisdom of employing sometimes, if they have the skill so to do, the covert rebuke and the method of teaching by indirection.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for January 22, 1888.—Matt. xv., 21-31.

[1] The word rendered dogs signifies pet dog, a fact not wholly insignificant, since it gives a somewhat different color to Christ's otherwise harsh phraseology.

[2] Not "*yet* the dogs eat," but "*for* the dogs eat." She neither antagonizes his statement nor indicates an exception to it, but suggests a reason for it; this, namely, that there is food enough for all, both men and dogs.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

OUR lesson for to-day brings to our mind the thought of a sick little girl. We have no description of her illness; we only know that her mother traveled far when she heard of Jesus, believing that he would help her child. How many times is the picture of Christ healing little children brought to our minds! When we think of Christ as the friend of children, we usually quote that sentence which we learned almost the first of any in the Bible, "Suffer little children to come unto me." But again and again during the ministry on earth was his heart touched and his hands extended to relieve children of suffering.

There was the raising of the ruler's little daughter from the dead. And was it not a beautiful awakening to feel the touch of Christ's hands and see the smile on his face when she came back from the land of silence? And does it not suggest the beautiful thought when we, too, shall hear, "I say unto thee, Arise," and shall open our eyes in the mansion which Christ has promised to his followers, and look into the face of him who on earth stretched forth his ready hand to heal and to bless little children?

If we read Matthew, seventeenth chapter, fourteenth and fifteenth verses, we will read, "And when they were come to the multitude, there came a certain man, kneeling down to him, and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is lunatic, and sore vexed; for ofttimes he falls into the fire, and ofttimes into the water." Mark tells us of the same boy: "And wheresoever he taketh him he teareth him, and he foameth and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away." At the command of Christ this spirit departed from him and he was made whole. It is very probable that the mother in to-day's lesson saw her child suffer just as the son of this father suffered, and the mother's heart ached with the burden of her child's suffering. To whom should she come but to the wonderful Healer whose deeds of mercy and love had aroused the whole region round about, so that all who had sick or suffering ones brought them to Christ? So intense was this mother's desire that her daughter should be cured, so strong her faith in Christ's power to cure her, that she cried out after Jesus and his disciples till they besought him to send her away. Christ hesitated for a moment, as if to impress upon his disciples an especial lesson—his love for every human being, of whatever nation or belief; his unlimited power over and sympathy with suffering; his desire to help all, not only Jew, but Gentile.

That children were drawn naturally to Christ is manifested in the fact that at two separate times of preaching he took little children and made them the subject of his talk. They must have come to him readily, they must have been won by the tenderness, the gentleness, and the love that his voice and face conveyed to them. There is a picture in a chapel in Montreal in which, perhaps, the artist has unconsciously depicted Christ's power over little children. The artist has represented Christ seated; at his right side is a beautiful boy with a face lifted with a most intent expression to Christ, seemingly forgetful of everything in the world but the beautiful Christ who gazes so lovingly at him. At the left side of Christ is a little boy with his face buried in Christ's lap, showing a strong desire to be with Christ, but a fear to look upward. A little in front of Christ is a robust boy with his face turned intently toward a group of children, beckoning for them to come on, and you almost hear him say, "Don't be afraid, but come." We know that the Evangelists tell us but a small part of Christ's life, and why should we doubt that there were moments when he gathered the little children about him, and in which each child manifested its temperament as the artist has shown in this picture? The same love which welcomed the children then welcomes them now. The same hand extended in blessing or in healing, in liberating, is ready to-day if only the children will accept the blessings so freely offered.

What a beautiful lesson we have in this woman's importunity! She knew she was not one of the children, but this did not lessen her faith; she would be satisfied with even the crumbs of comfort which Christ might give to her, and she draws nearer; she does not want to take the children's portion, but only that which they did not need; and her beautiful love and faith wins from Christ her desire, and her little daughter is made whole. Do you not think that she hastened to her and told her the story of the wonderful Man through whose power she was made whole, and do you not think that the little girl's heart, as long as she lived, throbbed with gratitude to him who had made it possible for her to enjoy life and to do her part in the world's service? Another lesson there is for us. We sometimes hesitate asking God in prayer for help, for comfort; we forget to thank him for the bounties we receive, because we think we are not one of the children—that is, that we don't belong to his church. Whenever this thought comes to us let us remember the Syro-Phœnician mother whose prayer for her little daughter was granted though she was not one of the children.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

CHRIST'S ANSWER TO THE PLEA OF MYSTERY.[1]

By the Rev. Charles J. Little.[2]

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

"Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be?

"Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things?

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, we speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."—John iii., 6-11.

AN old man scans eagerly a young man's face by the dim light of a wick that floats flaming upon the mingled oil and salt of an Oriental lamp. The features of the older man are fretted with anxious expectation; in his attitude and bearing timidity is tempered by an eager hopefulness; his is the look and manner of one who has constrained himself to an unusual venture, and now awaits the issue with alternating dread and desire.

In the face of the younger man there is a marvelous blending of sorrow and serenity of experience and youth. The luminous eyes are full of power and unfathomable suggestion. From his presence there radiates a sense of peace and liberty; an atmosphere which makes sincerity an easy thing, and creates by its inspiration a longing for truth and righteousness. The soul, though naked to those piercing eyes, is not utterly ashamed; such are their depths of love, their promise of help, their suggestion of kinship and of a transfiguring intercourse to come. At a short distance

[1] Sermon delivered in Sage Chapel, Cornell University.

[2] Professor of History and Logic in Syracuse University.

from the two chief figures listens eagerly a stalwart youth, upon whom the Master casts from time to time a loving look, as though to rivet thus the truth which he is uttering, not for those two only, but for all mankind.

It is not rudeness or arrogance that leads the younger speaker to waive all compliment and discussion of his personal claims, but that swift insight into another mind which belongs to every teacher sent from God; that insight into the unasked questions of which the spoken query is but the mask.

The kingdom of God! When will it come? Who shall possess it? Art thou he that should come? What are the revelations impending over Israel? All this and more is lurking behind the old man's gentle courtesy. The answer to his unspoken thought is sure and swift, and yet a bewildering surprise.

The metaphor of a second birth (if it be a metaphor) is common enough to us, after centuries of discussion, but it was new to Nicodemus; far away from all his preconceptions; baffling, disappointing, full of mystery, and altogether unattractive. Surely the coming kingdom of God must be an outburst of Jehovah's splendor; surely the power which framed the world will by some visible and sensible manifestation demonstrate its continued existence, and bear witness in tones audible and terrible to the place of Israel among the nations.

Born again! What is wrong with our birth? Are we not the children of Abraham? What stupendous requirement is concealed behind such words? For their literal meaning is too absurd. How can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb?

As Nicodemus marveled, so marvels man ever since his day, and for the same reason. The human mind is full of preconceptions, first touching the kingdom of God, and secondly touching the nature of man. Ignorant alike of its Creator and itself, it stumbles over the truth which saves, because the truth which saves strikes it with astonishment.

Not that religious truth alone is found by men so difficult of apprehension; all truth of value has been received at first with stubborn incredulity. The scholar who would not look through Galileo's telescope lest he should see the satellites of Jupiter and feel compelled to believe in their existence is not an exceptional but a common instance of the human intellect confronted with unexpected truth, with truth which differs from the preconception of it, with truth which shrivels supposed knowledge into ignorance, which requires abandonment of old habits, of old conduct, old modes of speech and thought, old waves of feeling, or truth which imposes some new strain upon the will, makes some imperious demand upon the soul to rise above its surroundings, above itself, into regions hitherto untried.

Now, whatever may be said by men of different schools as to the nature and the method of the new birth, all must agree that the necessity of it is the heart of the teaching of Jesus Christ; that the transformation of human character through the spirit of the living God was the purpose of his mission and his earthly life. Speech and deed, doctrine and miracle, manger and sepulcher, cross and chariot-cloud, the struggle with Satan in the wilderness, the struggle with death in the grave, culminate in the only travail of the soul which could satisfy him; in children of men born again to be children of the living God. The believer in Jesus Christ is a new creature; who is not a new creature is in no true sense a believer in Jesus Christ.

But such a hold has this plea of mystery taken of the human mind, that in every age men have evaded, disfigured, misconstrued, even tried to explain away, the plainest truth which Jesus uttered. It may help us, therefore, to see what he makes of this plea when he hears it from the mouth of a master in Israel.

The answer of Jesus is: wonder for wonder—astonishment for astonishment! Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things? Such is the incisive question which assails the dazed and doubting mind of Nicodemus. As though Jesus had said to him, "Nicodemus, what signifies the story of Abraham called to leave his father and his kindred for a strange country, a land of promise merely for a yet unborn but countless posterity? What means the ladder, thronged and luminous, which stretched from Jacob's wearied and sinful feet up to the pure and sinless feet of God? What means the voice of flame that from the burning bush renews the youth of Moses and makes him mightier than the Pharaohs? Whose are the tones that wake the sleeping Samuel and clothe him with prophetic power? Is that the prophet Nathan's gaze that rives the royal David's heart, or is he smitten with thrills of a presence mightier than man, as when of old the stars in the firmament vibrated to the voice of God, and the forked lightnings seemed to be his outstretched fingers? Whence came the coal which touched Isaiah's lips and made his brain to blaze with visions of the kingdom yet to come, purged his blood of sloth and cowardice, and made his mind responsive to every manifested thought of God? Where was the watch-tower into which Habbakuk climbed when despair eclipsed his terror-stricken eyes, when the still, small voice had been smothered in his complaining wail: 'How long, Jehovah, oh, how long shall I cry and thou wilt not hear?' What was the answer with which he was reproved when the hiding of God's power burst from its covert, and the sun and moon stood still to hear the proclamation, 'The just shall live by his faith?'"

But Nicodemus is only a typical instance of the man who, in current traditions and interpretations of a creed, forgets its very heart and substance. The teaching of Moses and the prophets, like the teaching of Christ and the Apostles, was compelled from the beginning to struggle desperately for its life. Just as in after years Greek philosophy and Roman imperialism, Oriental asceticism and Gothic superstition, closed in around the early Christian doctrine, deforming the simple faith until its distorted image misled and corrupted the Western world, so in Israel, which outwardly was a national church, but inwardly a sublime faith planted among an idolatrous and unspiritual people, the fountains of living water were often forsaken for cisterns—broken cisterns which could hold no water.

"Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which showed before the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers!" Such is the indictment upon which Stephen arraigned the Jewish people, and the heavens above him opened to confirm his charge.

Now, it would profit us nothing to dwell upon the spectacle of a people in perpetual contradiction to the heart of its creed, if that were peculiar to Jewish history. But the Italian, the German, the Englishman, the American, has proved not a whit better than the Jew. The experience of John and of Paul, of Luther and of Bunyan, of Wyclif and of Wesley, nay, the face of Jesus himself, have been obscured by the dust of controversies about mean and trivial things. The necessity of the kingdom, the transformation of human character and human society by immediate contact with Almighty God, is so often forgotten in what seem to be more urgent needs of the hour, that when we are brought face to face with eternal truth; when we, with our bewildered sight, take a courageous look at the luminous eyes of Jesus Christ; when we hush the clatter of our own tongues to hear the voice of never-aging Wisdom, and are cut short in the very prelude of our speculations with the simple answer, Ye must be born again, we, too, plead astonishment and disappointment, and exclaim, "Why! how can such things be?"

Well, friends, mystery or no mystery, if our churches mean anything at all, they mean that! Nay, if religion anywhere in the wide world, at any epoch of human existence, meant anything at all, it meant that! If we are not the sport of some eternal wind blowing us we know not whence, blowing us we know not whither, if we are not the short-lived outcome of colliding forces whirled against each other by a mindless hand and a heartless will, then somehow, somewhere, we must be able to find a hand to thrill us with its touch of love more than we have ever thrilled to any touch of power; somehow, somewhere, we must be able to bathe our unsatisfied spirits in the outpourings of an Intelligent Goodness and emerge from the glorious baptism with the cry of Abba, Father! upon our lips. If our churches do not mean that, let us turn down the lights forever and raze them to the earth! If priest and preacher do not mean that, away with them as useless cumberers of the ground!

But to this plea of mystery our Lord makes another and even deeper answer. This answer of which I have spoken was grounded in the existence and nature of the Jewish faith, of which Nicodemus was so strangely ignorant. But this ignorance of the Rabbi was only part of a deeper ignorance—his ignorance of the two-fold nature of human life. He knew nothing of the relations of flesh and spirit; or, in our modern but less correct phrase, of spirit and matter. For I beg to say, not materialism is the deadly foe of all things spiritual, but carnalism. It is the *carnal mind* which is enmity against God, which is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Hence, the need of a second birth is confirmed in every individual experience. The consciousness of sin and the longing for purity; the permanent tendencies to sensuality, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, contrasted with the brief moments of a nobler existence which come some time or other to every one of us, make up the inner tragedy of human life. Were we all flesh, all impulse, we might indeed suffer sometimes from collision with other and stronger lives, or collision with external nature; but we should, at any rate, be free from the tortures of conscience; free from the sense of sin, which makes us cower and shiver we know not why; free, too, from aspirations for a world we cannot find and for a power we do not possess.

But that which is born of the flesh is flesh! You face me now with quiet immobility, but how little is needed to send your blood surging from heart to brain in clamorous desire! Now the echoes of heavenly song are in your ears and the shadow of Jesus Christ hushes you for a moment into awe. But to-morrow! to-morrow! some unexpected word, some unforeseen combination of events, some temptation undreamt of, even undesired, may drag you to the brink of ruin or plunge you to its very depths. It was not remorse for sins actually committed which seized upon natures like Luther and Bunyan, but the merciful consciousness of potential evil hidden in their bones and blood which drove them for refuge to the knees of God. That same merciful consciousness of inward evil, called by the theologian conviction of sin, stirs in you and me responsive to this declaration of Jesus Christ, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Friends whom we trusted are to-day fugitives from justice, exiles from home; dishonored, degraded, corrupt of heart and mind. Girls whom we reverenced, boys whom we loved, are stained with sin—wanderers, criminals, wretches among men. Wealth could not shelter them from temptation; home and friends, culture and training, all were powerless to hold them in the storm and stress of overmastering passion.

Now, if we cannot be other than we are, what a poor, tormented thing is man! What follies his admirations! what utter madness his regrets! what delirium his indignation against evil! what superb absurdity his moral aspirations! what mirage his ethics and all his schemes of faith! what a mad effort to use his arms for wings every struggle with his baser nature is! into what suffocating tangle have we come at last in our unsought struggle for a brief gasp of conscious life! God a specter created by ourselves to haunt us; conscience an incurable disease, a kind of scrofula of the mind, to eat away our joy; sin a chimera, yet as potent as any reality to fill the heart with woe; freedom a phantom that cheats us of our peace with promises of power; the stupendous universe itself nothing but a vast and godless mill for working atoms into shapes of life and grinding every shape of life back to the atoms whence it came!

Is it any wonder that men shrink appalled at such an outcome? And yet how they marvel and cry Mystery! when told of the only gateway into the kingdom of God! Helpless, miserable, without God, they recoil with strange unreason from every immediate contact with Him. For the flesh is not easily subdued; the carnalized mind rebels against its own purification; it shrinks from what seems the destruction of its joy. It is as though the metal could become conscious, and cry out against the refining fire. The carnal mind, enamored of its own lusts, shrinks from the blazing face of God, mistaking the transfiguring energy of love for mutilating and consuming flame.

But it is not only in this struggle of the mind with the members, as St. Paul terms it, that we find the meaning of the Saviour's words. If we look at society, at humanity in vast and complex groups, his meaning flashes in our faces, startling and vivid. This molten globe could cool and harden so that forests grow upon its surface, and the seas sway to and fro under the soft compulsion of the moon, but the passion of collective humanity will not cool and harden. Each generation comes to the struggle of life with the old greed, the old clamor, the old unrest. If stability is anywhere found, it is the stability of degradation, an almost hopeless uniformity of purely carnal life. The Oriental moving like a helpless figure in his grooves of caste and thought is in strange contrast with the Occidental full of revolution and unrest. But in both the law holds good—that which is born of the flesh is flesh. Aborted revolutions, reforms all gone to seed in very mockery of promised fruit, clamors for reconstruction of society and redistribution of its products, the greed of him that hath struggling with the greed of him that hath not, prophets of El Dorado followed by expectant throngs, prophets of destruction promising to glut barbaric passion in carnivals of world-undoing—what does all this mean but the old, old story: That which is born of the flesh is flesh!

Certainly you misunderstand my message if you think I am denying the existence of evil in the world. On the contrary, I understand my blessed Master to base his argument upon the presence of that very evil. But will the world never grow tired of its purely carnal schemes, of its mad attempts to demonstrate that human selfishness left to itself will lead to universal bliss?

If there be any redeeming feature in the agitations of our time, it is that they are bringing us face to face with fundamental truth. And the threshold truth of the kingdom of God, whether that kingdom be in the soul of the individual or be in organized society, is that spirit must conquer flesh, that the selfishness of the natural man must be purged away in the overpowering love of God, that the lust of the flesh must be lost and swallowed up in the vast and eternal enterprises of the Holy Ghost.

He is indeed a shallow thinker who denies the power of law to conserve society or to react beneficially upon human character.

But the warning of Samuel is as true to day as when first spoken to the Israelites; changes in political systems are often only helpless efforts to get rid of the necessity of God and the urgency of his immediate presence in the conscience. We seek to manufacture happiness by machinery; to create character by statute; to redeem society with policemen; to produce the millennium by change of administration or in the structure of society. We forget that the best of constitutions will prove unworkable in hell and quite superfluous in heaven. Over the gateway of the only golden age humanity will ever see blaze the words of Jesus Christ: That which is born of the flesh is flesh! Ye must be born again!

To say nothing of thinkers in the past who have faced the problems of life and society, in whom a substantial accord may be traced by any one more desirous of reconciling the voices of great teachers than of pointing out their disagreement, recall for a moment those of our own time. What was the lesson which Carlyle was forever lashing into the stubborn and perverse conscience of his generation? What induced John Stuart Mill to tell Caroline Fox that he had no hope of humanity except in the regeneration of the individual? What exported from Mazzini the cry that if faith is lost the future is lost and martyrdom is the stupidest of suicides? What led Lamennais and John Henry Newman each to the same colossal undertaking of employing the Roman Catholic Church as an agency for the redemption of European society? These are diverse names to bring together, and I bring them together only because they all agree in this: they all despair of an unregenerate democracy; they all believe that the people without faith, without God, without regeneration, are doomed to irretrievable disaster in their tremendous enterprise of governing themselves.

The only thinkers of to-day that face serenely the coming floods of popular power are those that cling to the old-fashioned ideas of God and the freedom of the human soul. To them the sight of this long-sought for open sea is one of glory and not of terror. The roar of the multitudinous waters as they break upon the crumbling institutions of the past is music and not horror to their minds. For far above the surging masses shines the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings; the very storms that sweep in fury across the billows are started in His bosom and obey His sovereign will.

To speak without metaphor—for no metaphor is adequate to a thought so vast and so constraining—the sovereignty of the people is bound up with the sovereignty of God with the capability of the human soul to be transformed and the readiness of the Holy Spirit to endow it with new life. The further progress of the species is an idea absurd enough to hoot at, if we consider the species only as we find it, apart from its possibilities, apart from the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, apart from that regenerating power whose strength is made perfect in weakness. For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together till now, groaning even as we groan, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. Ay, and will groan until the birth-hour of redeemed humanity shall come will groan until the earnest expectation of the creature shall be satisfied with the manifestation of the Sons of God!

But to this plea of mystery there is an answer yet more startling than those already mentioned. The first turned upon the existence of religion and the Jewish teaching, of God's eternal nearness to human life; the second turned upon the perennial and ubiquitous struggle of the flesh with the spirit, upon the contradictions of life and society, upon the irritations, the agitations, the sorrows, the convulsions, of the soul. But the third turns upon the inherent, the inescapable mystery of life and nature. Jesus opposes mystery to mystery, the first birth to the second; the mystery of nature to the mystery of God; the mystery of sentient being to the mystery of spiritual life; the winds that sweep through the skies and the energies that sweep through immensity to the Spirit of the living God, which, breathing into lifeless clay, or blowing upon scattered bones, or thrilling through the hardened soul, leaves always the deathless witness of its power. Mystery! Men talk of the mystery of a second birth. Do they deny the first birth because they cannot tell why the eyes see and the ears hear? Do they deny the presence of skies and sunshine and winds because they cannot trace them to their primal source! Mystery! Every wind that blows is laden with it, every sunbeam quivers with it. Our knowledge is but expended ignorance. Coiled round and round with its strangling folds, our only escape from the mystery of life and nature is absolute and dreamless death, or the discovery of life in God. What was our first birth but a mysterious coming to consciousness of nature and of self; a slow and startling waking up to hear the winds that blow where they list, to feel the heart that aches with sorrow and with sin, that throbs with joy and love and hope? All unconsciously we came, for a conscious anticipation of the life impending would have shattered us to naught in the very beginning of our existence. We did not ask, we were not asked to be born. But with the second life, this life where God displaces nature and becomes as real to us as sky and stars, this life where the carnal mind is displaced by the mind of Jesus Christ—into this we *are* asked to be born, we must ask to be born, we can be born for the asking. The first life was thrust upon us; the second, by its very nature, for it is a life of liberty, must be offered to us. The first life is a life of impulse, of tendencies, of impotencies and abilities coiled together in living confusion, which our parents and our teachers seek to disentangle and direct. But the second life is a life of power and of freedom, a conscious acceptance of eternal fact and eternal righteousness, an abandonment of all struggle against truth and holiness, a deliberate choosing of God, a surrender to the inrush of his quickening energy. The first life discovers to us slowly forces which daze and overwhelm us, forces sometimes pitiless and crushing, sometimes adorable in their outbursts of splendor, always terrible in their certain prophecy of death and their gleamings of distant and possible disaster. The second life is the discovery of Eternal Love wielding all forces obedient to his will, full of the peace which passeth understanding, though planets burst to fragments at his feet and thronging multitudes surround him dependent upon the movements of his mind.

Why should it be thought incredible that God should raise the dead? is Paul's triumphant question to King Agrippa. Why, thou creature listening to the blowing of the winds, thou creature gladdened with the waves of light that reach thee from the distant sun, why, thou creature of quivering nerve, dependent for thy sentient life upon the interweaving of subtle agencies whose secrets laugh thy knowledge all to scorn, why should it be incredible to thee that God, the living God, should, if thou dost ask it of him find other gateways than those of sense and space, and fill thee with the beginnings of a second and more wonderful existence?

Where hast thou learned that thou couldst be born but once?

The metaphors of our Lord contain a depth of meaning correspondent to the fullness of his own being. When he calls himself the Light of the World, he is speaking of himself as manifest and concentrate energy, the brightness of his Father's person. When, however, he speaks of the Spirit, he likens it to the source of the wind, an invisible energy, manifest, as such energies are, only by its effects. Whatever limitations his human nature and his extraordinary mission as the Teacher and the Saviour of all ages laid upon his speech, of one thing we may always be sure, his utterances came from a mind in harmony with eternal fact, and therefore in a certain sense anticipating all the discoveries of human intelligence.

Though he spoke to Nicodemus, child of an age quite unfamiliar with the conception of an energy invisible, he spoke also for Faraday and for the children of an age that would trace the winds that blow across the earth to their sources in the distant sun, an age in which the whole stupendous frame of things would be conceived of as an all-penetrating system of vibrating lines.

The winds that we hear blowing are as nothing to the unheard storms that sweep across the face of the sun, on whose tremendous whirlings our lives depend. The stellar globes that shine with such apparent peace upon our little earth are homes, perhaps, of movements equally tremendous and mysterious. There is a sense in which of the whole universe we are compelled to say, The wind is blowing where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

The blowing of the winds, the listening sense—these are the beginning of mystery. The overwhelming energy of nature, confronted by the unwearied and unappalled investigator—these are but the mystery intensified.

Now, I am well aware that, as I have stated the Saviour's argument thus far, it seems purely negative. It falls, it is true, with crushing weight against any plea of mystery which we, in our narrowness, may choose to make, but it lacks the positive quality which brings peace and satisfaction to the mind. Hence we must search a little deeper for the precious truth. Negatively, that which is born of the flesh is flesh; sense is only sense, and brain is only brain. But positively, that which is born of the spirit is spirit. The carnal mind is enmity against God. But the spiritual mind is life and peace. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the world of spiritual life and power. Thou canst hear the blowing of the wind because thou hast thy senses; thou canst see the floating clouds and rejoice in the light which floods the sky because thou hast thy senses; thou canst track the storms into their hiding-places and come at last face to face with the inscrutable power whose hiding-place thou canst not find, because thou canst sharpen sense with cunning instruments and extend thy vision into unexpected worlds. But directly thy senses are transfigured by the Holy Ghost, directly thou art baptized with fire and with power, thou shalt hear something more than the blowing of the winds: thou shalt behold the King in his beauty, and endure as seeing him that is invisible.

Let me illustrate what seems to me the Master's meaning by a paragraph from a recent work on electricity: "A sense enabling us to perceive electricity would frequently disclose a scene as varied as a gorgeous sunset. . . . Every movement of our body, each touch of our hands, and the very friction of our clothes, would cause a play of effects analogous to those of light and shadow on the eye. . . . Without eyes we might never have discovered the existence of light. By direct perception we have become aware of the vast importance of light, and it is probably owing to the absence of direct perception that we do not yet know the part which electricity plays in the economy of nature." Now strike out the *probably* and insert *certainly;* strike out *electricity* and insert the *Holy Spirit* and then read the closing passage thus: It is certainly owing to the absence of direct perception that we do not know the part which God takes in the economy of nature and of life. He must be spiritually discerned; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. O thou eternal God, thou who dost cause the winds to blow, and hast endowed us that we might hear them, give us the power to hear the rushings of thy Spirit! O thou Father of lights and of lightnings, who hast made us to behold the splendor of sunshine and the zigzag leapings of thy thunderbolt, show us thy glory; create within us the power to behold thee, until our very garments shall stream with the brightness of thy presence and every phase of human life shall be radiant and wonderful with the beauty of thy countenance!

Then, again, we do not ask the deaf if they have heard the blowing of the winds, but always those who have ears. How long will men and women in their folly listen to the testimony of the blind touching questions of spiritual life, and to the deaf touching questions of spiritual hearing? If you would know whether the Invisible can be seen, ask Moses, who saw him by his faith, not Pharaoh, whose eyes were blinded by his unbelief; if you would know whether the Inaudible can be heard, ask Paul, who heard him crying in the noonday splendor that struck him blind, not Festus, who takes the words of truth and soberness for learning driven mad. The criterion of our blessed Lord, stated over and over again, is, "By their fruits shall men know them." With that divine courage which belongs to the Son of Him who guides unnumbered worlds without a tremor, the Captain of our salvation rests the fulfillment of his mission upon the increasing power of his few disciples; not those who call upon his name merely, nor those who cast out devils by his authority, but those who have in believing upon him come to be partakers of his nature and entered into the kingdom of his patience and power.

The great Helmholtz, speaking of certain observations made upon the eye by the celebrated physiologist Purkinje, says: "I regret to record that some of them I have never been able to verify; but so rich and extraordinary have been the contributions of Purkinje to the knowledge which we can verify that he must be a bold man who would venture to speak of any utterance of his without respect." So it is in the realm of spiritual knowledge. The experiences of the saints are more than we can verify. They fill us with a sense of shame blended with a glorious surprise. But, blessed be God! we have learned from Jesus and from Paul, from Stephen with heaven blazing in his eyes, and John with heaven blazing all around him so much that we have been able to verify, that he must be a bold man indeed who will take the testimony of the least of all the saints in any spirit but that of candor and readiness to try and realize it for himself. Oh, how they shame and thrill us, the blessed saints of God! They can hear the blowing of the wind, whether it comes rushing and alive with fire as on the day of Pentecost, or whether it come in accents gentle as a loving mother speaks to her suffering child. They have the electric sense that shows them God; they have the souls responsive to his presence, the souls made perfect in weakness, the souls that are persuaded that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus!

But we can do as Faraday did. The great investigator was never satisfied with the experiments of others until he had realized them with his own hands in his own laboratory. Too wise to waste much strength upon the suggestions of mere amateurs in science, he was patient even with them. But when he learned of some new discovery, some fresh experiment of a master mind, impatience seized his spirit, usually so calm, a fever searched his bones and urged him to his work; he knew no rest, no peace, until the glorious fact stood out distinct and unmistakable to his rejoicing eyes. Oh, friends, be wise as he was! Waste no time upon the masters of doubt and the children of contradiction; be patient, but waste no energy upon amateur saints, upon

those who only play with the glorious science of God. Listen to the master spirits, to the saints you know, to the real children of God, like his own glorious selfnot far from any one of you.

If there are anywhere men and women that have made the kingdom of God and his righteousness the chief purpose of their lives, and all other things secondary to it—men of science like Faraday, their diamond minds aflash with the secrets of God, their spirits full of truth and purity and meekness; men of commerce like Alpheus Hardy or John Cornell, stewards of the living God, spotless in life, brave in conscience, just and generous and full of thoughtful sympathy; soldiers like Havelock, fearless, indomitable, alive with energy and noble purpose, gentle as God's wisdom, unselfish like God's love; slaves to appetite and passion like John B Gough, triumphant in the liberty of new-born power; missionaries like Duff and Livingstone and Taylor, rising above all heroes of their time, challenging by their glorious enterprise the wonder of the angelic throng that Milton saw, the "thousands who at His bidding speed and post o'er land and sea"—go, I beseech you, ask *them* whence came the sinews of their strength, their faith, their hope, their charity! And when they have told you, then do as Faraday did—never rest until you have realized the experiment yourself.

Oh, I see thee now, thou glorious seeker after knowledge; I see thee dancing round the flashing revelations of electric energy, and hear thy glorious cry: "Oh, but to live in it! Oh, but to live in it!" I see thee, too thou meek and lowly follower of Jesus Christ, transported with the vision of thy Master's face, exultant in thy faith and trust invincible, entering the portals of death with the same trumphant cry, "Oh, but to live in it! Oh, but to live in it!"

My message is delivered. It has been uttered, I hope, in no spirit of narrowness, for I would fain have you listen, as I close it, to the joyful amen of the earnest souls of every generation, of that communion of the saints in light with whom alone are the testimonies of the living God. They cannot be perfect without you, you cannot be perfect without them, seeing that they and you alike are but stones in that temple not made with hands which the Father of lights is building for an everlasting habitation. Fondly we teachers talk of preparing you for life, as if we possessed the secrets of to-morrow, or could tell you of the crises which you shall encounter before the final change shall turn your faith to fact or sepulcher your consciousness forever in the "womb and tomb" of all created things. Circumnavigate the globe we may, measure and weigh the planet upon which we are rolling forward to an undiscovered goal But who can explore beforehand a human life and the epoch in which it must act and suffer? To lose yourselves and yet to find yourselves, to be a servant and yet to have a service which is perfect liberty, to be human to the "red-ripe heart of you" and yet to be partakers of the divine nature, to face the future, not with minute knowledge of its successive phases, but with that triumphant faith which conquers each day's evil as it comes, and seeks before all things the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to be endowed with the wisdom that cometh from above and with the power out of which the worlds have sprung, to be without fear and without haste, full of a glorious hope and alive to every stir of God in all this universal frame—such is your high calling in Christ Jesus. This accepted, you are prepared for any life; this rejected, any life will be a sorrow and a disappointment. This accepted, difficulties, temptations, perils, will but challenge your new-born powers to sublimer achievements and make you fitter to share the work and thought and love of Him who dwells in the light unapproachable; this rejected, the very stars in their courses will fight against you, and all your fancied triumphs mock you at the last in derision of your wasted strength.

GROWING IN SALVATION.

By Thomas B. McLeod, D D.[1]

"As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."—1 Peter ii, 2.

THE peculiarity that distinguishes the letters of Peter from the writings of the other Apostles is their action. His nature was an active, sanguine, and intense one, and his writings take the form of his personal characteristics. He loved to contemplate the practical Christian life, and he watched the growth of the believer in that life. He was practical rather than argumentative The tone of his Epistles is that of exhortation. He came to strengthen the faithful in the culture of personal piety. There is much doctrine in them, but the central thought is personal holiness, the cultivation of integrity of character. "Grow in grace," he says. There are three thoughts suggested in our text for us to contemplate. First, we consider the end in view, which is growth. In the earliest, and therefore in the best, manuscripts there is a different rendering of the last verse of our text, which has been adopted in the revised edition of the Testament. It reads: "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow in salvation." What does this mean? In what sense are we expected to grow in salvation? How are we to grow in grace when in other parts of the Scriptures we are taught that salvation is a gift from God, and that from the first inception of the new life to its completion it is said to be the work of God? In other places we are told that the believer is a subject of salvation at his conversion. There is no reason for us to be puzzled here, if we only take pains to study the idea of the Apostle. What he means by salvation is character. There are some who feel that salvation is something outside of man, and to speak of character and salvation in the same breath is in their opinion blasphemy. But the purpose of God in sending his Son to this world and of his dying on the cross for us was for the cultivation of integrity and character in the child of God, and that he might become perfect even as the Father in heaven is perfect. Let those who think that the Gospel takes away the pleasures of this life remember that the aim of the Gospel is to cultivate integrity, to make man perfect. If we understand in salvation the deliverance of the soul from the dominion of sin, lifting man up unto personal holiness, we shall have no trouble in understanding the Apostle's command. It is a development, a growth. There is nothing against its being a gift Life is a gift; yet it is a development, a progression. Knowledge is a gift, but man cannot attain knowledge unless he applies himself diligently to the means given him of gaining it Salvation is a gift that God made active by the action of the Spirit in the heart, but is attained only by the co-operation of the soul of man with the Holy Spirit. It is not a sudden inspiration. It is perfectly explicable, easily defined, and easily understood. The growth is caused by the use of God's means Here is the responsibility laid upon the child of God He must not expect to be lifted up to God suddenly by his command; but day by day, duty by duty, gradually grow up, by the use of the means God has given, into those virtues that constitute a holy life.

Now, what are the means? Again the translation can be bettered. Instead of "the sincere milk of the Word," read "the rational" or "reasonable milk of the Word." There is no doubt as to what the Apostle referred to by speaking of the milk of the Word of God. Remember, while you attend to the exhortations of the Apostles, that they are the messages of God to men In this age, when men are drifting away after false philosophies, we must do our part as children of God in holding on to the Word of God, which is the milk we need in order to attain a perfect salvation. As new-born babes we desire a rational word, and it is a rational word. It is the only Book by which we get a true representation of the character of God and of the origin of man.—[Pulpit Treasury.

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WORTH LIVING.

IS life worth living? And how many to day are putting that question in a dull, grim despair! Why should men be brought into this world, they ask, to taste every pain and mortification, to become acquainted with every grief, and then perish miserably? Why should they spend their lives like beasts of burden, to be laden up with sorrows, till at last their poor backs break? But surely this is not the universal view of life "They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing" Among the very poorest such cases may be found. I remember many years ago hearing that, owing to advanced years, a worthy workingman in my neighborhood had "got his leave," as people called it, by his employers. It seemed to me a sad blow, for the man and his excellent wife had nothing earthly to fall back on. I went to see them, expecting to find them in deep waters, but, to my surprise, I never saw them more cheerful. "We have never wanted a meal," said the old woman, "and when we sit down at the fireside, we have such fine 'cracks' about Providence!" I could hardly convey the meaning of the Scotch phrase in classical language. The spirit of trust had got a wonderful place in these poor people's minds, and it brought with it wonderful serenity and joy. They certainly did not ask, Is life worth living? To them winter was almost annihilated. Life in all its varied experiences was as God ordered it. And death, when it came, would be great gain.—[Professor W. G. Blaikie.

It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world; as well might a lost and wearied bird, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean, seek a resting place on its topmost wave, as the child of sorrow seek a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time.—[Dr. Spring.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

"God giveth grace to the humble." He pours it out plentifully on humble hearts. His sweet dews and showers slide off the mountains, and fall on the low valley of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.—[Leighton.

Unction is the tongue of fire, and it is just the very gift which no universities, no degrees, no amount of learning or critical attainment, no cultivation of the science of belles-lettres or rhetoric or elocution, can bestow.—[E Paxton Hood.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter," is the unwearied language of God in his providence. He will have credit every step. He will not assign reasons, because he will have us exercise faith.—[Cecil.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—[Charles Kingsley.

People don't believe in fairies nowadays; nevertheless, good spirits still exist, and help us in our times of trouble better even than the little people we used to read about. One of these household spirits is called Love.—[Exchange.

Nature only tells of hard, pitiless, remorseless law. The fire burns, though there be a saintly martyr in the flame. The tide surges in, though a Christian maiden is bound to a stake in its course. Leap over the precipice and you are dashed in pieces. There is no mercy in the electric cloud, in the ocean or the land Everywhere you see wisdom and power in creation and providence, but not mercy.—[W. M Taylor.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves. And he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper This amicable conflict with difficulty helps us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—[Burke.

The old world was parted by deep gulfs. There were three of especial depth and width, across which it was hard for sympathy to fly. These were the distinctions of race, sex, and condition. But the good news that Christ died for all men, and will live in all men, has thrown a bridge across, or rather has filled them up; so the Apostle bursts into his triumphant proclamation: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus"—[Dr MacLaren

The highest critical and grammatical knowledge of the Bible will find it a sealed book without the teaching of the Holy Ghost Its contents are often "hid to the wise and prudent and revealed to babes" Reader, remember this, and say always when you open your Bible, "O God, for Christ's sake give me the teaching of the Spirit"—[Ryle.

There is sunlight on the hill-top,
There is sunset on the sea,
And the golden beams are sleeping
On the soft and verdant lea.
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart;
For Thou art there, my Saviour,
And 'tis sunlight where Thou art.—[Anon.

Money is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak. It lights on the counting room desks and on the parlor center-table Men and women stand and admire it, not noticing that it has wings larger than a raven's, larger than a flamingo's, larger than an eagle's! One wave of the hand of misfortune and it spreads its beautiful plumage and is gone, as an eagle toward heaven.—[Dr. Talmage.

True zeal is modest and retiring; it is not like the scentless sunflower, which spreads its gaudy petals to the light of heaven and turns its face to the orb of day, as if determined to be seen; but, like the modest violet, it hides itself in the bank, and sends forth its fragrance from its deep retirement.—[J. A James.

Only God can blot out iniquities A poor creature may soon involve itself in sin and misery, but 'tis beyond the sphere of men or angels' activity to blot out the least sin or disentangle the soul of the least corruption. The mighty hand of God himself must be put to the blotting out of iniquities.—[Culverton.

I have been much self-accused for not referring all to God as the last end; that I do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak, and think for God; that practice was so short and narrow, light so long and broad.—[Samuel Rutherford.

ATTACKING BISHOP TAYLOR.

LAST week the New York dailies found a sensation in a new field. One of Bishop Taylor's missionaries in the Congo region, Mr. J. E. Waller, has just returned to this country, and bitterly attacks the Taylor system of missions as visionary, impracticable, and imposing countless unendurable hardships upon the men who are deluded to engage in its work. How much this attack amounts to may be readily seen from Waller's own story.

The Bishop Taylor plan of missions, as most of our readers know, is founded upon the idea that the missionaries should receive no salaries, but should support themselves by the work, hand work or teaching, which they do among the natives. Bishop Taylor insists that this is the Pauline idea, and that only this type of missionary consecration will have any real success. He accepts no funds except such as are necessary to transport the missionaries to their fields of labor and provide the buildings necessary for missionary work.

Mr. Waller left his home in Burlington, Vermont, last April, "consecrating" himself to the work of a missionary. He had been told by Dr. Lowry that no provision would be made for his support or for his return, but that he burned his bridges behind him and must expect to earn his own living in the new territory. Mr. Waller had been a cook in a hotel in Brattleboro', and he expected in the Congo region to act as cook on the steamboat "Annie Taylor," which has been purchased to take the missionaries to and fro on the Upper Congo. Mr. Waller told the representative of The Christian Union that, though he had been engaged to act as cook, he was also to be "commissary general" for the missionary company, and that he expected to "make something" by trading with the natives.

He was doomed to disappointment. When he arrived at the missionary station he found that his steamboat had not been put together, but was in "man loads," awaiting transportation 235 miles to the Upper Congo. Mr. Waller said that this transportation might take place if the manager of Bishop Taylor's company had been willing to hire natives to carry it on their heads, but that he had insisted upon building a traction engine which would not work and could not work. The natives, said Mr. Waller, would work for six penny handkerchiefs a day, and that the visionary feature of Bishop Taylor's work was that he insisted on having the missionaries do all kinds of menial work when they could get the natives to do it so cheaply. "The Bishop," he said, "works with mud and mortar and straw, making the sun-dried bricks to build the houses for the missionaries!" This Mr. Waller believed to be degrading work, which lowered the missionaries in the esteem of the natives. The Baptists and French Catholics pursued "the sensible plan." The Baptist missionaries, for instance, would not touch their hands to any kind of work. If they wanted a chair moved about the room, they ordered a servant to do it. One of the natives had once said to him: "François bishop no serve with hands; he serve with head—he teach; he pay Congo man to work." This remark, said Mr. Waller, showed the superior respect which the natives had for those who had "enough common sense" not to try the Pauline method. The Taylor missionaries, he said, had not made a single convert.

Among the hardships which Mr. Waller claims to have suffered were the following: His family had no meat, no tea, no candles. They had to go to bed at six o'clock. During a couple of weeks they had nothing but peanuts and apple-sauce to live upon. The climate was frightfully unhealthy, and one of his children suffered from repeated attacks of fever. He said that the other missionaries suffered the same hardships, that many of them had died, and that most of the remainder were discontented.

The most interesting part of his conversation did not relate to his attack upon Bishop Taylor's management. It was in reference to the trading among the natives. Handkerchiefs and pieces of cloth were the currency which the missionaries used, but the natives generally preferred gin. If you wanted to buy eggs you would probably have to exchange your handkerchiefs for gin, and then exchange your gin for eggs. Even the government sometimes used the gin currency.

After the talk with Mr. Waller a representative of Bishop Taylor's society was interviewed, and gave a statement regarding the whole affair which confirmed the impression that Mr. Waller had unintentionally conveyed. He said that Mr. Waller had made a mistake in entering upon the work, as it was not suited for men who wanted to have an easy time. Bishop Taylor's plan of enlisting missionaries who were willing to turn their hand to every-day work not only enabled them to keep a large force in the field at a very small expense, but made his missionaries welcome where others were not wanted. They taught the natives, not only how to read, but how to farm, and how to build their "shanties," and how to cook, and how to use all kinds of tools. They had Oberlin's plan of work. They taught the people how to live, and incidentally taught them religion.

THE LONDON "FORWARD MOVEMENT."

ON the northern verge of that labyrinth of squares lying between Oxford Street and the Euston Road is the quiet little London street where the leader of the Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism has lately made his home.

Dull and possibly dreary it might be but for the trees of Gordon Square and Endsleigh Gardens which wave at either end. Yet the dullness may not be without its compensation, for it is quiet; and upstairs in Mr. Hughes's dwelling is a little room—quite silent for central London—where, surrounded by his books and with an outlook on a little inclosure which does duty for a garden, he thinks out his work or transacts his business as director of that novel religious movement, the Wesleyan West End Mission.

The position is characteristic. While by no means insensible to the charms of æstheticism and of what may be called the hallowed romance and tender poetry which cling around many a minister's life and home, yet everything must be sacrificed for the successful prosecution of the work to which he has been called.

And what is that work? Briefly, it is the management of the new evangelical movement which Wesleyans have recently begun in the West End of London. Further, he is one of the leaders—if not the principal—of what he calls the Forward Movement. This is a movement of which aggressive mission work is part and parcel, and which, as he himself expresses it, strives to show the people that Jesus Christ is the best friend they ever had, and that his principles will do more for them than Socialism; that Christianity should influence all aspects of social life, and is not "played out," but that it has a message for men and women now, to-day, in this life as well as for the life that is to come.

He seems just the man for the new mission. Full of enthusiasm, earnestness, "go," he unites culture and learning with a popular style and a sympathetic voice. A somewhat tall, spare figure, dressed in ordinary clerical garb, with a fund of feeling and kindliness in his calm eyes, which can yet flash out fiuely on occasion, he is just the man to attract and control large audiences without repelling the refined or sensitive. He is emphatically what our American cousins would call a live man.

He is yet young, having been born in 1847, at Carmarthen, in South Wales, where his father is to day a highly esteemed medical man, and, like himself, a stanch Wesleyan. His grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, and notable if only for this, that he was the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred. After preaching in various towns and for some time at Oxford, Mr. Hughes was removed to Brixton, in the south of London, and in the autumn of 1887 was relieved from the charge of a pastorate in order to devote himself to the special evangelical work in the West End. And it is perhaps characteristic of the man that he then set to work to find a house, as he himself told us, within walking distance of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, to avoid Sunday traveling.—[Quiver.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

THERE are now, beyond a doubt, thirty-five hundred Societies of Christian Endeavor in all the evangelical denominations in America, containing 250,000 members. It is not unusual to hear of a hundred new societies formed in a week. Accurate statistics, however, cannot be obtained before next summer.

The formation of State and local unions has been one of the most important phases of the movement during the past year. Nearly every State has its Christian Endeavor union. The local unions have been of great benefit in bringing the young people of the committees together two or three times a year to talk over the best plans for Christian work, and then sending them back to their churches to put these plans into operation.

In Connecticut these local unions have been longest established, and have done an especially valuable work. In the city of Meriden and vicinity there are only three Protestant churches which have not Societies of Christian Endeavor.

The Chicago Christian Endeavor Union prints on the cover of its constitution commendations of the warmest nature concerning the society from Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and from eminent ministers of Chicago in the Presbyterian, Friend, and Congregational Churches.

Any one wishing information concerning the Society can obtain samples of the "Model Constitution" or "Prayer-Meeting Topics" by writing to the United Society of Christian Endeavor, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The second day of February will complete seven years since the first Society of Christian Endeavor was established by the Rev. F. E. Clark in Williston Church, Portland, Maine. It is proposed to celebrate the anniversary by holding in each local Society that enters into the plan an entertainment or sociable, the proceeds of which shall go for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the work in all lands in answer to the demand which is growing more and more pressing every day. Already calls are coming for the translation of the constitution and other literature into several foreign languages; the Society is taking root in Great Britain and in all missionary lands. Ah Syoo, Secretary of a Society in the Baptist mission in Burmah, writes that the Society is as "conspicuously successful" in India as in America.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Last Sunday, in London, Mr. Spurgeon preached a special sermon in his Tabernacle in celebration of the publication of his two thousandth sermon. He was in excellent health and spirits.

A press dispatch from Boston says that the American Board learns that the Turkish Government is revising its school laws with the aim of suppressing American and other foreign schools. The new law provides that no foreigner can open a school without a special firman given by the Sultan himself, and such documents he is very slow to give. The law forbids any Ottoman subject from attending such a school until he shall have taken a course of religious training in his own schools, while foreign schools are to abstain entirely from religious instruction. The schools now existing are to be suppressed unless they conform to these regulations within six months. As a large amount of capital is invested in educational instruction in Turkey, our Minister has protested against this law, and urges other embassies to join him.

The Rev. Mr. Eakin, the missionary who came to this country to obtain funds for the erection of a Christian High School in Bangkok, has returned to his field of labor. He secured $15,000 in this country, to which the King of Siam will add $5,000. The erection of the school is thus made possible.

On a recent Sunday morning the vicar of Emanuel Church, Nottingham, England, made a sensation in his church by boldly denouncing the Prince of Wales and the newspaper press for their share in the revival of prize fighting. He said it was a duty to speak out when the second person in the kingdom, after opening a church, shook hands with and patronized a pugilist whose object was a breach of the law. He would rather see the Church disestablished and himself go with it than receive the support of such cowardly papers.

The McAll Mission has opened several new halls at Paris, and in a few days halls will also be opened at St. Germain-en-Laye, Nantes (second hall), Antibes, Thiers, Sainte-Florence. The church at Rheims has opened two popular halls for evangelistic and social work, the whole expense of erection being borne by the church.

Fifty years ago in London there were 260 churches, now there are 720, while the clergy have increased fourfold. Fifty years ago the Church in the United States had 790 clergy; now there are 3,846, a fivefold increase, while the communicants have increased over tenfold, viz., from 88,000 to 438,095.

A recent issue of the London "Standard" says: "At Lichfield Cathedral Bishop Maclagan yesterday, December 18, ordained fourteen deacons and eight priests. Among the candidates was one described as a 'permanent deacon,' and he is believed to be the first one of his class ordained in the Church of England. He is called a 'permanent deacon because he is not to become a priest. The chief duty of this new order is to assist priests in administering the Holy Communion, but, if licensed by the Bishop, those ordained will probably be allowed to preach."

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adoniram Judson will occur August 9, 1888. In commemoration of this event it is proposed to erect a Judson Memorial Church in Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burmah, within sight of the prison pens of Ava and Ourg-pen-la. Those who desire to aid in this may send their contributions to the Rev. E. O. Stevens, Waterville, Maine.

PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE.

THE Pan-Anglican Conference, which meets at the Lambeth Palace in London next July, will summon together all the Anglican bishops in the world, some 210 in number, and will have something of the character, though not the authority, of an Œcumenical Council. It is the third that has been devised in the last quarter of a century, and will have considerable importance to all Protestant as well as to Eastern Christians. The range of topics to be considered is thus outlined by Archbishop Benson, who is already sending out the invitations to his brother bishops in this country and at the antipodes: "1. The Church's practical work in relation to intemperance, purity, care of emigrants, and socialism. 2. Definite teaching of the faith to various classes and the means thereof. 3. The Anglican Communion in relation to the Eastern Churches, to the Scandinavian and other Reformed Churches. 4. Polygamy of heathen converts. Divorce. 5. Authoritative standards of doctrine and worship. 6. Mutual relations of dioceses and branches of the Anglican Communion." There is enough here laid down in the way of formal business to engage the attention of these ecclesiastics for a good while, and it is gratifying to note that practical questions relating to the life of men in the world will be considered as equally important with purely ecclesiastical functions. Only good to Protestant Christendom can come from this conference of men who best know the conditions of Christian society in the parts of the world where they live.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[*The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.*]

MIDDLE STATES.

—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage has been chosen chaplain of the Thirteenth New York Regiment, Brooklyn, to succeed the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

—The Rev. H. O. Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., has given a final reply to the letter from his former parishioners requesting him to state upon what conditions he would return to the Belleville Avenue Church as pastor. He declines to reconsider in any way his resignation, and says: "Yours is an orthodox Congregational church. The minority, in this instance, represent just what your church stands for: orthodox Congregationalism. I could not become your pastor again except such changes were made in your manual as would be practically inconsistent with orthodox Congregationalism." Mr. Pentecost is to preach Sunday afternoon in the Criterion Theater, Brooklyn. The services in the Library Hall of Newark on Sunday evening are largely attended.

—The members of St. Luke's Episcopal Church of Brooklyn are greatly pleased with the news that the Rev. Edward A. Bradley, D.D., rector of Christ Church, Indianapolis, Ind., has accepted the call to St. Luke's parish which was extended to him by the church last month. The society will erect a new church building on the site of the present structure, which was recently injured by fire.

—The January meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Churches was held on Tuesday evening with the East Church of Brooklyn. The programme included papers by the Rev. J. G. Roberts and the Hon. F. W. Hinrichs. The former's subject was "The Holy Spirit Ever Present with the Churches;" the latter's, "So-Called Protection Contrary to Christianity." In the evening Professor Rossiter W. Raymond spoke on "Some Aspects of the Labor Question." We print part of his address elsewhere.

—The fourteenth annual meeting of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice will be held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York City, Tuesday evening, January 17. In addition to the annual report (which will contain facts of especial interest) there will be addresses by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., of New York City.

—A congregational meeting of the Memorial Presbyterian Church was held on Wednesday of last week to consider what action should be taken by the church in securing a successor to the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson. The meeting of the congregation was entirely harmonious, and it resulted in the appointment of a committee of fifteen with power to recommend a new pastor.

—At the recent meeting of the committees of the two Reformed Churches, Dutch and German, no conclusion as to the union of the two bodies was reached. Another meeting is to be held in Philadelphia in March.

—A call has just been issued for the sixth annual meeting of the National Law and Order League, which will be held in Philadelphia, February 21 and 23. All Law and Order Leagues throughout the land, having for their object the enforcement of the laws, are invited to send representatives, and clergymen are invited to attend the session, or to speak to their congregations on the subject of the League on the days of the meeting or the preceding Sunday. The specific objects of the National League are to secure obedience to the law enacted for the prevention of pauperism, insanity, and crime produced by the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to encourage and assist the authorities in enforcing the laws prohibiting offenses against morals and the peace and good order of society. The call is signed by Charles C. Bonney, of Chicago, President; L. Edwin Dudley, of Boston, Secretary; and all the officers of the National League.

—At the next monthly meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, to be held on Thursday, January 5, 1888, a paper will be read by the Rev. E. A. Davies, F.R.G.S., of Manchester, England, on "The Bible Account of the Creation Read in the Light of Modern Science."

—The necessity from the view-point of honesty of an international copyright law was the subject of a sermon preached by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke at the Brick Presbyterian Church in this city last Sunday. He took for his text the Proverbs: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." He said that the wholesale piracy now going on was directly in violation of the eighth and tenth commandments, and the question of international copyright was not one of expediency or of courtesy, but one of right and wrong. The effects of the present system had been seriously felt already in the floods of bad books on the market at cheap prices, and in the discouragement of native literature.

—A new church, that of St. George's (P. E.) Society, of Brooklyn, was opened last Sunday morning. Bishop Littlejohn conducted the services. The Rev. F. B. Carter preached an appropriate sermon in the morning. In the evening the Rev. E. Winchester Donald preached. The church cost about $60,000, and will seat 800 persons.

—The sixth anniversary of the McAuley Cremorne Mission was celebrated last Sunday afternoon and evening. The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Dr. Stoddard, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and others took part. A brass tablet in memory of Jerry McAuley was unveiled.

—Monday prayer-meetings for business men are now held in the Board of Trade rooms, Philadelphia. Thus far they are a success despite the constant attention which a very vigorous telephone in the room constantly needs.

—William Reed, of Pittsburg, Pa., the eccentric locator of oil and minerals by means of divining rods, who was drowned recently on the New Jersey coast, left the greater part of his estate of $350,000 for the benefit of students for the ministry, struggling churches and missions.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The Rev. William H. Ryder, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been elected by the Trustees of Andover Theological Seminary as Associate Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary. Mr. Ryder was a graduate of the seminary in 1869, and previous to his Ann Arbor pastorate was Professor of Greek in Oberlin College.

—The Rev. Dr. Isaac P. Langworthy, particularly well known from his connection with the American Congregational Association, died at his home in Chelsea, Mass., on January 5. Until a few weeks ago he was Librarian and Assistant Treasurer of the Congregational Association, while his office of Corresponding Secretary had been held since 1868. The Congregational House on Beacon Street is his monument. Largely through his energy the house was erected, and he aided greatly in the accumulation of its large library. Dr. Langworthy was born at Stonington, Conn., on January 19, 1806, and was graduated at Yale in 1839, and at the Yale Theological Seminary in 1841.

—The clergymen of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, met at Rector Newton's study at Pittsfield lately and formed the Berkshire "Clericus Club." The Rev. I. C. Smart, of Pittsfield, was chosen Secretary. Rector Newton has deposited $10,000 in the bank, money given by an unknown friend of St. Stephen's parish toward building a new church. This swells the subscription to over $30,000.

—The Rev. Eli Fay, formerly Unitarian minister at Leominster and Newton, offers $600,000 to endow a female college at Worcester, Mass., as a memorial to his wife. Mr. Fay is now in California. He left many years ago with $150, and is now worth $1,500,000, which he made in real estate.

—The Rev. Dr. Dryden Phelps, editor and proprietor of the "Christian Secretary," of Hartford, Conn., has sold the paper to the Rev. C. A. Piddock, of Middletown. The "Secretary" is one of the oldest Baptist papers in the country, having been founded over sixty years ago.

—The will of the late William Hilton, of Boston, gives $50,000 each to Harvard, Williams, and Amherst College, and to the Phillips Academy, to be used in educating young men; $50,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital; $50,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; $50,000 to the American Home Missionary Society, having its office in the city of New York; $25,000 to the American Missionary Society of New York; $25,000 to the Boston City Missionary Society; $50,000 to the town of Salisbury, the income to be used for the support of aged men and women; $50,000 to the trustees of the Boston Dispensary, the income to be used for the purposes of the institution; $10,000 to the Boston Young Women's Christian Association; $10,000 to the trustees of the Home for Little Wanderers; $10,000 to the trustees of the Children's Hospital; $10,000 to the Abbott Academy of Andover.

—The Rev. Mr. Mills, the evangelist, labored in the early autumn several weeks in Worcester. We have received a printed list of sixty three names of persons who were received to the Central Church, Dr. Daniel Merriman, pastor, Sunday before last, on confession of faith, and seventeen by letters. The contributions of this church for the year ending October 3 were nearly $4,000. At the Piedmont Church Dr. D. O. Mears, pastor, twenty-six were received on confession and two by letter; Salem Street Church, thirteen by confession, seven by letter; Old South, thirteen by confession, five by letter. Other churches received additions ranging from two to five.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—The Western Episcopal Theological Seminary has received a gift of $5,000, to be applied to the purchase of a library.

—Immanuel Presbyterian Church, one of the finest edifices of Milwaukee, Wis., was burned last week. Nothing but the bare walls are left. Loss, $100,000.

—Mr. Sankey is to make a tour of the Southern States. He has made arrangements with Church of England people to return to Great Britain next May and hold a series of meetings in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

—The Congregational Club of Minnesota lately passed resolutions protesting against the admission by Congress of the Territory of Utah into the Union "until the Mormon theocracy controlling that territory shall give credible evidence of a genuine abandonment of the 'twin relic of barbarism,' and of a willingness to obey the present laws of Congress respecting that abomination, believing as we do that her present proffered constitution is an attempt through transparent trickery and fraud to intrench polygamy behind the bulwarks of statehood."

—A band of Franciscan nuns have, it is said, taken vows to devote their lives to missionary work among the negroes of the United States, particularly those of the South.

—Mr. Moody, the evangelist, opened his series of meetings in Louisville, Ky., Sunday afternoon, in a building specially erected for the purpose. The congregation was very large, and deeply interested.

—At St. Paul last Sunday the Rev. Samuel G. Smith, D.D., who recently resigned as pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church to establish what he calls the People's Church, preached his first sermon in the Grand Opera-House before a large audience. He declared that religiously the new church would be founded on the Apostles' Creed, and its government would be by laymen. The idea of such a church had come to him twelve years ago.

—There are 129 churches and mission edifices in Minneapolis, besides a number of halls which are used for mission work. The church membership of the city is 20,000, an increase of 5,500 over that of a year ago. The Methodists have the largest number of churches. The church property of Minneapolis is valued at $4,500,000.

—Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church of Denver, now being erected, will cost $110,000, exclusive of the lots. The organ will cost $30,000 additional. During the year just passed the Young Men's Christian Association of Denver has moved into its handsome and commodious building.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—L. T. Potter, of Hartford, Conn., has declined his call to the North Church of Springfield, Mass., and accepted that to the Park Church of Hartford.

—W. F. Bacon, of East Hampton, Conn., has resigned.

—W. H. Ryder, of Ann Arbor, Mich., has resigned to accept the Associate Professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Seminary.

—W. H. Fellows, formerly of Chicago, has been called to the church at Fairmont, Neb.

—A. C. Zenos has been chosen to fill the Professorship of New Testament Exegesis of the Hartford Seminary, formerly filled by Dr. Riddle.

—B. W. Bacon, of Lyme, Conn., has been called to the church at Greeley, Col.

—C. S. Lane, of Unionville, Conn., has been called to the First Presbyterian Church at Mount Vernon, N. Y.

—Professor Llewellyn Pratt, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Broadway Church in Norwich, Conn.

—John Claflin accepts a call to Dexter, Mich.

—D. P. Breed, of Reed City, Mich., declines a call to Calumet.

—Henry Hyde, of the First Church of Holyoke, Mass., has declined a call to the Third Church at Chicopee.

—M. A. Bullock has received a call to Iowa City, Ia.

—A. W. Moore, of Lynn, Mass., has received a call from the Old South Church of Farmington, Me.

—N. F. Cobleigh, formerly pastor of the church at Marshfield, Vt., and for some years engaged in missionary work in Washington Territory, died recently in Walla Walla.

—L. W. Hainer has become pastor of the First Church in Newark, N. J.

—E. E. Rogers, of East Hardwick, Vt., has resigned.

—Edwin Jennison died recently in Conway, Mass.

—G. A. Mills, of Rochester, N. H., has resigned to accept a call to the church in Newport, Vt.

—W. D. Brown, of Gilbertville, Mass., has resigned and will go to Florida.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—G. F. W. Hartmann, of the German Church, at West Manchester, N. H., has resigned.

—A. N. Hollifield, of St. Louis, Mo., has been called to the Third Church of Newark, N. J.

—W. S. Miller has accepted a call to the Gurley Chapel, Washington, D. C.

—Charles S. Durfee, of the Rochester Presbytery, for several years pastor of the Congregational church in East Bloomfield, N. Y., died in that place last month.

—G. B. Bell has been installed as pastor of the Patterson Memorial Church of Philadelphia.

—A. A. Murphy is to become pastor of the Spring Garden Church of Philadelphia.

—Duncan Kennedy, for many years pastor of the church in Bloomfield, N. J., died in that place last week.

—J. S. Root has resigned the pastorate of the church of Brighton, Iowa. He will be succeeded by the Rev. John McColl, of Brandywine Manor, Pa.

—W. V. Slemmons was ordained and installed as pastor of the Second Church of Meadville, Pa., lately.

EPISCOPAL.

—R. W. Kenyon has become associate pastor of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher of this city.

—Leverett Bradley, of Christ Church, Andover, Mass., has received a call to St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia. He was formerly a Congregational minister.

—Charles Park has become rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Mattituck, N. Y.

—Melancthon Hoyt, a pioneer in the Episcopal ministry of the Northwest, died at Yankton, Dak., on January 3.

—J. C. S. Wells has become rector of St. Andrew's Church, Manitou Springs, Col.

BAPTIST.

—D. R. Watson, of the First Church of Penn Yan, N. Y., has resigned.

—Jesse B. Thomas, recently of the First Church of Brooklyn, has recently been appointed Professor of Church History in the Newton Theological Institute in Newton Center, Mass.

—S. A. Perine has been installed as pastor of the church at Chenoa, Ill.

—R. W. Perkins declines to withdraw his resignation as pastor of the Third Church of Camden, N. J., and will accept a call from Kansas City, Mo.

—Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, has received a call to the First Baptist Church of St. Louis, Mo., at a salary of $10,000.

—H. H. Barbour, of Trinity Church, Camden, N. J., has resigned.

—M. F. Johnston has received a call to Milford, Mass.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—Pitt Dillingham, of Charlestown, Mass., has received a call to the Unitarian church of Buffalo, N. Y.

—D. P. Bunn, a Universalist minister of Decatur, Ill., died suddenly on December 28.

—O. A. Rounds, a Universalist clergyman, died recently at Bridgeton, Me.

—Frank Maguire, pastor of the Universalist church at Southbridge, Mass., has resigned.

—A. S. Annis was installed as pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Harvard, Mass., on December 29.

The English Tract Society is appealing for funds for the extension of their work in India, for which at the present time there appears to be more than ordinary necessity. Among the natives who understand English there is an eager thirst for the atheistic and immoral literature which is imported. The Committee of the Punjaub Auxiliary are issuing a series of lectures by Dr. H. M. Clark, of Amritzur, specially designed to refute the views of the new Arya Somaj, a sect founded about fifteen years ago by a Mahrahta Brahmin, who conceived that he could restore pristine Hinduism by referring his countrymen back to the Vedas and discarding the later Hindu books.

Books and Authors.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.[1]

The two volumes whose titles are given in the footnotes below are both of them prepared by Roman Catholics, and are, as might be expected, somewhat monotonously eulogistic The volume by John Oldcastle is a small one of one hundred and ten pages; it is really a sketch rather than a biography, and will give to the ordinary reader, who desires nothing more than to know who Leo XIII is, where he comes from, and what his prior history, all that is necessary for that purpose. The illustrations are apparently from old and worn plates, and, excepting the frontispiece, which furnishes a very good portrait, are a positive blemish to the book; but the book itself is a useful and for many readers will be an entirely adequate biography. The other volume, by Bernard O'Reilly, has been prepared with the approval of the Pope, and has appended to it letters of commendation from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, the Cardinal Vicar of the Pope at Rome, Cardinal Simeoni of the Propaganda, and Archbishop Corrigan. In preparing this volume the author had manuscript memoirs furnished him by the Vatican to serve as a guide. In one respect the volume may be regarded as a nineteenth century curiosity, illustrating at once the international character of our age and the universality of the Roman Catholic communion; for the volume is published by the enterprising house of Charles L. Webster & Co., simultaneously in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Holland.

We are strongly tempted to take the occasion of this publication for a brief survey of the recent history of the Papacy, and some estimate of the present Pope and his influence in European if not in world politics; but this would be a theme rather for the magazine than the newspaper. Any treatment of it admissible within our columns would be inadequate; any treatment at all comprehensive would far transcend the legitimate limit of such a review as this It would furnish a fitting theme for Lord Macaulay in an "Edinburgh Review," but The Christian Union is not a Review, and our pen is not the pen of Lord Macaulay We can at best but suggest in a paragraph what we believe will be found the key both to the character and the policy of the conscientious but politic Leo XIII., statesman and ecclesiastic, saint and man of the world. If Dr O'Reilly and John Oldcastle give too exalted an estimate of the great Primate—whom they could not, indeed, criticise without a certain aspect of disloyalty to their Church—Emilio Castelar in the November "Fortnightly" gives a picture far too one-sided to be credible. If the former do not see as much of the man of the world in the Pope as really exists, the latter recognizes far too little the spirit of genuine consecration and unselfish devotion—in a word, the real saintliness of the Primate. The men of books are simple in their motives but the men of life are mostly compound, acting from complex motives, and under impulses partly selfish and partly divine, and seek their ends by methods sometimes candid and straightforward, sometimes diplomatic if not dishonest Here is Castelar's portrait of the Pope:

"In voting for Pecci, the reigning Pope, the cardinals voted for a policy identical at bottom with the policy of Franchi, but more supple, more circumspect, more reserved, more friendly to what was demanded by the circumstances of the election, more friendly to delays and distinctions. A finished theologian, a dexterous debater, a maker of Latin verse, which you would say was shaped, as the facets of a diamond by a diamond, by ancient Latin verse; cold like the abstractions of Aquinas; a man of corners and angles, like the dialectical dilemma; with a living syllogism for his soul, his body shriveled and bony; very clever and by no means nervous; quite free from mysticism, which is incompatible with his semi Aristotelian and so far semi-materialist philosophy—the designate for the tiara appeared to be one of those machines invented by a great doctor of the Middle Ages to reason mechanically; obedient to the great combinations of calculation, but not to the movements of the heart and the severity of dogma, till then essential parts of pontifical policy. The irreconcilables of all shades one and all called him sly and disingenuous. One compared him with Machiavelli, another with Clement XIV., and, in the height of adverse feeling, even with Alexander VI. I have read in the books of zealous Ultramontanes that his head has the shape of the head of Robespierre, and his lips of the lips of Voltaire. They leave in peace neither the court which surrounds him nor the cardinals placed like planets in the solar system of his soul Proud of his learning, careful of style and language rather than deep of thought in his discourses; uncertain and perplexed between two lines of politics; with little belief in his philosophy; a statesman rather than an apostle; a diplomatist rather than a saint; proud to the weak and humble to the strong—thus his enemies, the loftiest disciples of the purest Catholicism, describe Leo XIII."

This portrait, if wholly partial, is not wholly false, and he who will remember it will find aid from it in reading Dr O'Reilly's history of the Pope and interpretation of the papal policy. They were certainly mistaken who expected Pope Leo XIII to reverse the principles and retrace the steps of his predecessor Pius IX He believes no more than his predecessor that it is the duty of the Church to reconcile itself with the progress of the age, and no less than his predecessor in the temporal sovereignty as well as the spiritual primacy of the Pope of Rome He is quite as clear in his convictions and as settled in his purpose, namely (we quote Dr. O'Reilly) "to make rulers and people acknowledge the Church as their divinely appointed guide, and their safeguard against social error and anarchy" In pursuing this purpose he has set himself vigorously against every form of socialism; he has endeavored to array the conservative against the anarchic forces, and to put himself, as head of the Church, at the head of the conservative forces. He has made alliance with Bismarck against the socialistic democracy of Germany, and secured by this alliance an entire reversal of that diplomatist's previous domestic policy, and thus recovered the Church from its previous position of obliquy and restored it to imperial favor. In France, under his influence, the Church is no longer opposed to the Republic as such, and still less is it identified with the failing cause of Bourbonism, but the banner of the Church is the rallying point of all forces which are opposed to secularism or socialism; while the hierarchy waits its opportunity to lead combined conservative forces, whenever the campaign shall so shape itself that they can be combined in one solid phalanx. In England the chiefs of the hierarchy have gone just as far as their hold on the people will allow them to go in opposing all forms of Fenianism, if not of Home Rule, and the Vatican has been equally ready to enter into negotiations with the Liberal party under Gladstone and the Tory party under Lord Salisbury to check, if not checkmate, Irish democracy in all its forms In our own country the Roman Catholic Church, under the leadership of Pope Leo XIII, has shown itself more vigorously if more skillfully, than ever before opposed to all public school education under State control; the Pope's encyclical condemns in explicit terms "the unbridled liberty of teaching and publishing," and affirms in explicit terms the "right of the Church to train and to educate the young;" and this last is assumed to be its exclusive right. It is safe to assume that Cardinal Gibbons, in endeavoring to put the Church at the head of the labor movement in America, is endeavoring to carry out the policy of the Pope, in the spirit of the Pope; that he is endeavoring to make the Church "the divinely appointed guide" of the people, as in Europe the Pope is endeavoring to make the Church "the divinely appointed guide" of the rulers. In short, if we do not misread the character and the purpose of Pope Leo XIII, not in his biography directly afforded by these biographers, but nevertheless discernible therein, the Pope is thoroughly consecrated to the cause of what we may call ecclesiastical imperialism, but is man of the world enough to see that this cause is best promoted by not too distinctly avowing it, and that the power of the Church is best strengthened by those methods which set in battle array the conservative and the radical forces of society, and which put the Church with all its powers, and in every place, at the head of the conservative forces, whether they are represented by imperialism in Germany, moderatism in France, anti democracy in England, or conservative and restrained democracy in America.

Lest we should be thought to have written this article wholly under the impulse of a Protestant prejudice, let us add that we are profoundly grateful that in America there is such a conservative force as is afforded by the Roman Catholic Church We dissent from its theology; we disbelieve in its hierarchical system; we are suspicious respecting many of its methods; we are invincibly opposed to one of its fundamental tenets—that all education is the function of the church; but we are sincerely thankful that it exists in America, and that it exerts upon its vast constituency the restraining influence which proceeds from it. As a temperance organization we believe it to be certainly not inferior, if not superior, to the Protestant church; as antagonistic to all social and anarchistic tendencies it is doing more than any Protestant denomination, perhaps more than all combined. The bomb-throwers and the loud-mouthed demagogues are not members of its communion nor attendants on its ministry, while, on the other hand, the vast majority of those non Protestant foreigners who are engaged in honest industry owe the moral restraint and the moral inspiration of their lives to the Roman Catholic Church. The only campaign against it with which we have any sympathy is the campaign of a free but friendly discussion and a generous and fraternal emulation in love and good works.

[1] *Life of Leo XIII.* By John Oldcastle. With Chapters contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Thomas W Allies, K.C.S.G., the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., and Alice Maynell (New York The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Life of Leo XIII. From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by His Order, Written with the Encouragement, Approbation, and Blessing of His Holiness the Pope. By Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D. (Laval). (New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.)

FOR GOD AND GOLD.[1]

There are those who claim that photography is a fine art; they are the photographers. Photographical fiction is not without its value and interest, but there is a class of novels which we believe ranks higher, even as high as a fine art. All higher fiction is essentially legendary; that is, it aims, under the customs, languages, and events of an epoch, to present permanent principles and enduring forces of character and of history. To this latter class of novels belongs Julian Corbett's "For God and Gold." Under the form of a narrative of one Mr. Festing, a friend of Sir Francis Drake and a companion in his adventurous voyages, Mr Corbett has given us a careful study of typical characters and the social conditions of England during the first years of the reign of Elizabeth. The somber shadows of austere Puritanism are finely contrasted with the bright gayety of the Tudor *régime*, already destined to the scaffold of the "martyr king" Elizabeth was a child of the renaissance. Saving the matter of statecraft, in character and policy she was wanting in that deep seriousness which was welling up in England to become a mighty deluge and sweep away him of her successors who alone took life seriously. As an analysis of the formative epoch of the Reformation, "For God and Gold" deserves to be ranked with Charles Reade's "Cloister and Hearth." Both are ideal historical novels. The characters of Mr. Corbett's story are types Nicholas Festing represents the curious duplex character of the first Puritans. Hard, severe, rigidly just in private life, but not very aggressive in propagating religious opinions, shifting and crafty in trade and social converse, in all and through all money-loving and money-getting, no wonder they were called hypocrites and dissemblers Sir Fulke Waldive is the easy-going Tudor gentleman, whose religion comes after his loyalty—who was Protestant or Catholic according to the command of his sovereign.

In these days of pronounced individualism, a product of the Puritan movement, it is difficult to understand how men could suit their religion to the command of the king; how at the request of Theodolinda her faithful Lombards could all become orthodox Catholics, or how by the edict of Recared his subjects obediently rejected Arianism, or how the whole nation of the Franks followed upon the heels of St. Remy when he was leading King Clovis down into the font; yet so it was. The difference is that now we no longer have masses in religious changes, but men.

Follet, the tutor of Festing, was distinctly a man of the old learning, a gentle semi-pagan, his mind filled with quaint conceits and curious learning: for consolation betaking himself to Plato rather than the Bible, dreaming away his life regardless of the turbulence about him

Cartwright, the fierce controversialist, who is famous chiefly for having called forth Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," represents the new learning. Between these two extremes stands Francis Drake, a Puritan, but not a bigot, and before all things a man of action. It is the idea of the book that the Reformation of England was wrought more effectively by the men of action than by the scholarly disputants, because through the rise of maritime and colonial power England was placed among the nations of the new life just awakening in the world. The narrative throughout is not only expressed in the phraseology of the time, but is saturated with the social and intellectual atmosphere of the age.

The *dénouement* of the tale recalls Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," because it is conceived in the spirit of Ecclesiastes, "All is vanity" It must be frankly conceded that such an ending may be artistically true, yet we cannot believe it to be so universal a result as to become a characteristic of the legendary, which is the substance of the highest fiction. It is not conceivable that the result of exceptional experiences, the outcome of strong strivings within and without, should be either a ghastly indifferentism or a *blasé* carelessness. The effect of struggles of heart and brain which come to victory is always a strong character. It is true that we all are nowadays more or less affected with the malaria of pessimism; but why should that miasm blind an author to the logical results of the characters which it has pleased him to create? A novelist has the power to create his characters, but when that is done he must leave them to develop naturally in their environment. Some useful points relative to this matter may be gleaned from Mr. Browning's "Caliban upon Setebos," which poem we, with all profoundest respect, would beg to commend to the attention of novelists and story writers.

We trust that, in spite of what has been said above, we may be understood when we repeat that "For God and Gold" is a work of unusual power and worth, artistic in its construction and sustained in its interest.

[1] *For God and Gold.* By Julian Corbett. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

Agriculture, in Some of Its Relations with Chemistry. By F H. Storer, S B , A M , Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in Harvard University. (New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols.) The season of the year has come when the long, quiet evenings will lead farmers to patronize the public libraries to which they have access It is therefore an appropriate time to notice a book to which circumstances have prevented us from giving earlier attention. The book is one which every such library should have. Not many years ago it was very common to hear "book-farming" sneered at in such a way that one would think that farming had no literature of its own and was a business which books could not benefit. The eminently practical persons engaged in this occupation at the same time emphasized experience as the one thing essential to successful farming. Gradually it has been recognized by farmers that experience is but the result of a long experiment, perhaps running through one life and perhaps several, and that a book, well made, may record the practical experience of many men, successful farmers, and prove a helper and guide to others. Such books—still too few rather than too many—may be filled with "common sense, refined and classified," and this was the definition of *science* given by Sir Humphrey Davy. So the prejudice against books, even "scientific" books, in connection with farming is fast passing away, and the progressive farmers of to day are book buyers, and readers, and students. This class of farmers, constantly increasing, will give a most cordial welcome to Professor Storer's "Agriculture, in Some of Its Relations with Chemistry," which appeared just as their last busy season began. It is a truly scientific work by a scientific man, packed full of common sense, refined and classified and expressed so clearly that few will find any difficulty in the reading. And if here and there a technical term or a chemical symbol "stumps" the reader, it will do him no harm to stop and ascertain its meaning. One is, however, expected to know enough of elementary chemistry to understand what is meant by carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., before using the book. Beginning with a thorough discussion of the soil, its composition, chemical and physical properties, its relations to air and water and to plants, the improvement of the soil for farming purposes is next considered, first by tillage, and second by manures. Then follow several chapters giving in a condensed but comprehensive form what is known, theoretically and practically, of nearly all fertilizers and fertilizing substances, with the various methods of manuring. The second volume contains chapters on the disposing of farms, rotation of crops, irrigation and sewage ; also on pastures, hay fields and hay making, barley and oats. It is a little odd that so much attention should be given to irrigation and sewage, while land-drainage proper is but incidentally treated in the earlier discussion of soils. If the book was to enter at all into the consideration of special crops, it seems a serious defect to give a whole chapter each to barley and oats and omit the great agricultural plant of America, the Indian corn We cultivate in this country more than three acres of corn to every acre of oats and barley combined, and the value of the former crop is at least six times that of both the others. These volumes show an immense amount of study, and great familiarity with the agricultural literature of all languages. While constantly referring to scientific experiments, the author has kept always in view their practical bearing. This summary of many important foreign experiments, systematically arranged, will be invaluable to students and teachers who might never see them in the original records in German and French. Professor Storer has performed a great public service, and his work is, with perhaps a single exception, the most valuable contribution to the agricultural literature of America.

Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race. A History of Creation and of the Birthplace and Wanderings of Man in Central Asia, from B C. 32,500 to B C 8 000, with a History of the Aryan Race commencing B C. 15 000, their Rise and Progress, and the Promulgation of the first Revelation ; their Spiritual Decline, and the Destruction of the Nation, B C 4,705, the Inroad of the Turanians, and the Scattering of the Remnant of the Race. B.C 4,304, as deciphered from a very ancient document. Also, an Exposition of the Law governing the Formation and Duration of the Glacial Period, and a Record of its Effects on Man and on the Configuration of the Globe A Chapter on the Deluge; its Cause, Locality, and Extent. And an Account of the "Oannes Myth." By Lorenzo Burge. (Lee & Shepard: Boston.) The above title sufficiently shows the great scope of this volume. Its vast comprehensiveness precludes the possibility of any adequate description in a brief book-notice. Suffice it to say that the author takes the account of origins in the Book of Genesis to be an allegory ; inipoins of fact, to be the book of "The Origin of Things and Civilization" written by the Persian fish god Oannes. The plan of the work is a running commentary upon the account of Genesis. Mr. Burge tells us that the four rivers which went out of Eden were four successive migrations. When it is said that a rib was taken from Adam while he slept, and made into a woman, it means—"This Aryan race, like the rest of mankind, had slept the sleep of animal existence. During this long sleep the female belonged to no one. As a rib is a necessary but unseen portion of the body, so she formed a necessary but unseen part of the human race. . . . The help meet for Adam had been found. The rib had been removed from his side; the female had been taken out from the group where she had so long been unrecognized, and had been selected by man as his companion. This step was undoubtedly made more necessary by the increasing cold," etc., etc.

Among the most attractive books of the season is the charming volume just issued from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), containing the series of chapters which appeared in "Scribner's Magazine," and which are now issued under the title *A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago: Selections from the Letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne.* Miss Southgate stood in familiar relations with many of the best-known people of her time in this country and her letters introduce us into the best society of the beginning of the present century in at least three States. To her ample opportunities of observing men and women and their manners she added a delightful gift of letter-writing, which many times approaches a very high degree of literary art. These charming epistles of nearly a century ago bring before us a clear vision of many distinguished people and of a very delightful old fashioned life. They also recall the New York of the past, with its promenade on the Battery, and the glory of Broadway when Broadway extended hardly half a mile. The letters contained in this volume cover the period of Miss Southgate's life from her school days through her brief married life to the time of her death in 1609, at the early age of twenty-five. The volume is charmingly printed, and has a very appropriate canvas cover, with a design stamped in imitation of the old fashioned sampler.

Zorah: A Love Tale of Modern Egypt. By Elizabeth Balch (D.T S) (Boston: Cupples & Hurd) The brilliant, shifting, party colored life of Cairo is sketched in a rapid and effective fashion in the pages of "Zorah." There is no lack of pigments for a vivid picture. Passionate Oriental love, court intrigues, savage religious fanaticism, the fury of a woman scorned, occult Buddhism with its adepts, chelahs, astral bodies, and mysterious instantaneous appearances and vanishments, questions of international politics, harem life, sorcery, Mohammedan weddings and funerals—these and others are the elements mingled in "Zorah." The plot, which is very like that of Verdi's "Aida," is outlined with a light, rapid touch, and nowhere does the action of the story drag. To be sure, there is something like a stereoscopic effect about the picture, but that is not altogether unpleasing. One is reminded of those water-colors artists bring back from Egypt, where the deep blue of the sky, the white or yellow walls, the red and green roofs, and the sharp outlines of the shadows seem garish and crude to us who are used to viewing things through a humid atmosphere which softens and blends both colors and shadows.

Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, Astronomer and General. A Biographical Narrative. By his Son, F. A. Mitchel. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co) This work is worthy of the remarkable man whose life it records. General Mitchel was a man of indomitable energy, and of rare and noble qualities of heart and head. To give such an abstract of the narrative as would furnish an adequate idea of the qualities of this work would be to overstep the limits of our space. Suffice it to say that the author has let the subject of the memoirs tell his own story, through making a liberal use of his diary and correspondence. Considerable space has properly been given to the narrative of the founding of the Cincinnati Observatory under the auspices of General Mitchel, and his military career has been told fairly and with perfect justice. We believe it to be no more than just to congratulate Mr. Mitchel upon having given us a biography of his distinguished father which is complete, careful, and veracious, and thus likely to be of permanent value. For this reason it is fortunate that the publishers are Houghton & Mifflin, since the mechanical excellence of the volume is thus assured.

Among the books that crowd the holiday shelf, those who would forget the bleakness of an American winter under a Spanish sky will gladly make room for Mrs. H B Goodwin's *Our Party of Four.* The story, unpretentious both in plot and style, is nevertheless full of suggestion to the student of Spanish art and architecture, while the story-lover finds in the romantic episode of the opening chapter, whose outcome is dramatically withheld until the close of the book, and in the shifting fortunes of the "sad-faced Dolores," whose romance forms the counter-plot of the story, sufficient to hold his interest. Mrs. Goodwin's books are especially to be commended to that younger generation yet untrained to discern the "true ends" she seeks to set forth, as shown in her preface. (Boston: Cupples & Hurd.)

THE MAGAZINES.

The fiction of this month's *Century* is of the best. It may be said of the three serials, by Stockton, Cable, and Eggleston, that in each there is a marked improvement in interest and amusement. This is most notably true of "The Dusantes," who are at last and under the most thrilling circumstances introduced to those good ladies Mrs. Locke and Mrs. Aleshine. Mark Twain contributes an elaborate joke on "Meisterschaft." A strongly written story of negro life by H S. Edwards completes the fiction. In the Lincoln biography the authentic story of the way in which Mr. Lincoln formed his first Cabinet is told authoritatively and with many letters not before printed. Mr. Kennan's article on "Russian Provincial Prisons" contains some curious facts as to the way in which prisoners communicate with each other by a system of knocks on the wall. Dr. Philip Schaff tells the history of the Catacombs of Rome. Besides this paper the illustrated articles of the greatest interest are those by E V. Smalley on "The Upper Missouri" and by Lieutenant Schwatka on elk hunting on the plains. To all interested in the literature of art and criticism Mr. Stillman's critique and personal sketch of Ruskin will be doubly welcome from its clear but subtle analyses and from its reminiscences of the erratic and gifted author.

The *Princeton Review* for January has an animated and racy discussion by "Mark Twain" and Brander Matthews anent the latter's recent presentation of instances of English piracy and mangling of American books. Mr. Clemens maintains that the English law now allows an American author to protect his rights by taking a little trouble to do so. Mark seems to us to have the best of the fun and Mr. Matthews the best of the argument. It is impossible to read the two articles, and the editorial in this issue of the Review on the same general subject, without coming to the conclusion that the only remedy for the injustice is the radical and honest one of giving the author the same control of his literary work that the inventor has over his inventions. Dr. Joseph Jastrow, of Johns Hopkins, writes of "The Dreams of the Blind," a most attractive subject, treated in a way to show careful personal investigation and close study. Dr. John Hall talks brightly and in an original vein of the growth of an individual national American life—social, political, and religious A dialect sketch by Ruth Stuart is a capital bit of work. We leave unmentioned several articles of serious interest and value.

Another installment of the delightful "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," by W. O. Tristram, with many spirited drawings by Hugh Thomson and H Railton, and an elaborately illustrated article on Antwerp by Mrs. Macquoid, are among the good things in the *English Illustrated* for January ——*The American Magazine* has the first of a series of papers on "Boston Artists and their Studios," by W H Rideing, a descriptive illustrated article on "Cape Breton Island," and a great variety of sketches, stories, and poems ——*Longman's Magazine* continues to present light social and literary essays, stories by popular English novelists, and sketches of travel and adventure. In the latest issues which have reached us, Andrew Lang, "A K H B," the veteran essayist, Walter Herries Pollock, J. T. Bent, D Christie Murray, Rider Haggard, and other well-known writers are represented. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

LITERARY NOTES.

—During the recent French crisis the circulation of the Paris "Petit Journal" ran up to over 1,000,000 copies daily.

—At a recent meeting of the Philological Society it was announced that eleven newspapers were published in Volapük, and the students of the language number half a million.

—Samuel Smiles's "Thrift" has been added to the Harpers' "Franklin Square Library." Hereafter this library is to be changed in form, a handier volume being adopted, and will be issued less frequently.

—An edition of the writings of the late Michael Katkoff, the celebrated Russian journalist, will be brought out in Russia, the first two volumes of it having already made their appearance.

—We have received "Routledge's Almanac" from the New York branch of George Routledge & Sons. It is a valuable, accurate, and comprehensive summary of the history of England and her colonies for the past year with much useful information.

—The Baker and Taylor Co. announce the speedy publication of "National Perils and Opportunities," the discussions of the General Christian Conference held at Washington, D C., last month, under the auspices and direction of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States.

—Professor Frank E. Morse, of the Wellesley College School of Music and New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, has prepared an admirable musical calendar to hang on the wall, the thoughtful use of which for the year itself constitutes not an unimportant item in a broad musical education.

—Among the portraits which the "Book Buyer" will print during the new year are those of W. Hamilton Gibson, Edith M. Thomas, Charles Dudley Warner Andrew Carnegie, and J. A. Froude. It is announced that of the February number of this admirable periodical 50,000 copies will be issued.

—James D. Hurd, of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the well-known Boston publishers, died in Newtonville, Mass., last week He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., thirty-five years ago. He was prepared for Trinity College, where he was graduated when a little more than twenty-one years of age. Entering the establishment of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in a few years he was taken into partnership.

—Swinburne contributes to "The Nineteenth Century" a burlesque article of three pages to prove that Darwin wrote Tennyson's poems. He writes a short introduction, stating the conviction of the value of what follows, and gives a contribution dated from the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, showing by intrinsic evidence in the poems of "The Princess" and "Maud" that Tennyson used a cryptogram revealing Darwin as the real author.

—The records of the famous "Challenger" Expedition will soon be completed, the 23d, 23d, and 24th volumes being nearly ready for publication. This immense work has been in course of publication ever since the end of the voyage in 1874, and furnishes an inexhaustible mine of information on marine biology. For six years the "Challenger's" trawls and sounding machines explored the depths of the oceans of the world, and the cost of compiling and printing the report has already exceeded £200,000.

—Some drawings and sketches by Phiz, sold a few weeks ago in London, brought the following prices: Drawings for the "Household" edition of "Pickwick" varied from £5 for "Mr Tupman Being Introduced to the Widow" to £11 for "Mr. Pickwick in the Wheelbarrow;" the sketch of "David Copperfield's First Introduction to his Aunt" sold for £6 15s., and "Barnaby Rudge and the Raven" for £5 15s, while some of the bathing scenes were sold at prices varying from £4 to £6, and a set of twenty nine hunting sketches brought £29.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply or through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

Has Dr. Abbott ever considered the inherent demoralizing tendency of the sexes acting together, especially *love scenes?* Who can doubt this? And how can it be avoided even in the best play?

Pray think over this again before you uphold the theater.

C.

In many of the best plays there are no love scenes, certainly none that involve any demoralizing tendencies. In the opera of "Siegfried" no woman appears on the stage at all till the last half of the last act. In "Tannhäuser," though the opera turns on the contrast between true and illicit love, we recall nothing which could be called a love scene, unless possibly it be a little in the first scene. In "Julius Cæsar" we hardly think any one would call the scene between Brutus and his wife a love scene, and this is the only approximation to a love scene in the play. We might go on. It is no more true that all plays turn on love than that all novels do—probably not as true. Nor is it clear that *all* love scenes are demoralizing in the one case more than in the other. Some love scenes on the stage are undoubtedly demoralizing in action, if not as a spectacle; and we would have our readers discriminate against all such.

Can you tell me of some good story books for children of six years of age, which books shall tend to instill into their little minds the beauty of character, and not bring in the "doctrines" which so bewilder even old heads? My little girl asks for fairy tales, understanding fully that they are imaginary. Is there a child's book of mythology, which could be substituted for the fairy tales, and would it be wise to use it for a child of six years? It would be a method of education. D.

A little book by Miss Hewins, of the Hartford Library, called "Books for the Young," will give a list of books for children, carefully classified and described. It is published by the "Publishers' Weekly," Pearl Street, New York City. We heartily commend it. Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" is a charming rendering of the Greek myths for children (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). You might be interested in "Norse Stories Retold," by H. W. Mabie (Roberts Bros.).

Will you please tell me what is the organ for the Indian Rights Association? What for the Copyright League? What periodical best posts one on moral reforms and progress?

C. L. S.

1. Write to the Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, for information. 2. Write to "Publishers' Weekly," Pearl Street, New York. 3. Mr Hale's "Lend a Hand" and the "International Record of Charities, etc.," are among the best periodicals of the kind. We hope that The Christian Union is not among the poorest.

Will you please give to your readers through the columns of The Christian Union the name of publications issued by the Women's National Indian Association, the price, and where it may be obtained? A SUBSCRIBER.

Write for list of publications to the Corresponding Secretary, Miss H. R. Foote, 2,105 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Where can I get the poem entitled "Platonic," by William B. Terrell? The first line reads:

"I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid."

And who is the author of the poem beginning,

"How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use to the world.
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently"?

Is there any music for the above? S. B.

Can some one tell me how to make a paste which, as described in your paper a few years since, is of excellent *sticking* quality, and keeps sweet and effective for a long time?

J. P. H.

In a recent issue of The Christian Union you gave information in regard to the poem "If I Should Die To-night." Can some one please inform me who is the author of a poem, and where I can obtain it, commencing

"If I were asked if I should die to-morrow, what should I do?"

"A. A. H." I think will find "The Water-Mill" in "Standard Recitations," published by Ivers & Co., 86 Nassau Street, New York. If not, write to "Reader," Box 229, Bridgeton, N. J.

We printed the poem in our "Fugitive Poems" column of last week.

In your issue of December 23 I notice "M. F. W.'s" inquiry as to who publishes "Great Events in History." Thomas Nelson & Sons, 42 Bleecker Street, New York, publish Collier's (W. F.) "Great Events in History, from the Beginning of the Christian Era till the Present Time." 12mo, cloth, $1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 William Street, New York, publish an edition of the same work, revised, etc., by O. R. Willis, A.M., Ph.D., to adapt it to American schools, etc G. M. K.

In reply to the query of E. R. in The Christian Union of December 23 in regard to mixing table mustard, I will give my rule, which will keep indefinitely, summer and winter—in a cool place and secure from the air, of course. It will be found equal to the best imported. To one large spoonful of ground mustard add half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and older vinegar enough to mix all these ingredients smoothly; set on the fire, stirring constantly; cook three minutes and allow to cool.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

I would like to obtain a clue to a copy of the small book, "The Sepulcher in the Garden." It was published seven years ago by the Congregational Publishing Society—is out of print now, they tell me. Some one having it may be willing to sell a copy.

In answer to the inquiry for a copy of the "Babes in the Wood," I inclose one made from memory, never having seen it in print. My mother sung it to a family of twelve children, one after the other, and at the lines,

"They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
Then those poor little children they laid down and died,"

each child sobbed aloud.

We will be pleased to forward the poem to the inquirer if he will send address.

Please to inform me through the Union how "Geikie" is pronounced (I refer to the author of "Hours with the Bible").

C. R. C.

Gee ky.

In answer to a question, permit me to say that Syracuse University gives the degree of Ph.D. to non-residents after thorough private study and examinations. J. A. F.

A correspondent inquires where the narration of "The Silent Academy" may be obtained. I know of no English version, but have in my possession a French reader containing the story. The following is copied from the title-page of the little work, which is cheaply gotten up: *Choix de Lectures Françaises à l'Usage des Ecoles Publiques et de l'Instruction Privée.* Par Eugène Borel, Professeur de Langue Française au Gymnase Supérieur et à l'Institution Royale de Catherine à Stuttgart. Première Partie. (Stuttgart: 1863. Librairie de Paul Neff.) The book is small, but in two parts—the first containing the narrative in question. D. R. M.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The much-talked-of giants of Patagonia have at last been measured, and seven of them have been found to average six feet two inches in height. They are regarded as the tallest men in the world.

In answer to an examination question, a high-school scholar of Auburn, Me., wrote, "Anglo-Saxon was the first man who wrote the alphabet. He wrote it in Greek first, then came to America and taught it to the nation."

It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10 800,000,000 pins yearly, and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 18,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States.

During the present season Fresno County, Cal., has shipped 4,000,000 pounds of raisins. This record is remarkable in view of the fact that a few years ago Fresno County was considered almost worthless from an agricultural point of view.

A weeping rose tree in a garden at Koosterein, Holland, is so large that thirty performers lately gave a concert under its branches. It is sixty-five feet in circumference, and it has been estimated that it had 10,000 roses at the time of the performance.

An Englishman with a missionary spirit has issued an appeal to evangelicals to provide "drawing-room meetings" at which those who attend should be required to wear evening dress. "We dress to go out to dinner, why should we not dress to read the Bible together?' is his original theory.

"Among the gifts which Santa Claus brought to the editor of the 'Christian Register,'" says that paper, "was a pocket match-safe, with matches inclosed, 'to light the pyres of bigotry, superstition, and realism.' We return thanks, but must remind Santa Claus that brimstone has seldom been used by the 'Christian Register' as a moral agent."

A scheme is in progress in Mexico for tunneling the volcano of Popocatapetl through the wall of the crater, in order to reach the immense sulphur deposits inside the mountain. A narrow-gauge railroad will connect the tunnel with the town of Amecameca, which, in turn, will connect with the Morelos road, leading to the national capital.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,960,080 in thirty days, 157,680 000 in one year; it travels 1 and 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9¼ miles in twenty-four hours, 292¼ miles in thirty days, or 3 558¼ miles in one year.

Robert Treat Paine says that there are 9,576 families in Boston which receive help from the Associated Charities of that city, or some 28,728 persons. This shows that fully seven in every 100 of that city's population receive help from sources outside their own labors. Mr. Paine says that the three great causes sinking people in destitution and making paupers of their children are the rum-shop, the filthy tenement, and profuse outdoor relief.

In some Episcopal churches in Boston the "hymnus processionis" and the "offertorium" are given on the Sunday programmes. The Boston "Transcript" declares that this is contrary to one of the Episcopal Articles of Religion, which declares the use of a tongue "not understanded of the people" contrary to Scripture and primitive usage. This seems conclusive, but the Churchmen who get up these programmes might reply that Latin is "a tongue understanded of the people"—in Boston.—[Tribune.

A great but rather indiscreet admirer of Canon Knox-Little's oratory was extolling the same to a certain very eloquent prelate of Irish extraction, and ended with the ill-advised remark, "Yes, my lord, Knox-Little is the greatest preacher in the English Church." "Do you think so?—indeed!" "Oh, I see," replied the angry enthusiast, "your lordship thinks perhaps he's *Vox et præterea nihil!*" "Not at all," replied the witty Bishop. "I should rather say *Knox et præterea Little.*"

Speaking of translations, Professor G. F. Wright told the Boston ministers the other morning of a ludicrous turn in an Indian version of the 23d Psalm which he found in his Alaska peregrinations. The missionary had been handicapped in his endeavor to translate "The Lord is my shepherd," by the utter absence in Alaska of anything like the ordinary sheep. He finally thought he had surmounted the difficulty, and, passing the result of his labors over to the natives, was dumfounded to hear them read, "The Lord is a first-class mountain sheep-hunter."—[The Congregationalist.

The interesting fact is stated that so indestructible by wear or decay is the African teakwood that vessels built of it have lasted one hundred years, to be then only broken up because of their poor sailing qualities from faulty models. The wood, in fact, is one of the most remarkable known, on account of its very great weight, hardness, and durability, its weight varying from forty-two to forty-five pounds per cubic foot; it works easily, but on the account of the large quantity of silex contained in it the tools employed are quickly worn away. It also contains an oil which prevents spikes and other ironwork with which it is in contact from rusting.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

FOREFATHERS' DAY was celebrated, December 22, by the Congregational Club of San Francisco and Vicinity with a banquet in the spacious rooms of the First Church in Oakland. The ladies of the church furnished an elegant repast, quite unlike the fare of the Plymouth Pilgrims in 1620. The *menu* cards were elegantly printed in colors, and ornamented at one of the upper corners by a cut representing a rock, cradle, or other appropriate emblem. The dishes were described as *Plymouth Bay* Clam Chowder, *May-flour* bread, *Plymouth Rock* chickens, turkey à la *Carver*, *Robinson* toast, *Winslow's* corn, *Stand-dish* celery, *Chilton* cheese, *December-ice* cream, etc. The programme provided for addresses on The Pilgrim Polity—its Transplantation Westward; the New England Schoolhouse; a Lawyer's Look at Plymouth Rock; the New England of the Future; and a poem by a lady. To these were added some volunteer remarks. General O. O. Howard and Judge Patterson, of the Superior Court, were among the distinguished gentlemen present, including the ministers of the two cities.

The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational ministers of San Francisco have been discussing the Sunday newspapers at their weekly meetings, and, deprecating them as a great evil, have pledged themselves not to publish notices of their Sunday services in them.

Fifty-three Chinese girls imported for immoral purposes have been refused a landing at San Francisco, and been sent back whence they came. Letters seized show that an extensive system of purchase of girls *from their mothers* in China, for from $300 to $800, has been carried on for transportation hither as prostitutes, and several such testified to the facts, which have been heretofore difficult to prove. It is hoped that this traffic will now be stopped, as the Chinese Vice-Consul Bee says telegrams have been sent to China by those engaged in it to ship no more such goods. Public sentiment has been aroused in condemnation of the United States Judges who have habitually allowed such persons to be landed under *habeas corpus* writs, witnesses having appeared to testify falsely as to their former residence here, thus evading the restrictive laws of the country.

Senator Stanford is prosecuting his plans for his new and unique university at Palo Alto, erecting buildings, improving the grounds, etc., and is expected ere long to make arrangements, in part, for the Faculty.

Meantime, the Congregationalists of Southern California are going forward with the enterprise of establishing a Christian college at Pomona, with encouraging prospects. The Methodists have a flourishing university at San José, and the Baptists are establishing one in Oakland, while the Mills Female College, near Oakland, is filled with students. The Congregational Theological Seminary in Oakland has just closed its semi-annual term with more students than usual, and its annex, Hopkins Academy, is doing good work under Professor Jewett, with a full corps of pupils. So educational facilities are abundant in this great and growing State.

Let me add that our literary magazine, the "Overland Monthly," is achieving great success, and has been wonderfully improved, so that it is regarded as having secured a position among the best periodicals of the country. It has a peculiar Pacific Coast flavor, and affords its readers in the older States an opportunity to taste that flavor as they can in no other way. It has adopted the plan of copiously illustrating the towns and scenery of this coast with handsome engravings. The holiday issue for January is especially good in that respect, as well as in its letterpress. Ex-President Holden has an article in it. In the December number Professor Kellogg severely criticised the action of the American Board of Missions at Springfield, and the January issue has a reply in defense of the Board. J. C. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

THE DRIFT CITYWARD.

The great, brilliant successes are, as a rule, in our cities. They attract notice All men hear of the man who rolled up a fortune in a few years. Only a few hear of the twenty that failed on the same lines. "What is hit is history; what is missed is mystery." One consequence is that the movement is from the country to the town. Young Thatcher is not going to plod along year after year on the farm when he might with less toil make his thousands in the city, as a politician or a man of business "Why, there is Baker—I'm just as smart as he is—and he is near the top of the wheel; they say he will soon be an alderman." So the tide is townward. Now, it is true that one may find the best people in the towns, for mind quickens mind; but you may also find the worst; and in this world evil works at a tremendous advantage. No better population for morals and trustworthiness is found in any Christian country than those who live by the tilling of the soil. We do not ignore the value of cities, but

"God made the country, and man made the town,"

and, without building on any forced exegesis of this passage, we cannot be blind to the fact that city life multiplies and complicates the problems with which Christian civilization has to deal. No five millions of country people in England present so much that is discouraging as you find among the same number crowded together in London.—[Rev. Dr. John Hall, in New Princeton Review.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A TEAR.—The principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, and mucus, each in small proportions. A dried tear seen through a microscope of good average power presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the salient ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines, and look like a number of minute fish bones. The tears are secreted in what are called the "lachrymal glands," situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits," and spreads equally over the surface of the pupil, in virtue of the incessant movement of the lids. After serving its purpose, the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the "lachrymal points." The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears to both man and beast is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect, or the like that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.—[London Queen.

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TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The Executive Committee of the Law and Order League of Massachusetts have drafted a bill to be introduced into the Legislature which is so admirably adapted to the end of reducing the number of saloons that one wonders it has not been introduced before. It provides that in all cities and towns local option by wards shall be accorded. No license to sell liquor shall be granted in any ward in which the majority of the residents vote "no license" at the municipal election. Such a bill as this is a home-rule measure of the best sort; it enables people to purify their own neighborhood and restrict the saloons within narrower and narrower limits. It is a fact to be noted that very few drinking men want a saloon next door to their own residences, or even in their own immediate neighborhoods. Yet under a high license system a saloon may be established anywhere provided the saloon-keeper can advance money enough to pay for his license. It is hoped, and reasonably hoped, that this bill will end in restricting saloons to the business streets in the large cities.

The same League has indorsed several other measures directed toward the same end. One restricts the number of licenses to one for each five hundred of the population. Such a measure as this was passed by the House of Representatives last year, but was defeated in the Senate by just one vote, thus giving the appearance that the Senate vote had been agreed upon by the party managers in order to keep on good terms with the liquor interests. Another bill which the League favors increases the minimum for licenses to a maximum now fixed by law. This, of course, is a revenue measure, and as such will be opposed by a large part of the temperance people. Still another measure provides that no person shall become surety for more than three saloon-keepers. That is to prevent brewers from setting up new saloons with dummy proprietors.

The City Collector in Chicago in his report for last year states that, though the high license system has not reduced the number of saloons it has prevented any marked increase. The number is still less than 4,000. The best suggestion in his report is directed toward the same end as the Massachusetts bill regarding bondsmen for saloon-keepers, which we have just mentioned. The Collector says:

"At present the bonds for 3,000 saloons are signed by the different brewers, who likewise pay for more than one half the whole number of licenses issued, or over 2,000 licenses. These bonds cannot be challenged, as the brewers are generally wealthy and responsible, but it may be questioned whether it is in accord with sound public policy to allow the security for the saloons to be in the control of a limited though powerful class, whose efforts and intentions are steadily and unceasingly directed to the extension of the saloon traffic."

When we first heard that the Prohibitionists, like the Abolitionists a generation ago, proposed to make their question a National issue by demanding Congress to prohibit the sale of intoxicants in the District of Columbia, we were not inclined to attach much immediate importance to the movement. But it appears from a report in the "Evening Post" that the German Anti-Prohibitionists are very much agitated over the question. Mr. Habercom, the representative of several Western German newspapers, speaks as follows:

"It seems to me that there is danger of the passage of such a bill. There are now very many people at both ends of the Capitol holding the opinion that prohibition could be most properly tried right here at the seat of government, and they are willing to make the test; whether there are enough of them in both Houses to pass the bill I cannot say. The fact that the Speaker of the House finds it difficult to organize the Committee on the Liquor Traffic, insignificant as it may seem to be, speaks volumes on this matter. Men of both parties desire to be left off that Committee, because they want to dodge the issue."

Mr. Habercom was not opposed to high license, but favored a distinction between a license for the sale of whisky and one for the sale of beer and wine. He said that a measure to suppress the adulteration of liquor would find unanimous support among the Germans, and that the suppression of adulteration would do away with a large part of the evil resulting from drinking. There is some point to this suggestion.

The firm of Harrison, Farrington & Co., the leading wholesale grocers of Minneapolis, Minn., have made a novel contribution to the fight for prohibition. They have offered $5,000 in premiums for clubs for the "Voice." Their New Year's circular to their customers says: "The politicians have tried to suppress the liquor question as they did the slavery question for so many years, but the people must hear it and must decide it right—not by the politicians' method of truce and compromise, but by its immediate and utter destruction in the entire country." The effect of this circular upon the firm's business is being much discussed. Some of their customers are liquor dealers, still more liquor drinkers, and a much larger number yet advocates of high license, bitterly opposed to prohibition. The suggestion that the firm had any advertising motive prompting their circular seems to have not the slightest ground. Mr. Harrison's statement of the matter seems to be perfectly sincere. He says: "It is true that the tendency of the circular will be to injure our business among a certain class of customers, but this is a matter to which we gave no weight. The question of prohibition is one upon which I feel deeply. I waited long and worked hard for the old Republican party to espouse the cause of temperance, and it was with deep regret that I was compelled at length to abandon the old party." The giving of the entire $5,000 is conditioned upon 50,000 subscribers being obtained.

The W. C. T. U. notes state that the International Council of Women to meet in Washington, March 25 to April 2, will be the greatest gathering of women ever known. Helen Gladsone daughter of the ex-Premier, will be among the representatives of European countries. All the activities of womanhood will be discussed. The editors of the W. C. T. U. notes very naturally look upon every movement which gives increased influence to women as a movement in the direction of temperance reform. This presumption is well authorized. Women as a class recognize that they have a distinct class interest in temperance reform. The fact that they have this distinct interest in the strongest possible argument for granting them the ballot. The principle of universal suffrage is that every interest must be represented in order that the common interests may be found.

The local option victories in Michigan are still going on. The large majorities for no-license in one county after another show that Michigan is accomplishing step by step what it failed to accomplish at one jump last spring.——The liquor dealers in Dakota are seeking refuge in the courts against the effects of the local option law under which so many counties have already voted for suppression of the traffic. The dealers claim that the law was unconstitutional, on the ground that the Territorial Legislature has no power to pass such an act.——The Committee on Alcoholic Liquors which Speaker Carlisle has appointed is one that pleases the liquor interest. They are not, however, pleased with his committee upon the District of Columbia, which has for its chairman Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina. A temperance measure for the District would probably secure a hearing.

THE NATIONAL TAX ON WHISKY.

In an editorial in our issue of December 8 we said: "If there is any other reason for taking the tax off of whisky than a purely sentimental one, we should be glad to have some advocate of the abolition of the whisky tax state that reason to our readers." A correspondent in Westfield, Mass., has taken up the task of showing us the reasons for which we ask. His first point has force. He says: "It has always appeared to me to be more in accordance with republican institutions to have intoxicants as a beverage free or prohibited—free if good for the people, prohibited if evil." He objects to the tax upon whisky as tending to "make the poor poorer and the rich richer." It certainly is true that this tax when levied by local governments, relieves the rich of many of the taxes which now fall upon their property, and that the money which has been paid by them must, under the system of high license, be paid by the drinking poor. This is an evil, but the argument does not apply to the question whether or not the National Government shall tax whisky; for here the choice is not between taxing whisky and taxing property, but between taxing whisky and taxing food and clothing and household utensils. If it were possible for the National Government to prohibit all use of intoxicants, and furnish the necessary revenues without taxing any other article more useful, our correspondent would be better justified when he says, "Abolish the tax."

His next point does not seem to us so well taken. He says: "It has become the principal argument here with the class that drink that they are supporting the Government, and but for them the nation would be ruined."

The drinking man who would use this argument in defense of his drinking may certainly stand as a horrible example of the effects of the practice which he commends. Taking off the whisky tax and making liquor 20 cents a gallon instead of $1.12 would indeed destroy the patriotic motive for drinking, but we doubt if it would seriously discourage most drinkers.

From the manufacturer's point of view, however, there is an argument against the whisky tax which is not a sentimental one. One New Haven firm, the Winchester Arms Company, claims to pay the Government $20,000 a year tax on the alcohol used in their factory. The arms which they sell in this country are, of course, sold at a correspondingly higher price, so that the tax falls on the purchasers. But the price of the arms which are exported cannot be raised in this way, and thus a portion of the tax falls on the manufacturer. Generally we so levy our taxes as to benefit manufacturers instead of burdening them. In this case we do not, but make them pay a share of the general expenses of the Government.

The whole matter is vigorously discussed by Mrs. Foster, in opposition to all Federal taxes on whisky, in another column.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TERMS OF COMMUNION.

With reference to J. M. W.'s inquiry concerning a New York rector's statement that "it is contrary to our rules for any to come to the communion who have not been confirmed," I would say that it is an instance of the harm which occasionally results from the Church's wide toleration of opinions and interpretations of rubrics. Any individual rector is certainly free to put that narrow interpretation on the rubric in question, but his action does not bind his brethren, much less the Church. The commoner opinion and practice certainly is that it refers to our own members and their children, and not to adult Christians of other names who in some formal way have "ratified and confirmed" their baptismal vows. Such are welcome to commune with us occasionally, for they are members by baptism of the Holy Catholic Church, but if they desire to identify themselves fully with our branch of the Historical Church they must be received, in accordance with ancient custom, by the laying on of hands. In missionary districts where the bulk of the persons present are presumably ignorant of our customs, our bishops and clergy frequently call attention to the broad and general character of the invitation in the Exhortation which is addressed to all Christian people. This was the custom of Bishop Kerfoot, *e. g.*, who was a High Churchman, and friend and disciple of Bishop Whittingham. In settled parishes it is commonly counted sufficient to read the Exhortation alone, and the practice of inviting "members of other Christian churches" is open to the serious objection that it obtrudes the sad fact of Christian discussion at the very sacrament which sets forth the duty of unity in the Body of the Lord.

R. W. MICOU

WATERBURY, Conn.

THE THEATER.

I am delighted with your treatment of the article in the "Christian Advocate" by the Rev. S. C. Swallow in relation to the theater. A Methodist all my life, yet I must say that our Church allows very little liberty of conscience regarding such matters. Preachers who condemn those who discriminate and attend first-class theatrical performances, such as Booth's "Hamlet," "Rip Van Winkle," Irving's "Merchant of Venice," "King Louis XI.," "Charles V.," and even such operas as "Lohengrin," do not hesitate to change the church into a playhouse, erecting stages with curtains, footlights, and having performances far below the standard of our best theaters. I have seen them dressed in costumes quite as immodest as in many theatrical performances. I hope the "Christian Advocate" will be generous enough to publish your statement of the case.

Yours heartily, F. N. B.

AN APPEAL.

The Second Congregational Church of Decatur, Ala., organized November 30, 1887, has no place for religious worship. The Decatur Land, Improvement, and Furnace Company has donated grounds, upon which the church intends to build at once. At a meeting of the church, held January 1, 1888, the trustees were authorized and instructed to use their names in authorizing the pastor, the Rev. B. J. Donnell, to solicit means to aid us in building a house of worship.

God has put it into our hearts and minds to build a house of worship to his name. We are out-of-doors. Judge H. G. Bond, General Business Manager of the Decatur Land, Improvement, and Furnace Company, has donated grounds to us, upon which we intend building a religious shelter. Will you help us? We ask it in the great name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church. Will you help us? The house will cost between $800 and $1,000. All gifts thankfully received, and acknowledged in the Congregational papers. Besides your gifts, we ask an interest in your prayers for our success. The future prospects for Congregationalism in Decatur are very hopeful.

Yours for success,

REV. B. J. DONNELL, Pastor,
Decatur, Ala.

The Dead Letter Office during the past year has handled the large number of 5,578,965 pieces of original mail matter, showing a vast amount of ignorance or carelessness in the country.

THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

The following is from George Kennan's article on "Russian Provincial Prisons," in the January "Century." It describes a means of intercommunication resorted to by the Russian prisoners: "The talented Russian novelist, X——, who has been twice exiled to Siberia and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer that when he was arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the 'knock alphabet'; and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principle or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two 'rests' might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet, one knock standing for 'a,' two for 'b,' three for 'c' and so on up to twenty-six for 'z.' Upon putting this conjecture to the test he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters 'D-o y-o-u u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d?' He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make 'Y-e-s;' but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of 49 knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wall did not seem, however, to be at all discouraged, and began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to 296, and which, when translated, made the words 'Teach you better way—listen!' Mr. X—— then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by a sound of scratching, which proceeded from that point toward the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interval of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the scratching of a second line parallel with the first one, but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a huge audible checker-board. As soon as Mr. X—— heard this invisible diagram, the purpose for which it was intended flashed upon his mind, and before the unknown instructor had finished knocking out the words, 'Put alphabet in squares,' the quick witted pupil had scratched upon the floor of his cell a reduced copy of the audible tracing, and was numbering its lines and columns. His diagram when finished looked something like this:

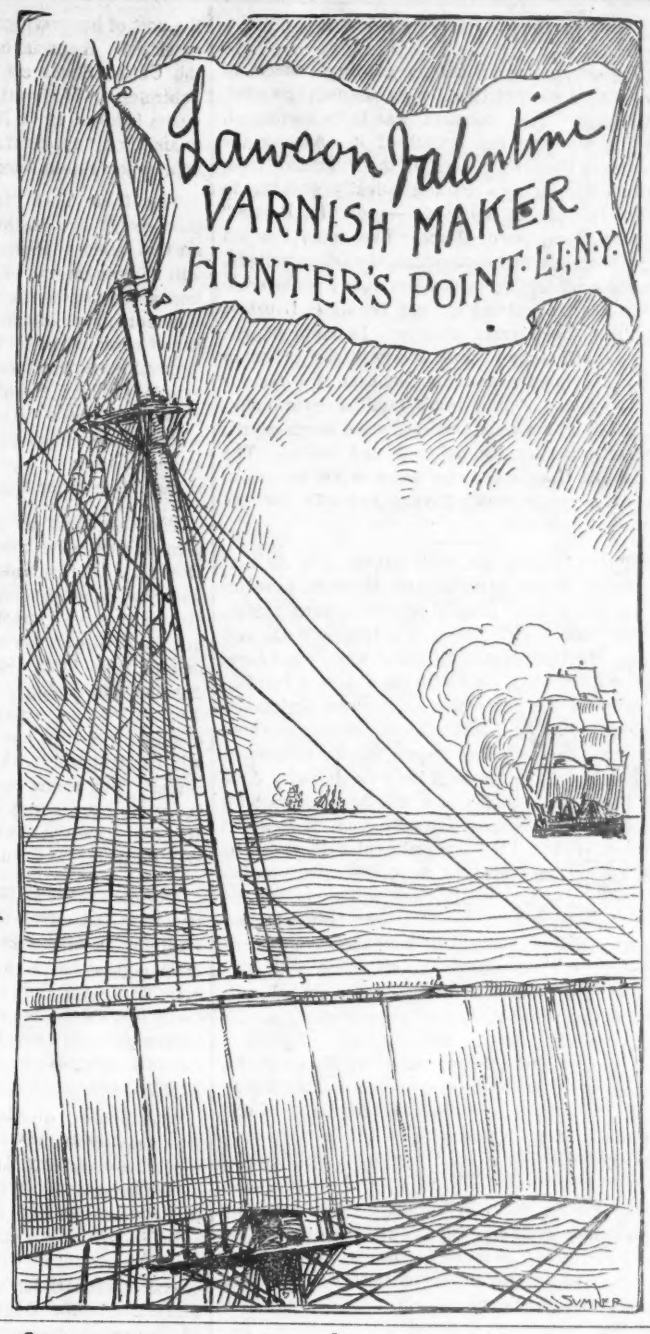
	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

"After giving Mr. X—— time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks, so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks followed by three knocks meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column; two knocks followed by one knock indicated letter 'f,' at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks followed by four knocks meant letter 'x,' at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: 'Who are you?' The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. X—— discovered that he had learned his a b c's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common criminal—a burglar, if I remember rightly—who was awaiting exile to Siberia."

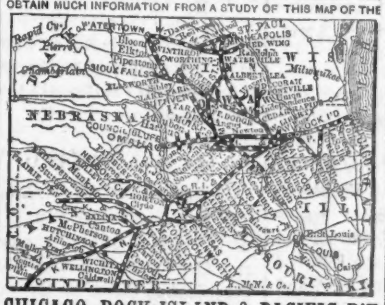
CÆSAR HUMBLE IN DEATH.

The representation of Death as the great Republican, who has no more respect for kings than for beggars, is as old as Horace. It is probable that the Roman poet sacrificed a good deal of his Republicanism under the patronage of Mæcenas and the Emperor Augustus. But his famous reference to death as the ultimate enforcer of human equality will never be forgotten. It finds a remarkable modern illustration, as a Vienna paper observes, in the customary ceremonies at the death of an Austrian Emperor. When the Austrian Cæsars are to be buried, their bodies are carried by the shortest way from the Burg, the Imperial Palace, to the crypt of the Capuchins. When the master of the ceremonies has arrived with the Imperial corpse, he knocks with his staff on the closed door and demands admission. "Who is there?" asks the guardian from within, but without opening the door. "His Majesty, the most high and mighty Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary," etc. The voice from within replies, "I know no such man." The master of the ceremonies knocks a second time. "Who is there?' the guardian again asks. "The Emperor of Austria." "I do not know him" says the guardian. The master of the ceremonies knocks a third time, and is again asked "Who is there?" "Our brother Francis," answers the Imperial official. At this humble confession of the simple humanity of the dead Cæsar the bolts are immediately withdrawn, and the corpse is admitted.—[Pall Mall Budget.

LEGENDS OF TREES.—The elm tree is the symbol of St. Zenobius. When the coffin of that saint was carried past a dry elm, the tree suddenly burst into leaf. Near an old German castle is a lime tree which a boy accused of killing his master planted with its head in the earth, to attest his innocence if it grew and flourished. The Luther elm near Worms is said to have been planted as follows: A bigoted old Catholic lady, thrusting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proved the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy. Both Virgil and Ovid tell the story of Polydore, one of Priam's sons, intrusted to the care of a king of Thrace and by him killed after the taking of Troy; from his grave there grew a myrtle which, when Æneas plucked its boughs, bled in pure human fashion, much to that hero's dismay. The devil agreed with a man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since. Two friends were attacked by robbers in a wood, and one of them was killed. The robbers having been put to flight by a flash of lightning, the surviving friend, found kneeling at the side of his dead companion, was condemned to death for his murder. On his way to the execution he planted a stick, which he adjured to take root and grow if he was innocent, as, of course, it is proved he was by the beautiful apple tree that the stick became.—[Woodwork.



A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

MUSIC AND ART.

The programme of the Saturday evening concert of the Symphony Society of this city was unusually varied and interesting. The orchestra was in its best mood, and gave the audience the benefit of it. Among the selections were Berlioz's "March of the Pilgrims" from the Harold Symphony—characteristically striking in effects, but full of fine harmonies—and "La Russie," Rubinstein's Symphonic Poem. The latter, which brings in snatches and suggestions of various national airs, evoked considerable enthusiasm, many of the audience doubtless recognising an old friend ("Lauriger Horatius") in the German melody. In spite of the novelty and brilliancy of these compositions, probably the purest enjoyment came from the beautiful *andante con moto* and *finale* of Schubert's familiar Symphony, No. IX. in C, which were rendered with much spirit, together with remarkable delicacy and feeling. The soloist, Camilla Urso, was unfortunate in her selection, a Beethoven concerto, which gave opportunity for fine execution, but little else.

The "Times" says that announcement is made that the art schools of the Metropolitan Museum have arranged comprehensive classes in architecture, sculpture, painting, and drawing from life, from still life and the antique, illustration, etching, metal work, wood carving, interior decoration, etc., with the object of furnishing opportunity for art education to those desiring it for purposes of self-support quite as much as to those seeking it for pleasure. The classes will be conducted day and evening at the rooms of the school, Third Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, and will be open to both men and women. In connection with these classes will be published, provided the necessary subscribers can be obtained, an art magazine, to be called the "Artist-Artisan," which, as the title implies, will carry out the idea of combining artistic interests, both industrial and sentimental. The magazine will have the advantage of being connected closely with the art school and with the art museum. The instructors of the school will, from time to time, contribute articles in connection with their departments. Special attention will be given to the illustrating of fine work produced by the art trades in this country. Among the early contributions will be a series of articles by several specialists on the Metropolitan Museum of Art. These articles will be fully illustrated by engravings scattered through the text, and by separate full page plates. Each issue of the magazine will always have a separate full-page plate containing either an etching by some well-known artist or a reproduction of an ancient or modern masterpiece selected from the museum or elsewhere. A bureau of information will also be established.

From Vienna comes the news of the death of Miska Hauser, the well-known violinist. He was born in 1822 and commenced his career as virtuoso in 1839, visiting every continent. His adventures on his journeys are described in his "Letters from California, South America, and Australia," published in book form.

The handsome building of the Atlanta School of Technology is rapidly approaching completion.

According to a sketch by Mr. Johannes Weber in "Le Temps" of Paris, Tschaïkowski was born at Vatkinsk, in the province of Viatka, in 1840. His father was a mining engineer; his mother descended from an old French family exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Tschaïkowski was destined to the law, and studied for a time in the office of the Russian Minister of Justice; but Anton Rubinstein encouraged his musical aptitudes so effectually that in 1861 he gave himself entirely to the art, and was afterwards appointed a professor in the Conservatory at Moscow. Tschaïkowski's principal compositions are four symphonies, three orchestral suites, four symphonic overtures and poems, and six operas. Of these, "Vakoula" (1876) and "Mazeppa" (1884) are favorably remembered; but "Onéguine" (Moscow, 1881) has been far the most successful, and, in the face of its popularity in Russia, the comparatively cold reception of "Tcharodéika," recently produced in St. Petersburg, is disappointing.

A ladies' singing society has recently been organized under the direction of William R. Chapman, and with the title of "The Rubinstein Club." The active members, as well as the patrons of the Society, include many of the best-known ladies in the city. Two subscription concerts will be given by the Club at Chickering Hall during the present winter. Eight tickets (four to each concert) are sold for $15, and four tickets (two to each concert) for $8; tickets will be sold only to subscribers.

A Universal Exposition of Music will be held in Bologna next May, which is attracting much interest among the musicians and music historians throughout the world. The importance which is attached to it in Italy may be read in the fact that Verdi has accepted the post of honorary president, while Boïto is the active president. A special committee has been appointed for the United States consisting of Theodore Thomas, G. Schirmer, C. Moderati, and C. F. Tretbar, the last of whom (address P. O. Box 2,920, New York) is prepared to answer all applications for regulations, programmes, application blanks, etc.

The New York "Musical Courier" says: "The prospects of the Metropolitan Opera-House next season are that, besides 'Rheingold,' another of Wagner's works will be brought out which it has hitherto been deemed impossible to procure. We are not at liberty to mention more about this important subject, but will do so in the near future." The "Courier" adds that the list of novelties for the season also includes Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," Schubert's "Häuslicher Krieg" and Peter Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad," a comic opera which pleased Liszt so immensely that he wrote a long article on the subject, and which is now a strong card at Carlsruhe under Mottl's direction.

The New York Academy of Science proposes to erect a monument over the grave of Audubon, in Trinity Cemetery. A committee, consisting of Professors Thomas Egleston and D. S. Martin and Dr. N. L. Britton, has been appointed by the Academy to carry out the details of the work. The monument is to be erected near 155th Street and the end of Audubon Avenue, and in sight of the new Audubon Park. The Trustees of the cemetery have given a new plot in exchange for the old one of the Audubon family, which will be disturbed by the westward continuation of 153d Street. The committee requests contributions toward the monument, which will cost from $6,000 to $10,000. Remittances should be made to N. L. Britton, Secretary and Treasurer, at Columbia College.

Late dispatches to German newspapers in this country are to the effect that Joseph Joachim, the greatest living violinist, has been stricken with paralysis. It is feared that he will never again appear in public. In breadth of style and volume of tone, Joachim stood easily first among the virtuosos of the day. In the Beethoven concerto he had no rivals, and in his own Hungarian concerto—a most difficult composition—he was unapproachable.

"Galignani" quotes a private letter from Athens, which says of Dr. Henry Schliemann that his private and miscellaneous correspondence is immense, and takes up all his spare time. He has just made a discovery of the highest interest and importance—the oldest temple in existence—but he is not yet prepared to furnish details. Full descriptions, with plates and drawings, are in course of preparation and will be given to the world in due season. The Doctor speaks of his advancing years, of the decline of his physical powers, etc., but he seems very well and vigorous. He is much disturbed by the threatening aspect of European affairs, and as a lover of peace hates the Tsar. He thinks that a great Continental conflict is inevitable and imminent. Mrs. Schliemann's interest in her husband's work never flags. The Doctor is evidently persistent in his devotion to her, and is troubled at the thought that she is not in her usual good health.

TAXING WHISKY.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

IN a recent issue you criticise somewhat severely, though not unkindly, a resolution of the recent Nashville Convention of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union in favor of a repeal of the Internal Revenue from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. I was out of the country at the time, and did not attend the Convention, but as President of the Iowa Auxiliary, I am *ex officio* a Vice-President of the National Society. I heartily approve its action in this regard. I have for years by voice and pen labored for the abolition of this tax. I believe it to be: 1. Untenable in law. 2. Inexpedient in politics. 3. Bad in morals.

I. Is untenable in law:

The extraordinary emergency of civil war led Congress to levy a tax on certain manufactures, including that of alcoholic liquors. The emergency has passed, and with it the justification of this extraordinary exercise of Federal power. Under the gifts of Providence and by the energy of our people we are to-day the richest nation on the globe. The nineteenth century edition of the Universal Gazetteer of Progress records this wonder: the youngest among the great nations struggling to discover the wisest disposition of its overflowing treasury, and such readjustment of its revenues as shall prevent a recurrence of national embarrassment on account of too much revenue!

While European financiers fear that government bondholders there will never realize more than the interest on their bonds, we are asking our creditors to allow us a more speedy liquidation of national financial obligations. Because of these conditions, and independent of any moral considerations, the question of the revenue from liquors is prominently before the people. In the face of such unexampled financial prosperity there is no justification of this emergency tax; and to continue it after the justification has ceased is untenable in law.

The plea of continuance because of needed governmental supervision is also untenable. The liquor traffic, with necessarily accompanying evils, is the great enemy of every national good; it is the accomplice of every national disaster; it destroys more lives than pestilence; it is continually more terrible than the war that laid in gory trenches the boys in blue and the boys in gray; it surely, by the always enforced laws of heredity, taints the blood of the children of the nation.

In its legal intrenchments it is more absolutely a base monopoly, an infamous oligarchy, a compact with lies, a league with hell, than any institution history tells us of. The liquor traffic ought to be restricted, prohibited, annihilated; with present constitutional limitations, the States must do it; the General Government cannot. This claim is based on the settled principle that police power is in the States and not in the General Government. Any attempt by Congress to exercise this power, beyond what is necessary to enforce its own laws and to exercise its own functions, is unconstitutional. I claim, therefore, that for these two main reasons—first, as a revenue tax it is no longer needed, and thus unjustifiable; and, second, as a police regulation its exercise is beyond the derived powers of the General Government—the system is untenable in law.

Neither is the continuance of the system expedient in politics. Our dual form of government, with definite limitations of State and National powers, makes possible the strongest government known to history; it also makes necessary a scrupulous care lest these limitations shall be effaced or trespassed on.

A careful regard for State rights is the best defense against the suicidal doctrine of State sovereignty. Every time the Government sends its officers into Tennessee or North Carolina, or any other State, to collect taxes from distiller or liquor seller, it affords useless occasion of irritation and collision. Neither is it proven or probable that an enhanced price of liquors to the consumer because of the tax paid decreases materially and continuously the amount used. The demand for the article is created by the appetite of the drinker and by social usage; the price paid is incidental, it is not controlling. The victim of alcoholism will have his drink whether he must pay five cents or ten cents for it; the hail-fellow-well-met will treat in the barroom, though the present price were doubled. The regular temperate dietetic drinker will keep the money in his pocket which might otherwise be filtered through dealer and manufacturer into the treasury at Washington. Through intelligent conviction in the minds of the people, through the efforts of temperance organizations, through temperance teaching in the public schools, moderate drinkers are becoming abstainers, and the victims of alcoholism are lessening. The medical profession, always and necessarily conservative is slowly but surely discarding the use of alcoholics as therapeutic agencies. The National Temperance Hospital at Chicago (No. 3 441 Cottage Grove Avenue) by its non-alcoholic treatment of all patients, is illustrating that science is agreed with philanthropy in condemnation of this agent of death.

The drink bill of "good society" is not as large as it used to be. When General Grant turns his glasses down, when Lucy Hayes and Frances Cleveland, being the "first ladies" in the land, set an example of total abstinence, social usage is purified and the social tone elevated. These are the agencies which have "steadily reduced" the consumption of liquors.

It is further inexpedient because, but for the supervision which the Government exercises, the "whisky lobby" at Washington would not possess its present baneful influence. Taxation is recognition; the presence of this lobby at the seat of national legislation gives the traffic a strategic position from which it is easily able to oppose the enactment and enforcement of law in the States, and to inject its virus into the very fountains of political life.

If the Government were wholly dissociated from any revenue relations with the traffic, the State would have a clearer field in which to exercise its legitimate power of restraint or prohibition.

The internal revenue system is bad in morals. A traffic confessedly iniquitous in character and disastrous in results ought not to be recognized by the Government as an established industry. The richest nation on the globe has not even the mean apology of necessity for this enrichment through the price of blood. The woe of the Prophet still rests over this nation. Let us no longer "establish a city"—or our coast defenses—"with iniquity," or "build a town with blood."

Our plea rests in laws, in politics, and in morals.

J. ELLEN FOSTER,
President Iowa Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

FINANCIAL.

The year of 1887 has ended, and in looking back on the general conditions that have prevailed during the past twelve months in trade and commerce, we find that a remarkable degree of prosperity has existed, without any event of importance to—in any considerable extent—affect this propitious course.

The interchanges with the outside world have been extraordinarily large. The importations of merchandise exceed in value those of 1886 by about $48,000,000, and the exports about $14,000,000; the increase of imports over the increase of exports represented in these figures is therefore about $34,000,000. This increase took place at the port of New York, which exhibits an increase in imports of $31,000 000, and a decrease of exports of about $9 000 000. The aggregate exports of merchandise of the whole country during 1887 were about $727 000 000; the aggregate imports, about $712 000 000; making a total of about $1,439,000 000. The exports and imports of gold and silver are as follows:

Exports of gold, about	$9,000,000
Imports of gold, about	47,000,000
Making a total of about	56,000,000
Exports of silver, about	$28,900,000
Imports of silver, about	16.800,000
Making a total of about	45,700,000

It will be noted here that the excess of silver exported was $12,100,000, and silver in foreign exchange is purely a matter of merchandise. It will further be noticed that the excess of gold imports was about $38 000,000, notwithstanding the excess of both merchandise and silver exports aggregated only $27 000,000; while the foreign freight tariffs are estimated to equal a sum total of about $100,000,000, including shortages and insurance—all of which is paid to foreign shippers. This indicates that a very large amount in money value of securities has been purchased by foreign investors and capitalists and been shipped to the other side, which has supplied us with exchange to cover this very heavy balance against us of considerably over $100,000,000.

There have been no important changes in the condition of the banks of New York City for the year. An increase in loans of $8,000,700, a decrease of specie of $14 369 900, an increase in legal tender of $5 447 600, a decrease in deposits of $10,779,600, and a decrease in the surplus reserve of the banks of only $2,694,775, constitute the differences in the balances from those existing January 1, 1887 While money was somewhat active to the commercial community for two or three months, owing to a lack of confidence which seemed to exist, arising more from apprehension than from any real cause, there was scarcely a day when money was inconveniently stringent on Wall Street, and it is worthy of note that the bank reserve was not below the legal requirement in any week during the year.

The past year has been a phenomenal one for railway earnings, which have averaged on the principal representative mileage of the country fully 12 to 14 per cent. larger than for 1886, while railway building on the lines thus compared has not been above 5 to 6 per cent. increase in miles during the time named.

The coal roads never did as good a business as during this year past, and the returns of the Eastern trunk lines have been very extraordinary both for gross and net earnings. All this; and yet Wall Street has, perhaps, never experienced so protracted and discouraging a depression as during these same twelve calendar months This phenomenal condition has been accompanied by seasons of panic and semi-panic; and the final results in the way of declines in prices of stocks range from 15 to 60 per cent; while the bond market, as a rule, especially in speculative classes of bonds, has been persistently flat, stale, and unprofitable, with declines ranging from 10 to 25 per cent.

It would be exceedingly difficult for any reasonable mind to account for this state of things on Wall Street—with all other departments of trade and business so exceptionally prosperous—and it may be considered as "going without saying" that where an unnatural state of things has prevailed, the reaction which is sure to come from such a state will be all the more radical when it does come. This has proven itself a hundred times on Wall Street, and will surely do so again.

The crops for the year have been irregular. The wheat crop was only an average The corn crop proved somewhat short, while the crop of oats was very large, and the great staple of cotton has yielded a full average.

The short crops of wheat and corn have thus far had their effect in a restricted foreign shipment of breadstuffs. On the other hand, since the commencement of the cotton year, September 1, cotton shipments have increased largely in value and bulk over the same period of 1886.

The currency of the country has been increased about $100,000,000 during the year. The increase is made up of silver and gold certificates, while the national banks have steadily withdrawn their note circulation until it is only a little more than one-half of the circulation of the banks three years ago.

The markets have opened exceedingly dull for the new year, owing to a strike of fifty thousand men in the Reading Company's coal mines, but prices are strong both for bonds and shares, while a large investment demand for bonds has commenced that has started an advance in many descriptions of debentures. The money market is growing very easy, so that, during the later days of the week past, rates have sunken to low rates, and four per cent. is now the full rate in the open market for call funds. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$3,530,500
Specie, increase	4,096,100
Legal tenders, increase	1,158,000
Deposits, increase	11,946,100
Reserve, increase	2,267,575

This raises the surplus reserve in the banks of the city to over $11,000,000, with money closing three to four per cent.

WALL STREET.

THE TIGER THAT WAS LOST IN THE SKY.

There was once a Brahmin who was so pious that he gained the spiritual power to create and change things at his will. One day a little mouse was pursued by a hawk, and ran up his sleeve for protection.

"Little mouse, little mouse," said the Brahmin, "thou hast faith. Little mouse, little mouse, thou shalt be a cat"

So the little mouse became a cat. One day the cat was attacked by a dog, and ran to him again for protection

"Little cat, little cat," said he, "thou hast faith: thou shalt grow; thou shalt become a dog."

So the little cat became a dog One day the dog was chased by a tiger, and ran to the Brahmin for protection.

"Little dog, little dog," said the Brahmin, "thou hast faith: thou shalt be a tiger."

The Brahmin and the tiger lived happily together until one day some b.other Brahmins came to visit him.

"There is a tiger that once was a cat," said one.

"That once was a cat?" asked the second.

"That once was a mouse," said the third.

"A mouse?' said they all; "is that so, Brother Brahmin?"

"Yes; my tiger was once a little mouse. It grew by faith."

The tiger's pride was hurt. "I shall never be respected," he thought, "until the Brahmin is dead. He knows my lowly origin."

"I must kill you," said the tiger, after the visitors were gone. "As long as you live, I shall feel that I am only a mouse.'

"But I made you what you are."

"Yes, and you know from whence I sprang. It degrades me to allow you to live."

The tiger was about to spring upon the Brahmin, when the latter said, "Great tiger, great tiger, thou hast lost thy faith; be thou a little mouse again."

Then the tiger became a little mouse again; and just then the hawk returned that had caused the little mouse to run up the Brahmin's sleeve. The hawk seized the little mouse, and rose with him, higher and higher, until they were lost in the sky; and the Brahmin stood watching them until he could see them no more—[From "Zigzag Journeys in India," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

NATIONAL
LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS.
PAID-UP CAPITAL INCREASED TO $200,000. | HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.
Real Estate Mortgage Loans Debenture Bonds.
Our loans are carefully selected in good localities. Every piece of property personally inspected. We are prepared to give investors the benefit of our judgment and experience, based on the above Correspondence solicited, and all inquiries cheerfully answered.
Send for pamphlet.
G. F. PARMELEE, President.
E. WILDER, Vice-President.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer.
T. L. STRINGHAM, Secretary.
Correspondents: Hanover National Bank, New York; National Bank North America, Boston.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
KANSAS INVESTMENT C
OF TOPEKA, AND
131 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.
GEO. C. MORRILL, Vice-Pres't. H. E. BALL, Pres't.
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DEBENTURE BONDS
Secured by First Mortgage Loans deposited with the
BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed

SAFEST OF ALL
INVESTMENTS.
First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK & CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for form, circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.
W. B. CLARK & CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Investments made. Money loaned. Interest Coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

WESTERN MORTGAGE TITLES INSURED
THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST CO. announces to its patrons that, since a responsible Title Insurance Company has been organized in Minneapolis, it will hereafter require all titles to be insured upon its loans pin (em- the in Hennepin County bracing city of Minneapolis) and will supply each mortgagee, without cost to him, a policy of the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust Company, fully insuring the title. Money loaned upon choice improved city and farm property, to net the lender 6 to 7 per cent. First mortgages, amply secured, for sale. Address THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA Mention this paper.

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Kansas Loan & Trust Co.
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
Paid-up Capital, $500,000.
7% FIRST MORTGAGES 6%
The Old Reliable.
Every loan made is carefully inspected by an experienced Examiner sent from the office of the Company, who is paid a salary and not a commission. His report, with all the papers connected with the loan are carefully reviewed by an officer of the Company before loan is approved Fifteen years' experience; over $15 000 000.00 negotiated (without loss) for Colleges, Savings Banks, Insurance Co.'s, Trustees, and Individuals. Boston office 46 Congress Street, Geo. M. Stearns, Manager. Philadelphia office, 713 Walnut Street, Wm. B. Wood Manager.

6% NET INTEREST. 6%
Guaranteed by the
JARVIS-CONKLIN MORTGAGE TRUST CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.
Capital Paid-up.....$1,000 00,00
Surplus.....100,00,00
Reserve Liability.....1,000,000,00
Debentures secured by first mortgages on improved real estate held by the Mercantile Trust Co. New York.
Call at Office or write for particulars.
JARVIS-CONKLIN MORTGAGE TRUST CO.,
239 Broadway, New York City.

First Mortgage Bonds
OF
THE DULUTH ELEVATOR COMPANY,
Duluth, Minn.
Full particulars by
COCHRAN & WALSH,
ST. PAUL AND DULUTH, MINN.,
AND
18 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

MISSOURI TRUST CO.
SEDALIA, MO.
Authorized Capital, $500,000. Cash Capital, $200,000
6% DEBENTURES
7% FARM LOANS
The FIRST company organized in the State. Has loaned MILLIONS and had No Losses. Write for particulars and references.

The Farnsworth Loan
Minneapolis, & REALTY CO. Minnesota,
Offer strictly choice First Mortgage Loans bearing 6 to 7 per cent. interest, well secured on selected properties in Minneapolis and St. Paul. *Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character, our invariable requirements.* We collect and remit principal and interest free to lender. Send for pamphlet containing forms and references East and West.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - $500.000
6 PER CENT. *FIRST MORTGAGE* DEBENTURE BONDS
and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic N.Y. Chartered 1872. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. The only Mortgage Co. whose output is Limited by Statute.
Offices: Boston, 5 Tremont St.; New York, 11 Wall St.; Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St.

AMERICAN INVESTMENT CO.
BONDS, $1,000,000 CAPITAL. ORGANIZED 1872.
6% GOLD
MORTGAGES. $15,000,000 INVESTED Without loss.
SEND FOR PAMPHLETS AND REFERENCES,
150 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.
19 Milk St., Boston. 33 King St., Manchester, England, 60 Princes Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

CONTINENTAL (FIRE) INSURANCE CO.
OFFICES—Continental Buildings:
New York, 100 Broadway; Brooklyn, cor. Court and Montague, and No. 106 Broadway,

Reserve for re-insurance	$2,383,800 53
Reserve, ample for all claims	481,323 83
Capital paid in cash	1,000,000 00
Net Surplus	1,374,856 93
Total Assets, January 1st, 1887	$5,239,981 28

The company conducts its business under the Restrictions of the New York Safety Fund Law. The two Safety Funds together equal $1,200,000.
DIRECTORS:
S. H. LAMPORT, President. F. C. MOORE, Vice-Pres. CYRUS PECK, 2d Vice-Pres't and Sec.
A. M. KIRBY, Sec. Local Dep't. R. C. TOWNSEND, Sec. Agency Dep't. CHAS. H. DUTCHER, Sec. B'klyn Dep't

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1888

SIFTINGS FROM THE PUBLISHER'S MAIL.

THAT'S THE INTENTION.

SALT LAKE CITY, December 27, 1887.

. . . It is a splendid paper you are publishing, and grows better, if possible, every year."

AN EDUCATION

AUBURN, Me., January 2, 1888.

. . . Every week's reading of your paper binds the inner man more and more to its *educating power* in the nation and world.

"INCOMPARABLE"

FINGEL, Ontario, December 30, '87.

You will find inclosed check for renewal of my subscription and coupon certificate. Glad that I am able to be of some assistance in extending the circulation of your incomparable paper.

INDISPENSABLE

PITTSFIELD, Mass., January 6.

. . . It is the newspaper of newspapers. I can least afford to do without it

IMPROVES ON ACQUAINTANCE

TORONTO, Canada, December 27, '87.

Your weekly visits grow more and more welcome.

MODESTY FORBIDS THE REST.

The Editors have requested the Publisher not to print any personal compliments to themselves. This request cuts the following letter (a long one) down to one sentence:

WESTMORELAND, N. H., January 3.

Inclosed find check for the best paper in the U. S. . . .

SO THE PUBLISHER THINKS

The Springfield (Ohio) "Republic" says:

"Dr. Abbott's . . . pulpit in The Christian Union is more important than the pulpit in Plymouth Church, and his congregation more than a thousand times as large"

USEFUL EVERY WAY.

Will you please send me a copy of the Union dated 29th December—this week's issue? Our servant used mine to kindle a fire to-day. And you will much oblige, etc.

The paper on which The Christian Union is printed is supposed to be pure rag paper. It is made by S. D. Warren & Co., of Boston, one of the largest manufacturers in the country. We have no doubt, *when it has served its purpose in a literary way*, that it will be found very good kindling. If it is used in this form, we would suggest taking separate sheets, rolling them up more or less compactly, and we think six sheets, with kindling, will produce the required result But a better way to use the paper, after the family is done with it, is to put it into one of Uncle Sam's wrappers, costing a penny, and send to some friend

P. S.—The saddest thing of this kind we remember was when Carlyle's "French Revolution," that had been loaned to a friend in the *manuscript* was burned by a careless servant. We would like to have heard what Carlyle said when he discovered that the manuscript was burned. He bowed down and put himself in sackcloth and ashes, as old Job did, metaphorically speaking. THE DESK

SUGGESTION TO BUSINESS BOYS.

Most essays on education are too long and too vague. Here is one that is not. It is taken from the "American Grocer:"

"The world is constantly tending toward specialties, and the successful man is he who knows one thing better than anybody else—knows it as a specialty and also in its relations to other things. We have in mind a man who was thrown by circumstances into a retail dry goods store and put behind the hosiery counter. Too many clerks think their whole duty fulfilled by simply doing what is before them and going home at closing time. Not so the young man in question. His active mind fell to asking questions about the manufacture of stockings; how they were made, and where; of what material, and why some were better than others. After exhausting the information obtainable in the store, whom he pursued the subject outside by reading books and questioning every expert he came across. To-day, from his thorough knowledge of every branch of the hosiery trade, he is cheap to his large firm at many thousands of dollars a year."

A HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER

The life of W. C. DePauw, the Indiana millionaire, teaches one important business lesson. He was thrown on his own resources when he was sixteen Independent in the best sense of the term, and unwilling to live on any relatives, he worked for $2 a week where he could get it, and when he could not get pay *he worked for nothing rather than be idle.* In later life he founded two colleges, one for women, the other for men, but no lesson which either of these will ever teach will be more important than that which his own business success teaches: "Work for nothing rather than be idle."

RULES FOR THE HUSBAND

Husband, Love Your Wife

1. Never find fault with her before others.

2 *Per contra*, remember the counsel of the Good Book: Her husband shall praise her *in the gates;* that is, before folks.

3. Bear all her burdens for her; even then she'll bear more than you do, in spite of you.

4 If you want her to submit to your judgment, never ask her to submit to your selfishness

5. A woman's life is made up of little things. Make her life happy by little courtesies.

6 Love is a wife's only wages Don't scrimp in your pay.

CAPITAL CAPITALLY USED.

John Wanamaker has recently furnished a library of 2 500 volumes for the use of the women employed in his establishment. He has also rented a house where the female clerks may obtain board and washing at a cost of $3 25 per week. In case the charge is more than the per capita cost of maintenance, a lower rate will be established.

THE STONE-CUTTER.

From The Independent.

We hammer, hammer, hammer, on and on,
Day out, day in, throughout the year,
In blazing heat and tempests drear;
God's house we slowly heavenward rear—
We'll never see it done!
We hammer, hammer, hammer, night and main:
The sun torments; the rain drops prick;
Our eyes grow blind with dust so thick;
Our name in dust, too, fadeth quick—
No glory and no gain!
We hammer, hammer, hammer, ever on.
O blessed God on Heaven's throne,
Dost thou take care of every stone,
And leave the toiling poor alone,
Whom no one looks upon?

CARMEN SYLVA

A great deal of the good that might be done in the world is nipped in the bud by an unconscious egotism on the part of those who undertake it.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to make money without honestly working for it.—[Horace Greeley.

A LONG HEAD.—"You see that I have a long head," said a young man to a gentleman whom he had bored for a half-hour "Yes," said the gentleman; "so has a donkey a long head."

GOOD LOGIC.—A little boy had teased his father to buy him a sleigh His father, getting rather impatient, said, 'No; you don't need it." The little fellow thought a moment and then spoke up: "Don't I need a dollar sleigh as much as you need a three-dollar box of cigars?" He got the sleigh.

WESTERN MORTGAGE TITLES INSURED.

The Minnesota Loan and Trust Company of Minneapolis announce that hereafter the titles to all property in Hennepin County (which embraces the city of Minneapolis) on which they offer loans will be insured in the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust Company. This is another important step in the right direction, another safeguard thrown around Western mortgages. When the business of loaning Eastern capital on Western property shall be taken entirely out of the hands of irresponsible loan agents and be conducted by organized companies with abundant capital and conservative management, such as the Minnesota Loan and Trust Company is known to us to have, the safety of these loans will be assured, and the criticisms that appear now and then in the papers will cease.

AMERICANIZING THE EUROPEAN BREAKFAST.—We are getting more European in our way of living every day. In our home amusements and dress we follow the English, but in our eating we take the French as our models Such a thing as a hearty breakfast before twelve o'clock is unknown in France, or, in fact, anywhere upon the Continent, and Americans are adopting the custom to a large extent It is a good one, and suits a good many more people than would be thought at first glance. A French roll and a cup of Baker's chocolate or cocoa is as good a breakfast as any one will want when he gets up. The one o'clock breakfast may be as hearty as the appetite requires. Literary men find this arrangement of meals particularly attractive.

A Successful Insurance Company.

Elsewhere we print a splendid showing of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. Mr. E. B. Harper, President of the Association and one of the most wide awake, alert, and successful insurance presidents in the world, says that the institution has had a most successful year. During 1887 the company paid to widows, orphans, and claimants of deceased members $1,400,000, and saved to its living members by reduction of premium rates below the rates charged under the old system of life insurance more than $3,000,000 The cash surplus of the company which stands to the credit of persistent members of five years' standing equals a dividend of more than 30 per cent upon the entire mortuary premiums paid by such members. This in addition to the 50 per cent. reduction in the premium rates charged its members is, to say the least, a wonderful showing. The cash surplus at the close of the year is over $1 350,000, and the total payments to the widows and orphans and beneficiaries of deceased members exceed $4,100,000. The company makes the extraordinary statement that while furnishing life insurance at less than half the usual rates under the old system, its actual cash profits for the year foot up $1,227 for each day in the year, including Sundays and holidays, every dollar of which is set apart for the credit of the members of the company. This is a statement that is worthy the attention of those who are seeking life insurance.—[From the Albany Evening Journal, January 3, 1888.

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar It softens the Cough, relieves the windpipe and bronchial tubes of mucus, tones the lungs and the membranes of the throat, and restores to the organs of respiration their natural strength and vigor. 75c., 50c., and $1

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

MADAME PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM is one of the best remedies for Coughs and Colds Successfully used over fifty years

A little higher in price, but of unrivalled quality.

USE

"OUR CONSTANT AIM IS TO MAKE THEM THE FINEST IN THE WORLD."

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861 Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world.

Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequaled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

PIANOS. Mason & Hamlin's Piano Stringer was introduced by them in 1882, and has been pronounced by experts the "greatest improvement in pianos in half a century."

A circular, containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and tuners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant. Pianos and Organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO CO.
54 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St. (Union Sq.), N.Y.
149 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

DUPLEX CORSET

A WELL-FITTING CORSET only supports and should never bind the form. It should be flexible, so well made that bones neither break nor protrude to rub holes in the clothing, and short enough to allow the wearer to sit or stoop with comfort.

The special and admirable qualities of the adjustable DUPLEX combine every requisite of health, ease, style, and durability. Its bones diverging from a point under the arm prevent undue pressure on the hips. The straps and buckles admit of perfect and ready adaptation to the form. Double seams, bones, and steels, together with other valuable features, have caused the Corset to grow in popular favor every succeeding year, until it is now in the hands of all first-class jobbers, and nearly twelve thousand retail dealers in the States and Territories.

In view of the length of time the DUPLEX has been on the market, its low price considering the excellence of materials and workmanship, and its sustained popularity through a test of twelve years, the manufacturers think they may justly claim for it first place as the standard corset of the country.

The DUPLEX received first award at the great Adelaide Exposition of 1887, in Australia

WARRANTED. For sale everywhere. Sample Corset by mail, postpaid, for ONE DOLLAR.

BORTREE MFG. CO., Jackson, Mich.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

The Latest and most Fascinating Recreation. A copy of

"How to Make Photographs,"

With Descriptive Catalogue, sent without charge to any one interested in Amateur Photography.

SCOVILL MFG. CO.
W. IRVING ADAMS, Agent.
ESTABLISHED 1801.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in

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423 Broome St., New York.

AMATEUR OUTFITS supplied from $10.00 upward in price, with which PICTURES of the highest excellence can be made.

DURKEE'S
SALAD DRESSING
UNEQUALLED FOR EXCELLENCE
DURKEE'S
POULTRY SEASONING
FOR GAME, POULTRY, MEATS, Etc.

FLORIDA SEVILLE, on the high pine ridge, a district unexcelled for fruit and vegetables, with delightful climate, is a fast mail station on the North and South Railway Trunk Line, 80 miles south of Jacksonville, and has a complete system of water works and sewerage. An excellent hotel is now open. Lots for sale on reasonable terms. Address SEVILLE CO., Seville, Fla.
MASON YOUNG, President, 35 Wall St., N. Y.
R. H. MASON, Sec'y and Treas., Seville, Fla.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

"GOD KNOWETH BEST."[1]

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars forever more have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom to the end could see;
And, even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth
good.

And if sometimes commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find the key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand—
I think that we shall say, God knew the best!

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Oh, the Man in the Moon has a crick in his
back;
Whee!
Whimm!
Ain't you sorry for him?
And a mole on his nose that is purple and
black;
And his eyes are so weak that they water and
run,
If he dares to dream even he looks at the sun;
So he just dreams of stars, as the doctors ad-
vise,
My!
Eyes!
But isn't he wise
To just dream of stars as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear.
Whee!
Whing!
What a singular thing?
I know! but these facts are authentic, my
dear—
There's a boil on his ear and a corn on his
chin—
He calls it a dimple, but dimples stick in;
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you
know;
Whang!
Ho!
Why, certainly so!
It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic
knee;
Gee!
Whizz!
What a pity that is!
And his toes have worked round where his heels
ought to be;
So whenever he wants to go north he goes
south,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all
round his mouth,
And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.
Whing!
Whann!
What a marvelous man!
What a very remarkable marvelous man!

NATURE.

By Will Foster.

Nature is like a sister to my eyes,
A maiden playful, petulant, and shy;
Deep in her face sweet meanings I espy,
Which now she fain would hide, as the far skies
Hide their blue souls by some thin cloud that
flies,
Rendering concealment lovelier I sigh
When gazing on her charms, so quietly
Expressed, and learn her soul in its fair guise.
Sometimes, with folded hands upon her breast,
Alone, apart, like some sweet nun, I hear
Her pray. Sometimes she sings to me, and
fear
And joy alternate rob my mind of rest.

Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness;
Her saddest moods are rich with hopes that
bless. —[Spectator.

ENTREATY.

By W. C. Sheppard.

I dreamed there stood at Heaven's high gate, one
day,
A maid, and in her fragile hand there lay
One withered rose, with all its grace of red
Wild beauty gone.
Seeing her, Peter said:
"How sad these petals that your pale hands hold!
Away with it, that worthless flower and old!"

"Alas! it is the very rose," cried she,
"I gave my lover long ago; and he
Laid it with tears in my dead clasp, that I
Might take it for remembrance to the sky!
Oh, let me keep it till he comes here, too,
That he may see I am forever true!"

I waked; my dream had fled. . . . Good friends,
who knows
If kind St. Peter let her keep that rose?
—[The American Magazine.

[1] Printed by request

HAT-TOUCHING IN ENGLAND.

Of course, a man's own men-servants touch their hats to him If they didn't they would lose their places. So a gentleman's servants must touch their hats to their master's friends whenever they speak to them, or see them, and this means when they pass them in the roads It is the sign of a gentleman's servants, old-fashioned people will tell you, for them to touch their hats to his friends. If they don't touch their hats it is presumable that their master and his friends are not real "quality," no matter how rich he may be or how grandly he may live He and they will be put down as snobs and *nouveau riches*, who lack the mellow tone of the true gentry. All the laborers on an estate and the villagers in a country village touch their hats to "the gentry" whenever they meet. The women and girls of a village stop and courtesy in the road to gentlemen or ladies, though this is not near so common as it used to be So the maids and women servants always courtesy to the master and mistress when they meet them out. Tradesmen, by which are meant the butchers, bakers, fishmongers, greengrocers, and milkmen with whom a gentleman deals, all touch their hats to him. Tailors, drapers, upholsterers, hosiers, confectioners, etc, are a cut above hat-raising and hat-touching. To all this hat-touching there is attached an obligation upon the person to whom the hat is touched. He must touch his hat in return If he doesn't he is not a gentleman. I don't mean upon the broad ground patent to every one—lack of good manners—but because it is the custom. Let me illustrate: I saw the other day a wealthy tradesman, a draper who is much richer than most of the gentry who are his customers, and a man who would ordinarily pass for a gentleman with people who didn't know him. I saw this man have a laboring man touch his hat to him, and he didn't touch his hat back Had he been a gentleman he would have done so. Of course, ladies can't touch their hats Their return salute is a slight inclination of the head—hardly a bow—to either hat touching or courtesy. Nor do ladies or gentlemen return the obeisances of their own servants, either in or out of doors—except, perhaps, when the servant is met on the street or road. But a gentleman isn't expected to touch his hat in return to his groom or footman when out with him on horseback or in carriage, though both servants may touch their hats to him every five minutes. So, when a cabman (to whom you pay more than his fare) touches his hat to you (in consequence) you are not to touch yours back to him Nor to railway guards or porters who are acknowledging tips, or hotel waiters ditto If, however, you by any chance met and saw either cabman, guard, porter, or waiter in the street or road afterward, and they touched their hats to you in (presumed) respectful recognition of you you must then return the salute I hope I make myself understood. If you hadn't tipped or overpaid them the chances are you wouldn't be called upon to do so. You may also put it down as a pretty safe rule to go by, that if you particularly care to have the servants of your friends never fail to touch their hats to you, you mustn't forget to "remember" them now and then in some way.

Suppose you quarrel with a friend, or have a tiff that stops your speaking for a time. Don't you think his servants will give up touching their hats to you when they see you, if they can manage it? So will yours stop touching their hats to him Your are, therefore, quits But it is pitiful in its pettiness, the whole thing, when one comes to think of it. To people who reflect at all it is living in a fool's paradise—if one can fit the expression to such a condition of things—going on exacting, accepting and liking homage that means no more than the fear of consequences or the hope of gain in those who yield it, and imagining that it means respect. —[Argonaut

THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia, two remorseless demons of human suffering, have puzzled the masters of medical science. They are finally agreed that the first is a blood disease, and that the second is an affection of the nerves. For their cure until recently the faculty prescribed similar remedies Principal reliance was placed on external applications in both affections Lately several of the most distinguished physicians of Philadelphia have prescribed nitro-glycerine to neuralgic patients

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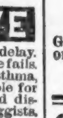

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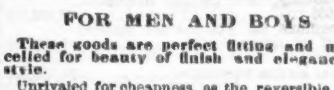

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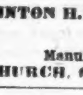

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24th, 1887.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of Company, submit the following Statement of affairs on the 31st of December, 1886

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886	$3,809,850
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1886	1,426,049 46
Total Marine Premiums	$5,235,299 90
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886,	$3,817,690 86
Losses paid during the same period	$2,206,588 68
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$841,378 15
The Company has the following assets, viz.: United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$9,188,875 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	707,100
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	521,647 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,566,134 20
Cash in Bank	226,954 68
Amount	$12,444,511 69

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1882 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1886, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Third of May next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

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31 Per Cent. Dividend.

Notice is hereby given to the Members of the **Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association**, Chief Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York, that the amount of Surplus to the Credit of the Members of the 1882 class equals a **Dividend of Thirty-one per cent.** upon the Entire Mortuary premiums paid during the past five years, to wit, from 1882 to 1887 inclusive, said amount applicable and payable as provided in each Certificate of Membership. The amount to cover said Dividend has been deposited with, invested, and held by the **Central Trust Company** of New York, as Trustee, as provided in the Deed of Trust between the two companies.

Notice is further given that in addition to the above dividend of **Thirty-one per cent.**, the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association has paid to the Widows, Orphans, and Claimants of deceased members, during 1887, over **One Million Four Hundred Thousand Dollars**, and during the same year (1887) it has saved its living members by reduction of the premium rates below the rates usually charged under the old system of Life Insurance, said reduction approximating **Three Millions of Dollars**, which reduction equals **an additional dividend of more than Fifty per cent. of the entire premiums paid by our members.**

Our actual Cash profit for 1887 exceeds $448,000, or $1,227 for each day in the year, including Sundays and holidays. Each dollar of said profit, as fast as earned, is deposited with, invested, and held by the Central Trust Company, as Trustee, for the exclusive use and benefit of our members. Our total death claims paid exceed **$4,100,000**, and our Cash Surplus exceeds **$1,350,000**.

OFFICIAL EXAMINATION.

After a most careful and thorough official examination within the past sixty days, the Association has received the unqualified indorsement, from three Separate State Insurance Departments, to wit: By Hon. Philip Cheek, Jr, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Wisconsin; Hon. Charles Shandrew, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Minnesota; also Hon. Elisha W. Bucklin, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Rhode Island. Each one of these Insurance Commissioners having made a thorough personal examination of the affairs of the Association in the months of November and December, 1887, and after said examination, indorse the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association as worthy of the confidence of its members and of the people.

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